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T H E R A G E :

A

C O M E D Y.

PRICE TWO SHILLINGS.

THE
R A G E;
A
C O M E D Y.

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

BY
FREDERICK REYNOLDS.

" You fashionable People are very vulgar !"
GINGHAM.

L O N D O N:
PRINTED FOR T. N. LONGMAN, PATER-NOSTER ROW.
M DCC XCV.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Gingham	<i>Mr. Lewis.</i>
Darnley	<i>Mr. Pope.</i>
Sir George Gauntlet	<i>Mr. Middleton.</i>
The Hon. Mr. Savage	<i>Mr. Fawcett.</i>
Sir Paul Perpetual	<i>Mr. Quick.</i>
Flush	<i>Mr. Munden.</i>
Ready	<i>Mr. Davenport.</i>
Signor Cygnet	<i>Mr. Bernard.</i>
Waiter	<i>Mr. Rees.</i>
Servant to Sir George	<i>Mr. Abbott.</i>
Servants to the Hon. Mr. Savage	<i>Mr. Ledger.</i>
Servant to Mr. Flush	<i>Mr. Wilde.</i>
Groom	<i>Mr. Cross.</i>
	<i>Mr. Simmonds.</i>
Clara Sedley	<i>Mrs. Mountain.</i>
Lady Sarah Savage	<i>Mrs. Mattocks.</i>
Mrs. Darnley	<i>Mrs. Pope.</i>

P R O L O G U E

TO

T H E R A G E.

(Written by JAMES BOADEN, Esq.)

HOW narrow is the sphere a modern Bays
Is doom'd to range, while he contrives his Plays;
Still urg'd by folly, Beings to explore,
Whom *he* and *you* so often saw before:
Precluded characters by *their* advance,
Whose minds could pierce thro' Nature with a glance,
And still of right possess the moral Stage
With lessons studied in a distant age;
In this, our glass, you yet reflected find
The levities which lessen human kind:
The lighter follies which the Town engage,
All that prevail in fashion makes—the Rage;

Yes, all! though various be the motly forms,
That sway by weak'ning, or compel in forms:
That up to Fop evaporate the Lord;
Or down to Jockey sink the Maid ador'd;
Confound distinctions, firm and frail perplex,
And make it difficult—to guess even sex.

But is the Rage to levity confin'd?
Does no just passion sway the general mind?
Lo! the rough Veteran, whom his Country's claim,
Rouses to vindicate her injured name!
The *Rage* is *Conquest* which his bosom fires,
The foe yields! then—no! then his rage expires.

When in some dreadful contest on the wave
The gallant seaman finds a wat'ry grave,

P R O L O G U E

E'er the last pulse of ebbing life be o'er,
When the eye turns towards his native shore,
This thought may ev'n the parting pang assuage
That, there—*Humanity* is still the *Rage*.

Our Author's Muse follows with fashion's gale,
Down a smooth river an amusive sail;
She dares no sea where boisterous passions sway,
Or merely dips her wing, and hastes away,
O may her airy toil your love engage,
And her new flight to please you be—*The Rage*.

THE

EPILOGUE

TO

THE RAGE.

(Written by EDWARD TOPHAM, Esq.)

WELL, Gentlefolks, again your most obedient ;
That I'm the Epilogue is held expedient :
Our Bard, who for a youth well knows the Stage,
Thought as to-speaking, Women were "The Rage,"
And said—"Good Mrs. Mattocks, pray, advance ;
Females must now step forward as in France."

My answer was—my dear, kind Sir, have pity,
"Pray spare the Ladies—Men secure our city.
"For arm'd by Parliament, to calm each fear,
"Huge corps of Common-Councilmen appear,
"Wards, Liveries, Deputies, en Militaire,
"Led by Lieutenant-Colonel—my Lord Mayor !
"Each man, (a fight at which his Lady swoons,)
"Belt, sabre, helmet, spurs, and pantaloons !

"Dear Chuck"—says Spouse—"pray fit at home, do yielde,
"Consider, Love, your age ; you grow unwieldy ;
"Good twenty stone, Dear, cannot play about,
"Besides those cold Jack Boots hurt Lovey's Gout."
"Gout ! vulgar nonsense Voman—Gout ! Gad's curse,
"Heavy ! why I'm a private of Light Horse—
"Dress ! wheel ! charge !—Could I on Horseback get
"I or my horse would do some mischief yet."

Thus, meaning no offence, in language faint,
The City Rage for soldiering we paint.
But sure no sons of Briton, with repress
That zeal which leads one man to serve the rest ;
Which strives due right and order to maintain,
Against a Chaos that would come again.

Long

E P I L O G U E.

Long may such Rage inspire the English mind!
 In neighbouring Climes a different "Rage" we find;
 Poor *Jean François* who shouts for Liberty
 Finds Slavery still the Order of the Day!

"Ma foi! he cries—no people blest as we
 They force me out to fight to make me free,
 Den! vif! alert!—begar we must not tarry,
 My Wife, for common good, oblige to marry:
 She labour for the State, tant mieux pour elle,
 She forget me—I her—c'est Bagatelle!
 Allons au Guerre! L'eau de vie banish sorrow,
 Victoire to-day—La Guillotine to-morrow!"

English Tom Blunt, a dealer in small wares,
 Who knows a bit what's passing above stairs.
 Cries—"Why in that there change of wives so fast
 "I think a good one mayhap may come at last,
 "But in that *gulleting* machine, d'ye see,
 "I've no idea how it makes one free;
 "For my part now, whatever may be said,
 "I'm for a little meat, and safe warm bed,
 "I does not relish freedom—when one's dead;
 "So once for all my means and resolution
 "Go, to stand by the good old Constitution."

Such and so different reign with sovereign power,
 The various "Rages" of the present hour;
 I wish, in truth I wish in very spite,
 Your Rage may be, to see us many a night.

THE RAGE:

A

COMEDY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—DARNLEY's Garden, and view of
his small Villa.

Enter DARNLEY and Sir GEORGE GAUNTLET.

SIR GEORGE,

AND so, Darnley, you prefer this solitary life, to all the joys of London—to be sure you've a nice snug Villa, and a charming wife here—but its dull—the scene tires—it wants variety, Harry.

Darnley. No, Sir George.—Since I retir'd to this peaceful spot, I have not had a wish beyond it: I've been so happy in that humble cottage, that when I'm doom'd to leave it, the world will be a waste, and life not have a charm!

Sir George. How you are alter'd, Darnley? When we were brother officers you were the greatest rake in the regiment; but from the
time

time we were quarter'd at Worcester, where you first beheld Miss Dormer——

Darnley. I saw the folly of my former life; I own'd the power of her superior charms, and leaving a busy and tumultuous world, retir'd with her to this sequester'd scene—'tis now three years since I married.

Sir George. And from that time to this, have you liv'd in this out-of-the-way place?

Darnley. Yes: and till you yesterday honour'd me with a visit, I have not seen a friend within my doors—but isn't it a happy life, Sir George? Our affections have room to shoot—care and distrust are banish'd from our cottage, and with such a woman as Mrs. Darnley to converse with, what is the world to me? I can defy and scorn its malice.

Sir George. She's an angelic creature indeed, *Darnley*: and at Worcester, I had myself nearly fallen a victim to her charms; but about your future life—do you mean to live for ever in these woods and meadows?

Darnley. No—would to heaven I could!—I fear I must forego my present calm, and mix in active life again: When I married, I sold my commission, you remember, to purchase this small farm—Mrs. Darnley's portion was but a trifle, and an encreasing family has so enlarg'd my expences, that unless I return to the army——

Sir George. Ah—you want to be raking again?

Darnley. No—I want to secure an independence for my family—I want to see my children affluent, and to attain this, I have once more applied to my uncle Sir Paul Perpetual, who

who was so offended at my selling out, that he has ever since abandon'd me.

Sir George. What—does the old beau still persevere in his resentment?

Darnley. His anger has encreas'd; for he writes me word, he intends marrying Lady Sarah Savage, on purpose to have heirs more worthy his estate:—Oh! my friend:—'tis hard, that fortune should bestow such treasures, and then compel me to desert them?

Sir George. So it is: but now I think on't, this Lady Sarah Savage and her brother are my intimate friends; and as you are their neighbours, I'll introduce you and Mrs. Darnley to their notice—When are they expected from town?

Darnley. To day.

Sir George. Then we'll pay them a visit: Lady Sarah Savage shall interfere with your uncle, and if that fails, her brother can easily ensure your promotion in the army—but see, here's Mrs. Darnley?

Darnley. Look at her, Sir George—do you, can you blame me?—who would not act as I have done?

Sir George. I would by heav'n's!—I'd live with her in a hermitage!—die with her on a pilgrimage!—I'd—death: if I don't mind, I shall discover all. [*Aside,*

Enter Mrs. DARNLEY.

Darnley advancing to her.] Maria!

Mrs. Darnley. Oh Harry!—I have been looking for you every where—I declare you're grown quite a truant—Before your friend came, you

B 2

us'd

us'd to walk with me over the farm: or ride with me to see our children; or sit and read to me under our favourite Beach Tree—but now—Sir George!—I beg your pardon—I didn't see you before.

Sir George. Madam! [*Bowing obsequiously.*]

Darnley. My friend is all kindness, Maria; he has promis'd to introduce me to the honourable Mr. Savage:

Mrs. Darnley. What:—take you to Savage house!

Darnley. Ay—why not:—you shall go with me.

Mrs. Darnley. No—let me stay here—I am not weary of my present life.

Darnley. Nor I—but 'tis a great connexion: and though not absolutely distress'd; I would improve my fortune—I would see you and my children have every comfort.

Mrs. Darnley. We have, while you are with us—consider we have never liv'd a day apart; and if they lure you into fashionable scenes, you'll be corrupted, Harry—you'll despise the humble roof you once rever'd, and I perhaps shall be forgotten and neglected.

Darnley. Never!—I cannot bear the supposition; and while we have hearts to endure, and hands to labour, there is sufficient for our cottage!—I will not go—My friend, who sees my motive, I'm sure, will not condemn me.

Sir George. No—always obey the Ladies; but Darnley, I see our horses—you recollect we were to ride to see your children: so, Madam, I have the superlative honour—

Enter

Enter CLARA SEDLEY—a basket of flowers is hanging on her arm, and she is eating an apple.

Sir George. What, Clara!—been picking flowers my angel!—well!—I thought they had all died—all died from envy egad! ha! ha!—excuse me—I never laugh but at my own wit.

Clara. Do you? then you laugh very seldom, I believe.

Sir George. No—very often: for I take the joke though nobody else does, ha! ha!—come Darnley—adieu Ladies—I'll not run away with him!— (*Exit Darnley and Sir George.*)

Clara. What a coxcomb it is!—and if he wasn't a duellist into the bargain, I'd tell Mr. Darnley all my suspicions—that I would—but he's so fond of fighting, that I heard him say, he once sent a man a challenge for waseeing a letter instead of sealing it.—I wish he was gone.

Mrs. Darnley. Indeed so do I, cousin—Mr. Darnley is so chang'd since he arriv'd—his ideas so enlarg'd—he talks of visiting at Savage House, of improving his fortune.

Clara. Fortune!—ay: and this morning he gave me his note for two hundred pounds, begging me to get one of my guardians to lend money upon it—his excuse was that his expenses exceeded his income, and by his uncle's marriage with Lady Sarah Savage, all his expectations were ruined—Now, my life on't, this is all Sir George's doings—He has stole into our cottage like the Arch-fiend into paradise, and I won't eat another apple while he stays!

(*Throws away the apple she is eating.*)

Mrs. Darnley. Is Darnley then distressed?—
Oh Clara!

Clara. Don't be unhappy—I shall apply to both my guardians; Sir Paul and Mr. Flush, they are now at Bath, and one way or other the Villa shall flourish still—Lord! I shall have plenty of money when I come of age, and I'll throw it all into the scale, and come and plant, sow, and reap with you and your husband.

Mrs. Darnley. What give up the gaieties of London, cousin?

Clara. London! ay: I hate it—I once pass'd a month there, but they hurried me so from fight to fight, that in the bustle all places appear'd alike—I saw no difference—And, if you'll believe me, one morning after seeing Westminster Hall in term time, they took me inside Bedlam; and so confus'd was I, that I didn't know the lawyers and their clients, from the keepers and their patients.

(Signor Cygnet without).

“Trompите, trompите тра!”

(Singing an Italian air.)

Mrs. Darnley. Who can this be?

Enter Signor CYGNET, spying.

“Tra—tra—tra!”

(Singing.)

Clara. Bless us!—What animal's this?

Mrs. Darnley. He has mistaken his way, I suppose—Sir—*(Signor don't regard her.)* I beg pardon, Sir—but perhaps you don't know that this garden—

Signor. “Beviamo tutta trè!”—ah, ha!—les Demoiselles!—Ladies, à votre service.—

Mrs.

Mrs. Darnley. Sir! (*Curtsying.*)

Signor. I and the Honourable Mister Savage arrive last night—ce matin I take a my little walk—see your small Chateau, and am so enchanté with the spectacle that—me voici!—I honour you with my first visit—eh bien!—vat is your names?

Clara. Our names!—rather we should ask yours.

Signor. Mine!—Diable!—do you not know me?

Clara. No—how should we?

Signor. Vat! not know I am Signor Cygnet—de first Violin in Europe! de best composer in de whole world!—de husband of Signora Cygnet—de great singer at de opera—de professional—de Abbey—de—Marbleu!—and am I not myself?

Clara. No—I don't think you are yourself.

Mrs. Darnley. And so, Sir, you are on a visit at Mr. Savage's?

Signor. Oui—in my way to Bath I condescend to pass a few days there—Lady Sarah Savage, she love music, or pretend to love—vich is de same ting you know—they entertain me comme ça—give me good dinners, and take tickets for mine and my wife's concert—mais there be two tings I don't like.

Clara. And what are they, Sir?

Signor. Vy Mister Savage, he give me cold suppers and sleep in the best bed himself—Now, begar!—I vill have hot suppers and de best bed, or else I take a my fiddle and promenez—“Malbrouk s'en va, &c.” (*Singing.*)—De grand Duke—O! de grand Duke—he never use me thus—never—jamais!

Clara.

THE RAGE.

Clara. The Grand Duke!

Signor. Oui—ven I was at Florence how you tink he treat me? accoutez—he quarrel with all his Ministers—all but one!

Clara. And who was that one?

Signor. Me!—me he shake by the hand and go to my wife's benefit tout le même—de same as ever!

Clara.—[*To Mrs. Darnley.*] Upon my word, music seems so important a science, that I think you had better let your little boy have some lessons—it is necessary for his education—isn't it, Signor?

Signor. Neccessaire!—ma foi: 'tis de only education now-a-days—never mind vat you call Latin and Greek—put de fiddle in his little hand and let him scrape away! den he will be great man—like me: and call for hot supper and best bed verever he go!

Mrs. Darnley. What! shall I give up making a parson of him, Clary?

Signor. Parson!—pif!—vat is de parson to de musician?—he ride his old white horse—preach away at four or five churches, and vat he got?—forty pounds a year—Eh bien! I and my wife ride in vis-a-vis—sing only ven we like, and make five thousand a year—ah ha! voila la difference!—Parson!—begar! de blind fidler get more money!

Mrs. Darnley. More shame for the country then, where foreign arrogance is so rewarded, and gentlemanly merit so insulted—come Clara—

Re-enters

Re-enter Sir George GAUNTLET.

Sir George. Don't be alarmed, Mrs. Darnley ; but I and your husband have just been present at an accident, that——

Mrs. Darnley. An accident, sir !

Sir George. Yes : Lady Sarah Savage, who is one of those ladies call'd female phaetoneers, was driving four in hand across the heath ; the horses took fright, and ran away with her, when Darnley, with more gallantry than prudence, rode a-head of the unruly animals, and stopt them on the edge of a precipice.

Mrs. Darnley. Heaven be prais'd !—and where is the lady, sir ?

Sir George. My friend is conducting her to the villa, where he begs you'll instantly join them.

Mrs. Darnley. By all means—come—

[*To Clara.*

Clara. Signor, won't you assist your friend ?

Signor. Non—I am musician, not physician, and my head is so full of de tune.

Clara. So full of de vapour, he means—like the inside of his own violin—come cousin—now isn't it a pity, that while we have butterflies and bullfinches in the garden, we should be tormented with coxcombs and fiddlers—insects, adieu ! [Exeunt Clara and Mrs. Darnley.

Sir George. Signor, I rejoice to see you ; you have often assisted me in my amours, and I now want your aid more than ever.

Signor. Eh bien !—my wife has a concert at Bath next week.

Sir George. Has she ! then I'll give a dinner to some Somersetshire bumpkins, and force off

C

a score

a score or two of tickets—You saw the lady I first spoke to—she has won my heart, and I have won her husband's.

Signor. Dat is good—den if you make de discord between them——

Sir George. Ay, Sgnior: if I excite jealousy! and this accident has sprung the mine—Lady Sarah Savage is already half in love with Darnley—She has invited him to Savage house, and if he takes Mrs. Darnley along with him——

Signor. Dey will be both out of tune for ever—ah ha! I go to Mr. Savage, toutesuite.

Sir George. Do—and increase Lady Sarah's love for Darnley—assist in all my schemes; triumph I must, and will; for I offer'd Mrs. Darnley my hand long before this husband won her heart.

Signor. I will be first fiddle rest assurè—tenez; I vill compose two duettos—one between Lady Sarah Savage and de husband—de other between you and de vife—allôns. You no conceive the power of music, Sir George,

Sir George. I do, Signor—for as Shakespeare says: "There's nought so stockish, hard and full of rage, but music for a time does change its nature."

Signor. Shakespeare! vat is dat Shakespeare? He never compose a single tune, and dough at present he make a little noise, begar, you'll soon find de fiddle and de bravura vill lay him on de shelf—now-a-days, sound always get de better of sense, mon ami—Ah ha! venez! you no forget my vife's benefit. [Exeunt,

SCENE

SCENE II.—*A Room inside Mr. DARNLEY'S Villa, Prints, Books, Fowling Pieces, Fishing Tackle, &c.*

Enter Mrs. DARNLEY and CLARA.

Mrs. Darnley. Well Clara: if Lady Sarah Savage be a picture of town-bred women of fashion, let me remain a plain simple rustic all my life—Did you ever see any thing so confident—so masculine—her brother too! “What you call impudence,” says he, “we call ease.”

Clara. Ay: they're a precious pair; and yet in London they are both the Rage!—quite at the top of the beau monde—But, cousin, they've order'd their carriages, and insist on our going to Savage house—Mercy on us! what's to become of two lambs amongst such a parcel of wolves?

Mrs. Darnley. This is Sir George's scheme: to delude Mr. Darnley from this tranquil spot into fashionable life, is the first step towards affecting his base designs—He told Mr. Savage about your fortune too——

Clara. I know it: and the vulgar man made downright love to me directly;—'faith-Coz. I believe Sir George wants to get me married, and you unmarried.

Lady Sarah Savage without.) Bring round the Phaeton, and d'ye hear—don't tighten the curbs—I'll whip and gallop them every inch of the road.

Clara. “She'll whip and gallop them!” there now!—this is one of the modern breed of

fine ladies, who, instead of being feminine and tender, have the Rage for confidence and boldness—Look at her dress—she's more like a man than a woman, and her language is as masculine as her manners.

Enter Lady SARAH SAVAGE dressed in a great coat, with a number of capes; a plain round beaver hat; a fur tippet and sash. Boot shoes, a whip in her hand, and a riding habit, under great coat; two grooms enter with her.

Lady Sarah. John, exercise the pointers, and the hounds—I shall shoot to-morrow, and hunt the next day.

Groom. Any thing else, madam?

Lady Sarah. No—nothing—Oh yes: call at the tailor's and enquire for my fencing jacket—tell him I broke two foils in my last rencontre, and ask him if any body ought to make assaults in a gown and petticoat?—Ah! my little dears—here (*Seeing Mrs. Darnley and Clara, she makes them pull off her great coat, which the groom takes.*) Well! and how do ye do? Oh William!—tell the recruiting serjeant I must learn the new military manœuvres, and bid him bring the largest fusil in the regiment—there—go along—

[*Groom Exeunt.*]

Mrs. Darnley. I hope you have recover'd your fright, ma'am.

Lady Sarah. Recover'd!—heh!—why, where's my deliverer?—my dear charming Mr. Darnley?

Mrs. Darnley. Madam!

Lady Sarah. He is certainly the most divine engaging creature—I mean to take him home with

with me, and the Phaeton is waiting—so call him, child—(to Clara.) call him directly.

Clara. Call :—whom, madam ?

Lady Sarab. Why, Mr. Darnley, to be sure ; what does the girl stare at ?—did she never see a person of quality before.

Clara. Never—its the first time, ma'am ; and if this is the specimen, I hope it will be the last :—I'll call Mr. Darnley. [Exit.

Lady Sarab. I wish I was like you, my dear—I wish I was married—its so comfortable—so convenient—heigho !—I shall be so glad when old Sir Paul is my stalking horse—my husband I mean—than't you, Mrs. ———

Mrs. Darnley. Excuse me, madam : when I reflect, that Sir Paul is Mr. Darnley's uncle, and by your union he is deprived of all his future fortune, you cannot blame me, if ———

Lady Sarab. Deprive my dear Darnley of his fortune !—so it does—well !—that's vastly droll !—but then it makes mine, which is the same thing you know—See !—here's my bear of a brother !—you've no idea what low, vulgar company he keeps ?—nothing but Buffoons, Bow-street Officers, and Boxers !—and only conceive, my dear, me and my friends mixing in such horrid society.

Mrs. Darnley. Surely Mr. Savage cannot wish—

Lady Sarab. He does, ma'am : and only conceive I say my intimate acquaintance—people of the first consequence—such as Signor Cygnet, the husband of the fine Soprano—Monsieur Puppitini, the inventor of the dear Fantoccini, and Count Spavin the greatest of Horse Doctors—only imagine such pick'd com-

pany

pany as this, mixing with my brother's low liv'd wretched crew.

Mrs. Darnley. Indeed, ma'am, people of rank ought to set a better example.

Enter the Honourable Mr. SAVAGE.

Savage. So Savage—sister I mean—I lost ten pounds by your silly accident—The moment I saw the horses off, I said to my friends around me, ten pounds to five, the driver gets a tumble—"done!"—"it's a bett" says I—away flew the racers,—snap went the reins—five to four in my favour!—when plague on't! the Squire rode across, stopt the carriage—you sav'd your neck, and I—lost my wager.

Lady Sarab. You brute: did you ever hear your brother, Lord Savage, talk in this manner?

Savage. My brother!—pough!—he's a gentleman to be sure—proud, independent, and all in the grandee style—but I!—I'm not like him—I'm a man of fashion—I'm not a gentleman.

Lady Sarab. No—that you are not upon my honour.

Savage. I am the hero of my society—he is the slave of his—he keeps high company, ma'am (*To Mrs. Darnley,*) lives with judges, generals, and admirals—but does he ever encourage the arts and sciences? does he ever shake hands with men of genius? such as peace officers, tennis play'rs, and boxers—no, no—that was left for me.

Lady Sarab. Yes: and though born to wealth and titles, there you stand, that have been six times bottle holder at a boxing match!—vulgar science!—I hope Sir Paul don't understand it.

Savage.

Savage. No—not now—but if he makes you his wife, it may be necessary he should, learn,—I say, ma'am, that was a straight one—wasn't it.

Mrs. Darnley. Indeed I don't know, sir;—Wou'd Mr. Darnley were here!—I am unequal to their society; but from the little I have learnt, I think one hour of domestic life worth all this new unintelligible scene.

Savage. Hark'ye: (*to Lady Sarah,*) here's a letter from the old beau, Sir Paul—he is coming to Bath, and can only stay one day with us, in his way; but as people of quality are not always people of quantity you know, he shan't stir, till the marriage is effected—mum!—I'll keep him close——

Enter DARNLEY.

Savage. Ha! squire!—come Mrs. Darnley; (*takes her by the hand.*) I'll drive you and your pretty cousin——

Mrs. Darnley. Sir, I am unus'd to visiting; unfit——

Savage. Nonsense!—I never take an excuse; when I ask people to my house, I make them go when I like—stay while I like, and behave as I like—so come along—squire mind you don't snap the reins; and d'ye hear; as my sister is rather lame—only just recover'd from the gout—

Lady Sarah. The gout!—how dare you, sir?

Savage. What!—do you deny it?—do you disown having been cur'd by a quack doctor, and returning him thanks in all the papers?
 “ Lady Sarah Savage informs Dr. Panacea, that
 “ his alagaronic antispasmodic tincture, has
 “ entirely remov'd the gout from the extremi-
 ties,

"ries, and' she now hunts, shoots, eats and
"drinks more freely than ever!"—now isn't
it a shame, ma'am? between them, they plunder
both the patient and the physician.—The
quack cheats the doctor of his fee, and the
woman robs the man of his gout.

[*Exit with Mrs. DARNLEY.*

Lady Sarab. Oh, Mr. Darnley!—I am so glad
you're going to Savage house—'twill be such a
relief—come—I'll appoint you my rural Cicis-
beo—my guardian shepherd—you sav'd my life,
and I won't let you die for me, I am deter-
min'd!

[*Exeunt.*

END OF ACT I.

ACT

A C T II.

SCENE I.—*The Honourable Mr. SAVAGE's Park and Garden—a Canal with a Vessel on it—a Bridge—a Temple surrounded with Weeping Willows—at the Wing a Portico and Steps leading to the House.*

Enter DARNLEY and Sir GEORGE GAUNTLET from the Portico.

Sir George. Why now indeed you are an alter'd man?

Darnley. I am—I am—the wine—the scene—the company—has so transported me, that I begin to think I'm not quite sober, Sir George—I do indeed.

Sir George. No wonder at it—you've led the life of a recluse and every new scene dazzles you—you are like a nun escap'd from a convent.

Darnley. No—more like a Friar in one—at least if I may judge by my eating and drinking—But my friend—this is a glorious place, and I begin to think I've liv'd too long out of the world—coop'd up in a cottage—buried in a farm—What did I know of life and all its pleasures?

Sir George. Ay: what indeed?—in town—and Savage-house is the same thing you see; for they always bring London into the country with them—but Lady Sarah, Darnley—I saw you at dinner;—she gave you such affectionate looks.—

Darnley. Fie! fie Sir George—you forget—I am a married man.

Sir George. A married man!—what then!

D

Darnley

Darnley. Why then I love my wife—I do—I tenderly love her—and when I chuse to play the fool, let me expose myself, but not wound her for heaven's sake!

Sir George. Nonsense!—you don't know Lady Sarah—she is one of those confident females, who won't let a man escape—who mark you for their prey---lure you into their talons; and, if you don't yield, will so claw you.—

Darnley. What! make me love her whether I will or not?

Sir George. Certainly: but consider the advantages of her friendship: first she can get you promotion in the army; secondly, by gaining an ascendancy over her, you may prevent her marrying your uncle; and thirdly, you can provide for your family without injuring your honour—there!—there's an opportunity!

Darnley. That's true; and if I thought—hark'ye; as we're alone, and you're my best of friends—I've got a letter from her! the Signor brought it me—here! (*taking out a letter.*)—She appoints me to meet her in her dressing-room.

Sir George. Bravo, Signor!—(*aside*)—let's read.—(*Reads the Letter.*)---“ Lady Sarah Savage, “ having something particular to communicate “ to Mr. Darnley, begs to see him in her dressing-room in an hour's time.”——Go by all means,—go, I insist.

Darnley. Why, if I can persuade her not to marry Sir Paul, or even get her to interfere with him—I'll go!—I'm fix'd—I'll write to her this instant. “ He that essays no danger gains no “ praise!”

Enter

Enter the Honourable Mr. SAVAGE hastily.

Savage. Joy! joy my lads! Sir Paul is arrived! and how do you think the old boy introduced himself to my porter?—"Tell your master, says he, a young gentleman desires to see him."

Sir George. Young gentleman!—that's excellent—he's at least seventy-two.

Savage. No, you wrong him; he's only seventy—Sir Paul Perpetual—Old P. I mean; for that's his nick name you know—has been the ancient beau of the age these thirty years, and as his great grief is, that he never had a son, he wants my consent to marry my sister.

Darnley. And do you mean to consent, sir?

Savage. Certainly—I say (*aside to Sir George*)—I want his fortune to repair my own, and therefore he shan't leave the house till the marriage is effected—you know my way.—I've given the hint to the servants.

Enter a Servant.

Servant. Sir here's the young gentleman.

Savage. Squire, take my place at the table—push the wine about, and tell the jovial crew to prepare for quizzing—quizzing you rogue!—go (*Darnley exit*)—the license is in my pocket, a parson's in the house, and if we can but confuse the young gentleman, we'll marry him in a joke, and afterwards take his fortune in earnest.

Enter SIR PAUL PERPETUAL, in a riding dress.

Sir Paul. "Be lively, brisk and jolly!—lively, brisk and jolly!" (*singing.*) Ah, my boys!—here I am—as young and hearty—but I can't stay; I must be at Bath to-morrow.

Sir George. At Bath!—what to drink the waters? to renovate before marriage, Sir Paul.

Sir Paul. No—upon my soul there's no occasion—though, at present, perhaps a little physical advice wouldn't be much amiss: for between ourselves, I've just cut a tooth, and suffer'd most violently from the hooping cough! (*They laugh.*)—Why what do you laugh at?

Savage. Nothing—nothing—only we wonder'd how such a chicken as you could struggle against a pair of such mortal disorders!—but, seriously—what takes you to Bath?

Sir Paul. Such an event? I have trac'd a son; a boy above twenty years of age! that's my first reason—my second is—to see my grandfather.

Savage. Your grandfather!

Sir Paul. Hark'ye—he shall make settlements on my first four children.

Sir George. Pray, Sir Paul—I beg your pardon though—what age may your grandfather be?

Savage. Two hundred, if he's an hour! heh? an't I right, old P.?

Sir Paul. Old P.! there it is now!—here I stand, that walk as much as any man—that ride as much as any man—that am every night at a concert, an opera, or a club—that sing, dance, game or intrigue! and what's more, that have done all this for sixty years!—and yet to be call'd old

old P!—they said I never was a father—but I shall soon prove the great and glorious fact.

Savage. Ay! how will you prove it?

Sir Paul. How! why you've all heard of my little Nelly—poor girl! she was jealous, and she left me to marry a tradesman—a clerk at a lottery office, and three months after we parted she was deliver'd of a boy—a fine boy! as like me as one Cupid is to another—a year after her marriage, she died, and I can hear nothing of her husband; but let him say what he will; I'll swear the boy was mine; I'll swear it, because I'm convinc'd I'm father to more children than one, Sir George.

Sir George. Very likely; but where did you learn all this?

Sir Paul. From Nelly's sister; a month ago I accidentally met her at Tunbridge; she had neither seen nor heard of the husband since her sister's death, but she remember'd the child went by his mother's name! its mine!—I'm sure its mine! and *(they laugh again.)* I tell you what—you'd better be careful; for when you and other young sprigs of fashion smile at me, jeer me, and call me the infirm old P: !—'gad! you little think you dogs, you are laughing at your own father perhaps! however, I've trac'd my boy to Bath, and whoever discovers him shall have the too best racers in my stud.

Savage. What fidget and fidget? then I'll seek for young P. myself—I'll find him—I'll—but hold—hold—*(Stopping Sir Paul who is going)* don't go yet—your nephew's in the house.

Sir Paul. What Darnley?—zounds! then I won't stay a moment—no—not even to see my dear Lady Sarah, who I'll marry if its only to
disappoint

disappoint that rural reprobate—that—I'm gone.

Savage. No—you're not—I'll tell you a secret ; you shall stay a week with me.

Sir Paul. A week !

Savage. Ay : I've my reasons—so don't think of stirring ; for your horses are turn'd out to graze—your saddles and bridles snug in a hiding place, and all the gates double bar'd, inside and out.

Sir Paul. What the devil ! make a prisoner of me ?

Savage. Nonsense !—I only forestall your wishes :—I'm sure you want some soft discourses with my sister, and don't I know what my visitors like better than they do themselves ? don't I know you like getting drunk ?—so come ; come in and drink ! (*Pulling him.*)

Sir Paul. I don't—I hate drinking ; and death and fire ! haven't I told you I want to find my son ———

Sir George. (*Aside to Sir Paul.*) Humour him ; humour him, Sir Paul ; or he'll refuse you his sister.

Savage. Ay : give consent, or else ———

Sir Paul. Or else I lose my wife I suppose ; when I'm in the country, don't I like always to live quiet, and keep early hours, and would you lock me in a house where you never see the sun ? where you go to bed just before it rises ; and get up the moment after it sets ?

Savage. Will you give up the marriage, and let Darnley have his wish ?

Sir Paul. No—I'll die first—I'll ———

Savage. Then will you join the jolly crew and prove—

Sir

Sir George. That you have as much health, youth, and spirits—

Savage. As any choice spirit—

Sir George. Or young gentleman—

Sir Paul. In the whole world!—I'm rous'd ! I'm fir'd ! and to shew I'm season'd ! true English heart of Oak !—allôns !

Savage. (*Singing.*) “ Bring the flask ! the music———

Sir George. (*Singing.*) “ Joy shall quickly find us—

Sir Paul. “ Let us dance and laugh and sing, and drive old care behind us !”

[*Exeunt at Portico.*

Enter Mrs. DARNLEY.

Mrs. Darnley. Can this be the mansion of elegance and taste ? I meet with nothing but rudeness and neglect !—I wish I could find Mr. Darnley !—I dare say, by this time, he is sicken'd of the scene, and anxious as myself, to see his home again.

Enter DARNLEY from the Portico, half drunk, with Lady Sarah Savage's letter in his hand.

Darnley. (*Speaking as he enters.*) Fill away my boys !—fill !—fill !—while I like a faithful gallant !—gallant ! hold, hold, friend Darnley. This letter is to benefit your interest, not sacrifice your honour.

Mrs. Darnley. Heavens !—what do I see ? Mr. Darnley !

Darnley. (*Not regarding her.*) Yes :—you do ; you see Mr. Darnley.

Mrs.

Mrs. Darnley. Why?—what's the matter with you!—what's that letter?

Darnley. This letter?—this is a love letter, my angel,—ha!—why it is!—it is my wife!

Mrs. Darnley. Yes: that wife who in the hour of dissipation you forget—can I believe it?—in a little hour can all our past attachment—but why am I alarmed?—Fashion may dupe the wicked and the weak, but virtue such as his must scorn its empty power.

Darnley. Forget!—no never!—and now I look at you—I think I ought to be massacred for having even for a moment neglected you—Oh! Maria!—I have such news for you—Lady Sarah has been so kind—she has promised to promote me—to befriend you—and in short she has taken a liking to the whole family.

Mrs. Darnley. And why, Harry?

Darnley. Why! ay: there's the rub! but don't be jealous, Maria—I entreat you, don't be jealous!—for by heaven, I love you!—I do so tenderly that if it were not for my promise, I could find in my heart to return home directly.

Mrs. Darnley. Do; let us begone—the place distracts me; and I fear this high company will corrupt you.

Darnley. High company!—hang it:—if that's all you're afraid of, there's not much danger in this house I fancy—but my letter—my word to Sir George—and consider our interest, Maria.

Mrs. Darnley. Oh no—consult our happiness my love; and surely there is none in this tumultuous scene—we left all joy behind us, in our children and our cottage, Harry; and there alone we shall recover it—come.

Darnley. She's right—the pretty prattler has reason on her side and who can disobey—(looks without,

without,) ha!—Sir George and Lady Sarah in close conversation!—they beckon me!—again!

Mrs. Darnley. Why do you pause?

Darnley. I'm in for it—the die is cast!—Maria!—excuse me. *(going from her.)*

Mrs. Darnley. How! will you leave me, Mr. Darnley?

Darnley. What can I do?—'tis but for a short time.—

Mrs. Darnley. You must not.

(Laying bold of him.)

Darnley. Nay: only for an hour.

Mrs. Darnley. *(Letting him go and taking out her handkerchief.)*—This is the first time you ever us'd me thus.

Darnley. So it is—now what a pretty scoundrel I am!—and this is fashionable life is it?—Oh fool! fool! to quit substantial peace for artificial pleasure!—don't weep, Maria—I go for our mutual advantage—I go to make our children happy.

Mrs. Darnley. Then stay with their mother—they never wish'd that we should part.

Darnley. Nor will we—we've liv'd so long and happily together, that I would rather lose the little we have left, than hurt your quiet.—

(Enter Sir George Gauntlet.) Sir George stay with her—I'll see Lady Sarah, entreat her forgiveness, and return instantly; for, oh my friend!—my heart drops blood for every tear she sheds.

Sir George. P'ha!—remember your interest—Lady Sarah will soon reconcile your scruples, and leave me to compose Mrs. Darnley—nay: take your opportunity—you must keep the appointment—I insist—so begone!—*(Darnley exit.)*

What a fuss here is about a man's leaving his

E

wife

wife for an hour, when so many worthy couple would be happy to part for ever.

Mrs. Darnley. Sir George, tell me, where is he gone? tell me, that I may fly and overtake him!

Sir George. Why! can't you guess?

Mrs. Darnley. No, indeed, I cannot.

Sir George. Not that he is gone to Lady Sarah to keep an assignation with her.

Mrs. Darnley. An assignation.

Sir George. In her dressing-room! at this very hour—the gay scene has so alter'd him, that you see he has left you to keep the appointment.

Mrs. Darnley. I'll not believe it!—he is above such baseness.

Sir George. Won't you?—then I'll prove it.

Mrs. Darnley. I defy you!—he knows the value of my heart too well to trifle with it; and I've known him so long, that I'll not venture to suspect it—no—though his friend defames it.

Sir George. Nay then—you remember his hand-writing—here is his answer to the lady's letter—read.

[giving her the letter.]

Mrs. Darnley. (*Looks over it.*) Ha!—it is too plain—I am deceiv'd—deserted.

Sir George. I was the bearer of that letter, and preserv'd it merely to shew it you, I thought it the duty of a friend.

Mrs. Darnley. And from the same duty, you advis'd him to write it.—Oh! I have known you long, Sir George—you are one of those who find no happiness but in marring that of others—who seduce the affections of the husband, the better to betray the honour of the wife! and when you've spoilt all social and domestic peace, the
friend

friend you laugh at, and the woman scorn!—I know you well!

Sir George. My dear ma'am, how you mistake!—I meant to oblige you.

Mrs. Darnley. Sir—there is but one way—leave me—nay, I insist—

Sir George. I shall obey.

Mrs. Darnley. I must have stronger proof before I am convinc'd, and then observe, Sir George, if his truth weakens, I'll add strength to mine! my constancy and honour shall be so exemplary, that I will shame him from his follies! make him repent: and when reclaim'd, be proud to say he is my own again! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*An elegant Apartment leading to Lady SARAH'S Dressing-Room—the Door in the Flat.*

Enter CLARA.

Clara. Yes: yes: its all over the House—Sir George makes no secret of the assignation, and I've no doubt but Darnley is now in that room waiting for Lady Sarah Savage—she can't come at present—the servant says, she's gone to the stables to see the beasts unharnes'd—faith! if she'd go to her brother's party she'd see that business already done!—however I'll prevent Darnley's exposing himself, and as he is certainly conceal'd in that room, I'll talk to him.—Dear!—here's my guardian again!

E 2

Enter

Enter Sir PAUL PERPETUAL, (hastily.)

Sir Paul. So far, I'm safe, my dear girl; you don't know what your poor guardian has suffer'd in this high—no—this low-lif'd house!—they forc'd me into a room full of buffoons, boxers, and blacklegs—made me drink a bowl of punch, and I'd as soon drink so much poison—then winking and nodding they began whispering pretty loudly—"smoke the old prig!—damme, quiz him!"

Clara. Quiz him!—what's that, Guardy?

Sir Paul. Why, with our young men of quality, quizzing is a substitute for wit, my dear; so one man challeng'd me to play on the violin, and when I rose to move my elbows, another whip'd the chair from under me; a second put hot coals into my pocket, so when I felt for my handkerchief, I burnt my fingers; a third tried to cut off my tail, but that assassin I pursued, when unluckily in running after him, they had tied a string across the stairs, and I pitch'd headforemost into a barrel of water, they had placed for the purpose.

Clara. Indeed, its quite terrible, Gaurdy.

Sir Paul. Then they shew'd me a license, brought me a fat parson, and said, if I'd instantly be married, they'd let me go to find my son—if not, I should be lock'd in, and have plenty of it—now here's hospitality!—but they've overshot the mark; and if I get out of their doors, I'll not only break off the match, but promise to befriend Darnley.—

Clara. What! disappoint Lady Sarah, and relieve my poor distressed friend—then I'll get you out
of

of the house—I will, if I'm quizz'd to death for it—You see that door—if he meets Darnley, he'll at least interrupt the assignation.——

Sir Paul. Secure my escape—only get me out of this den of savages, and, if I don't befriend Darnley, may I never live to see old age. Where does that door lead to?

Clara. I fancy to Lady Sarah's dressing room; for it is full of half boots, horse great coats, military sashes, helmet caps, and amazonian jackets! and this is your only way to escape—enter that room.

Sir Paul. Yes—

Clara. Put on one of Lady Sarah Savage's great coats, tie one of her sashes round your waist—throw a fur tippet about your neck, and with a whip in your hand, and her driving hat on your head——

Sir Paul. I understand—the servants will take me for their mistress, and open the gates; Oh! you dear girl! (*kisses her.*)—I'll about it instantly—(*opens the door in flat.*) I say, Clara, the hounds below are unkennel'd; they have started me for game, and after keeping them at bay, by sousing in a flood of water, I take to cover; that is, I put on Lady Sarah Savage's cloathes to avoid passing for a wild beast; mum! (*enters the room.*)

Clara. If he does but get out of the house, the marriage is broken off and Darnley made happy.

Lady Sarah Savage (without.) I'm at home to nobody but Mr. Darnley.

Clara. (*Going to the door.*) We're undone, ruin'd; stay where you are; here's Lady Sarah.

Sir Paul. (*putting his head out*)—The devil!

Clara.

Clara. Hush! lock yourself in, and don't stir till I tap at the door, or stop—stop—lest she or somebody else should tap, don't open it till I give you a signal—let me see; what shall be the watchword? Oh, “quizzing,” you won't forget “quizzing,” Guardy.

Sir Paul. No—I shall remember it these fifty years; so when I hear the word “quizzing,” out I come, and—softly—here she is (*flattening himself in.*)

Enter Lady SARAH, with pocket-book and tickets in her hand.

Lady Sarah. (*Speaking as she enters.*) Tell my dear Signor, I shall get rid of all these benefit tickets; heh! (*taking out her spying glass.*)—what young creature's this?

Clara. How d'ye do again ma'am?

Lady Sarah. Again! you're vastly forward child; I never saw you before.

Clara. No ma'am! that's very strange; you saw me this-morning at Mr. Darnley's, and invited me to your house.

Lady Sarah. Oh, ay: now I recollect; you must excuse me; we people of rank are so very absent; we're extremely intimate with a person in the morning, and don't know them at night; well! I'm vastly glad to see you; but you mustn't stay here, I'm engaged child.

Clara. I shan't intrude, ma'am—good day.

Lady Sarah. Adieu! stop—stop—I forgot; give me two guineas.

Clara. Two guineas, ma'am!

Lady Sarah. Yes: for these tickets; they're for the Signor's wife's benefit at Bath next Monday,

day, the whole town will be there—nay, I shall attend—I'd make you take more, but as you'll have to pay card money bye and bye, it would be asking you to one's house absolutely to make a bargain of you! (*Clara gives the two guineas.*) there—you may go.

Clara. A bargain indeed! and a bad one too: for if I was mean enough to make money by my guests, would I lay it out on foreigners who loiter in carriages? no—not while so many of our gallant soldiers and sailors have only wooden limbs to stand on! (*half aside.*) I am gone, ma'am, (*curtseying.*) and now may Darnley get out of the scrape—Sir Paul get out of the house—and she and her brother knock their stupid heads together. [*Exit.*]

Lady Sarah. I suppose this silly creature has interrupted the charming Mr. Darnley, and he has stepped into my dressing room—(*goes to the door and finds it fasten'd.*)—lock'd inside—it must be so—(*listens*)—I declare I hear him moving; (*she listens again*)—he sighs!—poor man! (*she speaks loudly.*)—don't be dejected, my dear sir; when I'm married to that old tottering beau, Sir Paul, I'll think of nothing but you. So come, Mr. Darnley, (*Enter Mrs. Darnley,*) come my sweet Mr. Darnley.

Mrs. Darnley. Can it be possible?—then all's confirm'd madam, when I am convinced that my husband—that Mr. Darnley has been decoyed into that room.

Lady Sarah. (*spying at her.*) Bless me!—its Mrs. Darnley!—this is a little awkward—however I'll soon talk her out of it, (*aside.*) Don't be uneasy, my dear—these fashionable intrigues are very

very harmless, I'll assure you, and if you had had my free and liberal education—but poor thing! I suppose you were sent to school for instruction.

Mr. Darnley. To school! as certainly ma'am—

Lady Sarah. There it is then: for what could you learn! only to sing well enough to spoil conversation—to play on the harpsichord, so as to give papa, mama, and the whole family an afternoon's nap—to dance so awkwardly as to be always out of tune and place; and to speak just French enough, to make you forget English; this is a boarding school education—But I my dear——

Mrs. Darnley. Hear me, madam! when I first saw you, I was the happiest of women—I had a husband who lov'd and honour'd me—who doated on his children, and knew no pleasure but in his family! and now how severe is the reverse! you have robb'd me of that treasure, seduc'd it from my heart, and I return to a melancholy home, without a friend for my own distresses, or a father for my children!

Lady Sarah. And how can I help it?—didn't I mean to do you both a service by introducing you to the great world?

Mrs. Darnley. Great world!—there again, madam!—when I enter'd this house, I expected from the exalted rank of its owner to have been surrounded with kindness, elegance, and hospitality!—but I find that high birth doesn't create high breeding, nor am I, because humbly born, less likely to set a polish'd example than yourself—Oh Darnley! why will you not come forth and save your once lov'd wife from agonies too great to bear.

Enter

Enter Mr. SAVAGE.

Savage. So Savage—here's a pretty story buzz'd about!—they say that Darnley, the country 'squire, is lock'd up in your dressing-room! if this is true you Jezabel—

Lady Sarah. Scandalous brute!—but I don't wonder at it; you've had such a low vulgar education.

Savage. I had an education!—well that's more than ever you had!—but look'ye, Miss, no time must be lost; for if Sir Paul discover your intriguing, he'll break off the marriage, and we are ruin'd—yes; ruined madam! (*to Mrs. Darnley,*) you and your infamous husband will make your own plots and marr mine—so I'll unkennel him.

Mrs. Darnley. Hold, sir—indeed he is not to blame—he was betray'd into that room.

Lady Sarah. Betray'd!—nay, then I must confess; brother, that Mr. Darnley is there; I dare say he conceal'd himself on purpose to expose me to Sir Paul—nay, I am sure of it now.

Savage, (looking thro' the key-hole.) I see him through the key-hole—the rascal's in disguise! (*enter two servants.*) John call up the club—unlock the hounds—tell the whole house to prepare for quizzing—quizzing, you rogue.—

Sir PAUL dress'd in Lady SAVAGE's Great Coat, &c. opens the door, endeavours to escape, but meeting Mr. SAVAGE retires again directly.

*Savage—*John, open the back-door, and shew the disguis'd gentleman out of the house directly—go—and as for you Mrs. Darnley—

F

DARNLEY

DARNLEY enters, and Mrs. DARNLEY, Lady SARAH, and SAVAGE, stand astonished.

Savage. Confusion!—Darnley!

Mrs. Darnley. Is he then innocent?—Oh Harry! (*Embracing him.*)

Lady Sarah. Amazing! why, who was that wretch in my coat, hat, and tippet!

Darnley. No less a gentleman than Sir Paul Perpetual—Clara told me the whole story—he put on that disguise to avoid the snares that were laid for him, and he has ere this left the house, determined to break off an union, that would have undone me and my family—Lady Sarah, I entreat your pardon; but, here (*taking Mrs. Darnley by the hand,*) here is my apology.

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, I have shewn the disguis'd gentleman down stairs.

Savage. Go to the devil with you.—

[*Kicks the servant off.*]

Lady Sarah. Brother!

Savage. Sister!

Lady Sarah. We are the fools that are outwitted.

Savage. Yes: we've turn'd out the wrong man—but let's pursue and overtake him instantly; come,—'squire, I insist you leave my house directly, and as to you Miss—if I catch the young gentleman, I'll have some sport, I'm determined—I'll turn you both loose amongst the hounds below, and the Club shall decide, whether

ther old P. isn't the prettiest looking female of the two ! [Exit with Lady Sarah.

Darnley. I resolved, Maria, to meet any censure, rather than give a pang to such a heart as yours ; but let us be gone —

Mrs. Darnley. Ay : let us return to our villa, nor ever wander more.

Darnley. No—not yet Maria.

Mrs. Darnley. Not yet !

Darnley. No—I have a plan to execute—Sir George, my best of friends, has invited us both to his aunt's house at Bath, and is now waiting without to conduct us.

Mrs. Darnley. Do not go ! let me entreat you ; do not—I have a thousand fears.

Darnley. Nay, nay : he will introduce us to friends, who can render us essential service ; come—come—indulge me—the society will be pleasant, and unlike this ill-bred scene—

Mrs. Darnley. Well ! if it must be so—Ah, Harry ! I have now pass'd hours in the humble and exalted scenes of life ; and I find that good breeding is confin'd to no rank or situation ! it consists in good sense, and good humour, and I believe we may see as large a share of it under the roof of the cottage, as in the splendid mansions of the great ! [Excunt.

END OF ACT II.

F 2

A C T

A C T III.

SCENE I.—*A superb room in FLUSH's house ; handsome sideboard of Plate—Pictures in elegant Frames—gilded chairs—two servants in fine liveries, putting silver coffee pot, tea urn, &c. on the table for breakfast, a third servant standing in READY.*

Enter READY.

Ready. Tell your master, his agent desires to see him.

Servant. Sir, Mr. Flush is hardly drest yet.

Ready. Not up !—why it's two o'clock.

Servant. Very likely, sir—my master seldom rises sooner—besides he gave a grand supper last night ; all the first people in Bath were present, sir.

Ready. Well ! well ! tell him Mr. Ready is here : (*Servant exit.*) now isn't it amazing that a man who was only twelve years ago clerk to a lottery-office-keeper in London, should be so rich, and so visited, and how has he done all this ? how, but by the modern mystery of money lending !—by opening a shop in the city for linens, gauzes ; and muslins—by keeping a fine house near Bond street, and another in Bath. His son manages in London, and I here, while he by not appearing, is every where noticed and respected.

Flush. (without.) James ! Thomas ! tell the cook to send a plan of my dinner.

Ready.

Ready. He's such an epicure! and he, who formerly could scarcely get necessaries, is now not satisfied with luxuries.

FLUSH enters with two servants.

Flush. (*sits.*) Ha! Ready! how d'ye do, Ready?

Ready. Sir! (*bowing.*)

Flush. Sit down, Ready—sit down. (*Ready sits.*) well! how go on money matters?

Ready. I have alter'd the advertisement as you desir'd, and inserted it in the Bath and Bristol papers.

Flush. Read it—read it. (*Takes up a pine-apple on the breakfast table*) You scoundrels! (*to the servants.*) is this a pine apple for a gentleman? buy a larger; buy one if it costs ten pounds; I can afford it—read, Ready, read.

Ready. (*Reading a news-paper.*) “Money matters!—the nobility, gentry, ladies of fashion, officers of rank, bankers, &c. may be secretly accommodated with money to any amount, on personal security only, by applying to P. O. Holly Street, Bath—No. 93.”

Flush. Excellent! well! does the trap fill! have you caught any birds?

Ready. Plenty; plenty of pigeons already; (*Takes out his pocket-book.*) here, here's a note for five hundred—left by a dashing young parson—I think it's good.

Flush. (*Looking at it.*) It is—treat him well; give him value; I can afford it.

Ready. Value! but in what manner, Sir?

Flush. (*rising.*) Oh! pay him in the old way, Ready; first, give him my draft at a week for thirty

thirty guineas, then offer him damag'd linen and muslin to the amount of one hundred and twenty, and bid him call again in a fortnight—you have his note all the time you know.

Ready. Certainly, sir; and when he calls——

Flusb. Give him a bad bill for one hundred and fifty, and pay him the odd hundred in trifles; such as paste buckles, gilt bracelets, Westphalia hams, painted prints, neats tongues, and Stilton cheeses—so shake hands, and have done with Master Parson.

Ready. But not with the bill, sir.

Flusb. No—my bankers discount it, and pay it away, till passing through different hands, somebody gives value for it at last, and then the glorious work begins—then comes the hero into combat! an attorney is employ'd! an attorney, my boy! action is brought upon action! declaration filed upon declaration! till the drawer, acceptor, and indorsers all get into the King's Bench—the King's Bench,—no—I beg pardon; the high money-lenders, and low attorneys, have so fill'd it, with their dupes, that there isn't room there—the house overflows! so Newgate, Newgate is the shop!

Enter a Servant.

Servant. Here's your son! just arriv'd from London!

Flusb. Shew him in.

[*Exit servant.*]

Ready. I'm told, sir, Mr. Gingham is quite another man, since I saw him.

Flusb. Yes, yes, you knew his curst, ingenuous, candid disposition; he learnt it in the country, the dog would speak the truth, and his simplicity

plicity so injur'd our trade, that I threatened to turn him out of doors; but he has reform'd Ready! the boy has the good sense to tell a lie now, and I've sent for him to witness his blessed reformation.

Ready. Ay, sir, your son always spoke his mind too freely—in short, Mr. Gingham was too honest for his profession.

Flush. He was; however he has given me his word, never to speak what comes uppermost, and he is now what he ought to be; a regular, solemn, jesuitical—in short—he's a very promising young man.

Enter GINGHAM.

Gingham. Sir, your hand—Ready yours, well! here I am—quite converted—like father, like son—tell a lie without blushing.

Flush. Here—I told you so—ay, ay, I knew the boy would come to something good at last—so my dear boy you've left off telling the truth—speaking your mind.

Gingham. Mum! close as the cabinet—keep you in my eye—put on your face, and do it so punctually, you wouldn't know young P. O. from yourself—*(Looking about the room,)* zounds! what a fine house you've got! how its furnish'd! what plate! what pictures!

Flush. The result of trade and honest industry, Frank—yes—its pretty furniture isn't it?

Gingham. Pretty furniture! it's so handsome, that except yourself, curse me, if I see a shabby bit in the room!—nay, nay, upon my soul, I didn't allude to you; I meant Ready.

Ready.

THE RAGE:

Ready. He's at his old tricks I see—as candid as ever.

Gingham. Plague on't! I could sooner bite off my tongue, than stop its speaking what I think; nay, sir, now pray.

Flusb. Well, well, I excuse you this once; I, a shabby bit! however we shall soon see—how goes on the shop in London?

Gingham. The shop!

Flusb. Ay, the shop in the city that you've the care of—the linens—the——

Gingham. Oh ay: now I recollect; why very well upon the whole, I believe, sir—very well—only between ourselves; I'm afraid it won't last; I think we and our tricks shall be found out—you understand—

Flusb. Found out! 'sblood, sirrah——

Gingham. Softly sir—softly—don't put yourself in a passion, and lay the blame on me; don't charge me with our ruin, for every body knew my opinion long ago; didn't they, Ready? I told it to a thousand people—says I, “swindling will never thrive, and I and my poor father shall get duck'd at last!”

Flusb. You did! did you?

Gingham. That I did, sir; and I'll prove I said so—the other night I slept at the west end, and two friends—distress'd old officers in the army—brought their notes to be discounted—says I, “Gentlemen, it won't do—you'll get little cash, but a quantity of trumpery nonsense, such as hams, cheeses, prints, linens, and other vegetables!” said they; “we know that—we know you and your father are two infernal sharpers, but a guinea now is worth ten a month hence—so give us the money.”

Flush. Well: and you took their note, didn't you?

Gingham. No, I didn't—I gave them the cash, shook the two old soldiers by the hand, and said I was tir'd of such d——d swindling practices.

Ready. This is sad work, Mr. Gingham—you'll never be at the top of your profession.

Gingham. The top!—Oh! what the pillory? no—I leave that to you, Ready!

Flush. Was there ever such a scoundrel?—but we'll hear more, (*aside.*)—So, you sleep at the west end of the town, do you?

Gingham. Always—its vulgar to be in the city of an evening; besides I like to walk in Kensington-gardens in the morning—You know Kensington-gardens, father—the place where there's such a mixture of green leaves and brown powder—of blue violets and yellow shoes; and where there's such a croud, that to get air and exercise you stand a chance of broken bones and suffocation!—Well!—there I strut away, my boys.—

Flush. You do—do you?—I can hardly keep my hands off the rascal—So then I suppose, the moment my back was turn'd, you never thought of business.

Gingham. Business!—no never—Did I, Ready? I recollected my father play'd the same game before; me; that when he was clerk at the lottery-office, at billiards all the morning, and at hazard all the evening—therefore, says I, where's the difference?—none! but that he had the policy to conceal his tricks, and I the folly to shew mine—heh! I'm right—an't I, Ready?

Flush. You villain!—is this your reformation? not even conceal your own faults, much more mine.

G

mine.—Expose my character, neglect my trade, and strut away in Kensington-gardens! I have done with you—from the country you came, and to the country you shall return—Speak the truth, indeed! zounds! sirrah, what has truth to do with money lending! [*Here Ready exit.*]

Enter CLARA SEDLEY.

Clara. Oh, Guardy—I'm just come to Bath with Mr. and Mrs. Darnley—we are all on a visit at Sir George Gaunlet's, and ——

(*seeing Gingham, she stops.*)

Flush. Its only my son, Clara—a simple foolish young man.

Gingham. (*bowing to her.*) More knave than fool, upon my honour, ma'am.

Clara. The gentleman don't praise himself I see, Mr. Flush.

Gingham. No, ma'am—nor do I know any body that will praise me—unless my father indeed,

Flush. Silence, sir!—well: but about the rural pair, my dear ward; do you know I have a great regard for Mr. and Mrs. Darnley.

Clara. Have you? I'm vastly glad of that—for your joint guardian, Sir Paul, is so employ'd in seeking for his lost child, that he has forgot his promise to assist Darnley; therefore I want you to do him a favour.

Flush. A favour!—he may command me.

Clara. The case is this—his increase of family has so enlarg'd his expences, that he has thoughts of returning to the army—Sir George has promised to procure him a company, but Mrs. Darnley, not chusing he should owe his promotion to him, wishes he should purchase; now, Guardy,

Guardy, if you would lend him two hundred pounds.

Flush. Two hundred pounds, child!

Gingham. Ay, two hundred pounds, father!

Flush. Who bid you speak, sir?—Why, Clara, in money matters there is an etiquette.

Clara. True: but this is your friend.

Gingham. So it is, ma'am: the man he has a great regard for.

Clara. And when you consider the charms of Mrs. Darnley, and the wants of her children—

Gingham. He can't refuse, ma'am—indeed he don't intend it—and therefore as I see he means to grant the favour, I'll save him the trouble of putting his hand in his pocket—Here, ma'am! (*taking out bank notes*) here are two bank notes of a hundred each—they belong to Mr. Flush—now they belong to Mr. Darnley—(*Flush gets in his way and prevents Clara's taking them.*)—he begs you'll give them to his friend—and present his compliments—and say, he'll double the sum.

Flush. Stand off—stand off—or by heavens I'll—

Gingham. (*Offering Clara the notes across his father*) Double the sum, whenever call'd upon, ma'am.

Flush. Hold your tongue, or I'll knock it down your throat, sirrah.—I say, Clara, in the the way of business, I've no objection to do Mr. Darnley a service; that is, if I can make a profit by it—first, he should send me his note.

Clara. Here it is, sir. (*Giving it to Flush.*)

Flush. That's right—now we can proceed—here, sir—(*Giving the note to Gingham,*) take the note to my agent, and tell him to give Mr. Darnley thirty pounds—I can afford it.

G 2

Gingham.

Gingbam. This is too bad—take in his own friend, and a man with a family, (*aside.*) Sir,—a word if you please—I told you, we were all blown upon—now, here's an opportunity for retrieving our reputation—lend him the two hundred pounds—prove, for once, we can behave like gentlemen; and hark'ye—we shan't reach the top of the profession.

(*putting up his neckcloth.*)

Flusb. This is beyond bearing—quit the room directly—'sdeath!—leave my house, sir—be gone!—I disinherit you—I—

Clara. Lord!—why so angry, guardian?—I'm sure he is a good young man, and as warm in his heart—

Flusb. Warm in his heart!—nonsense!—will he be warm in the funds? no—never—while he is so candid—so—

Clara. Not while he is candid, sir?

Flusb. No—do you think I made my fortune by candour or openness; answer me, sir—did I ever get a shilling by speaking the truth—speak!

Gingbam. (*In a melancholy voice.*) No, sir, I never said you did—I know the contrary, sir; madam, I'm of a communicative disposition, I own; but there are many secrets of my father's I never blabb'd.

Flusb. Are there, sir?

Gingbam. Yes, that there are, sir.

Flusb. I don't recollect them.

Gingbam. Don't you? Why, now, did I ever mention, sir, that you got these pictures by suing out execution? That you got that plate, by its being pawn'd to you for half its value; that you intrigue with a female money-lender; and that the last time you were made a bankrupt, you

you went to get your certificate signed in a now vis-a-vis? did I, or will I ever mention those things?

Flush. Begone, sir—I'll never see you more—
Yet, stay—you have papers in your possession—
—meet me in an hour's time at my agent's, sir,
—at Mr. Ready's.

Gingham. Forgive me this once, father—I'll never let the cat out any more.

Flush. No, sir, I never will forgive you—I am engaged, sir, and you know we great men are select in our company.

Gingham. Well, if it must be so—farewell, father! the world is all before me, and what trade to follow, heaven only knows. Good bye, madam!—your sex will never befriend me, because I can't keep a secret; you see.

Clara. I will befriend you, sir; for while there is so much deception and hypocrisy in the world, it would indeed be unjust, not to approve such frankness and honesty. Guardy, let me intercede for him; I'll answer for his conduct.

Gingham. Aye; and if ever I mention ducking or swindling again.—There! you see he's fix'd, ma'am.

Clara. At present he is, and therefore leave him, perhaps by the time you meet him at the agent's I shall have talked him into good humour. Adieu! depend on't, I shan't forget your generous intentions.

Gingham. Nor shall I, yours; and if fortune smiles on me, I'll prove that I deserve your kindness—If ever my father pardons—but I see he's more and more angry, so I take my leave. May every blessing attend you—may you meet with a heart as liberal as your own—May your
cousins.

cousins' distresses vanish—may your guardian once more value a son, who can't help speaking the truth for the soul of him. [Exit.

Clara. Upon my word he's a charming man! and pardon him you must, Guardy, if its only to please me.

Flush. No—I'm determined.

Enter a Servant.

Servant. The dinner's ready.

Flush. Come, Clara, you shall dine with me; I want to talk to you, and if I cou'd see my joint Guardian, Sir Paul—

Clara. I met him at your door—he's only just gone by.

Flush. Just gone by! that's a mistake; for the old beau has been gone by these thirty years: however, come in—come, and eat and drink what you like. Call for burgundy, champagne, or tokay—Ay, call for tokay at a guinea a pint; I can afford it, my dear Ward, I can afford it.

[Exeunt.

SCENE

SCENE II.—*The Crescent and the surrounding country.*

Enter Lady SARAH SAVAGE, and Sir GEORGE GAUNTLET.

Lady Sarah. Sir George, I own my weakness: the proud, the haughty lady Sarah is humbled; Darnley has ensnared my heart, and one way or other, I must insure his pity—Heigho! you are his friend; Sir George.

Sir George. You see I am; and that he esteems me more than ever, is evident from his bringing Mrs. Darnley to my house—did you mind his orders to her?—take an airing my dear with Sir George in his phaeton! it will raise your spirits, my love!—Ha! ha! he absolutely throws her into my arms.

Lady Sarah. Yes; but she absolutely contrives to get out of them again.

Sir George. She does; and therefore, there is no way but the one I mentioned—we must make Darnley jealous.

Lady Sarah. True:—I'll tell him that you love his wife.

Sir George. Nay, nay, not me—fix on somebody else—we'll soon find an object, and then by convincing him of her falsehood, he naturally turns his thoughts to another woman; which is you, you know—and she wanting a protector, consequently flies to another man, which is me, you know—we'll add the Signor to the confederacy.

Lady

Lady Sarah. You're a sad wretch—a sad wretch indeed, Sir George, to impose on a friend, who places such confidence—such—I won't hear you—positively I won't hear you—only observe, if I don't win the cruel Darnley's affections, I'll drive my Phaeton down a precipice in reality; I will, or with the bayonet of my fusil, pierce my too tender heart, and expire at his feet.

Enter the benourable Mr. SAVAGE hastily.

Savage. So Sarah—I and Sir Paul have had such an adventure!—though we quarrel'd last night, we made it up to day; for I never think alike two hours together—Do you, sister?

Lady Sarah. Never: but when I think of your brother, then I think more than I say, I assure you.

Savage. No; you say more than you think, I assure you—but would you believe it? The old boy has seen his son,—we trac'd him from the stage coach he came in, to the pump room, from the pump room, to the billiard room—there Sir Paul saw him playing with the marker, and when he heard the young man's name, he fainted; actually fainted in my arms.

Lady Sarah. What, in a fit! poor old man! well! if you'll believe me, Sir George, I never saw a person in a fit in all my life.

Savage. Long before he recover'd, the young man was gone—the bird was flown—for the standers by, all blacklegs—began laying bets on Sir Paul's recovery, and those who were against him, wouldn't let water be thrown in his face.

Lady Sarab. Inhuman wretches!—they ought to have sours'd him to death: but pray, brother, who is this child? where does he come from? what's the story?

Savage. Why—about twenty years ago, Sir Paul's lady quarrell'd with him at Tunbridge, and married a citizen—Four months after the marriage she had a son, which the citizen brought up as his own, and Sir Paul now swears the boy was his—'gad! it will be curious; for the child will have two fathers.

Lady Sarab. Curious! not at all—but why should you meddle?

Savage. Because it secures me the two best racers in this stud—Fidget and Fizgig; and what's better, because it still secures us Sir Paul's fortune: for though he won't marry you himself, he intends his son should; and, if I could but once more see the young man—I know he goes by his mother's name—(*Looking out*) heh! its him! there he is again!—get out of the way; don't interrupt—

Lady Sarab. No—I have too great a regard for Sir Paul's property to interrupt any plan for securing it; besides, Sir George and I have business—come—I say brother, tell the old gentleman to be careful, and in his eagerness bid him not claim another man's child instead of his own!

[*Exit with Sir George.*]

Savage. Where can Sir Paul be loitering? he said he'd follow me—mum! [*Stands aside.*]

H

Enter

Enter GINGHAM.

Gingham. Oh! what a whirligig world is this! I that was brought up to lend money; must now try to borrow it: but where? who'll trust a wandering linen-draper! who'll trust the notorious young P.O.? however, I've got my equivalent; I can speak my mind now—no longer need I smother my thoughts, and be ready to burst: no longer have an itching on my tongue, and be ready to bite it in two—no, no, I may open now. The sweet lady sends me word my father is inexorable, but hopes she shall soon see me again; heigho! I hope so too; when I think of her, my heart feels such queer sensations—I have it; she has taken lessons of my father, and swindled me out of my affections; but then my poverty—I can never indulge even a hope.—(*Sees Mr. Savage.*)—Ha! here's the friend of the queer old gentleman, who fainted in the billiard room.

Savage. (*advancing pompously.*) Sir, the honourable Henry Savage has the pleasure—the felicity—What are you—

Gingham. the honourable?

Savage. Ay: why didn't you know it?

Gingham. No: nor never should if you hadn't told me—ha! ha! ha! ha!

Savage. Ha! ha! ha! you're a droll dog! 'gad! you shall come to my house, and pass a week with me.

Gingham. Faith! a year with all my soul! I've nothing to do with myself; I've left off trade; haven't change for sixpence in the world, and

and so my little right honourable—I'll honour you with my company. [*Shaking him by the hand.*]

Savage. Hush! if you want money don't own it: we great people are close—

Gingham. I know it; economical too!—you live cheap.

Savage. What! people of fashion live cheap?

Gingham. To be sure; you don't pay; and if that isn't living cheap, the devil's in't!—ha! here's the fainting gentleman again!—who the deuce is he?

Savage. I fancy you'll find him a pretty near relation of yours—at least, if you were born at Tunbridge, and your mother's name was Gingham.

Gingham. It was; that's the name of her, and of the town.

Savage. Say you so?—(*Enter Sir Paul Perpetual.*)—The racers are mine, Sir Paul!

Sir Paul. Ay: my whole stud—any thing: every thing! only let me have another peep at my dear boy!—only let me prove to posterity!

Savage. There he is!

Sir Paul. Where!

Savage. There! there is your son! who was born at Tunbridge—whose mother's name was Gingham, and who is now without a shilling in his pocket, or a friend in the world—joy! joy! old boy! you've got a young P. at last!

Sir Paul. Stand off! let me come at him; come to thy father's arms!

Gingham. My father!

Sir Paul. Ay: thy real father! who has a fortune to bestow on thee, and health, youth, and spirits to share in all thy pleasures—The dog has my right eye to a T.

H 2

Gingham.

Gingham. (*To Mr. Savage.*) Pray does your friend bite in his fits?

Savage. (*aside to Gingham.*) Hark'ye—its Sir Paul Perpetual! better known by the name of old P.—he has an immense property.

Gingham. Has he?

Savage. Yes: and if its certain you are his son, he'll give you every farthing of it.

Gingham. Oh! if that's the case—if he has an immense property—let me see who dare deny it? Sir, your blessing!—(*knéeing.*)—I always said I wasn't my father's own child.

Sir Paul. Rise my boy! my darling! and tell us how the citizen educated you!—The turn of my nose exactly!

Gingham. I've done with linens, gauzes, and muslins now!—let the shop and all its swindling go to the bottom—I'm the son of Sir Paul Perpetual, better known by the name of old P. I'm not a tradesman —.

Sir Paul. Tradesman!—zounds!—my son brought up in a shop!—how it freezes my warm blood!—look'ye, my boy—two things I must request of you—never to talk about trade, or mention your former father's name.

Gingham. Never—I'll never mention his name because I despise it; but as to trade, what's bred in the bone, you know father —

Sir Paul. Well—well—come to Mr. Savage's house; there we'll introduce you to your intended wife—Miss Savage will soon break you of talking about trade, or the city—so come along.

Savage. Ay: pray give up the city—the rich rogues have no taste for us men of wit and genius—they estimate every thing by property, and

and if the great Ben Johnson—nay, if the great Big Ben were alive, is there one citizen would give the poor dogs a dinner?

Sir Paul. No—you're right there; in the city a man that has no money, has no wit—the smallest bank note is more entertaining than the wittiest manuscript; and talk of Ben Johnson's name for jokes—damme, Abraham Newland beats him hollow! isn't true, my boy?

Gingham. As true, as that you beat my other father hollow—come—henceforth, no money lending tricks for me. But young P. O. shall stick to gay old P. [Exit.

A C T

A C T IV.

SCENE I.—*A Drawing-Room in Mr. SAVAGE'S House at Bath.*

Enter Sir GEORGE GAUNTLET and Signor CYNET.

Sir George. Bravo! Signor bravissimo!—and so Lady Sarah Savage has actually persuaded Darnley, that his wife loves another man?

Signor. Si—at first he no believe—but Lady Sarah lay it down with such courage—her oaths were so superbe, and mine so magnifique, that 'at last he accompany us with tears—pauvre Mister Darnley!—Ah ha!—you no forget my wife's concert.

Sir George. And who did you say Mrs. Darnley was attached to?

Signor. Attendez—Sir Paul—what you call—old P.—he has found one child—eh bien!—the enfans was at the comedie, and saw Madame Darnley and her 'cousin maltraité by some qu'on appelle bobbies—villains who fight de duels, and interrupt de music—Vell! de child relieve de ladies, conduct them home—sup, and dough all de time he make love to Mad'moiselle Clara—

Sir George. Yet, Lady Sarah Savage fixes on him, for Mrs. Darnley's gallant—excellent! and if this scheme fails, I understand she has another—there is Mr. Flush—a sort of money agent.

Signor. Je connois—je connois—he make a you poor, by lending you cash.

Sir

Sir George. This Mr. Flush has got Darnley's note for two hundred pounds—now he can't pay it; and therefore if Lady Sarah Savage buys it up——

Signor. Je comprende—the say, give me my heart, or pay me my money—ah ha!—I see you will be the first fiddle yourself;—(*looking out.*) le voici!—here is Mr. Flush!

Sir George. No—it's Sir Paul and the son you spoke of—good day Signor—and if you see Darnley, tell him I'm out of town,

Signor. I vill!—accountez—I no like to meet this Sir Paul—ven he ask me to his house, he always sing himself—toujours—if he has de cold—de sore throat—il chante! and begar: he sing as well with the hoarseness, as without—bonjours Sir George—bonjours—(*going, recollects and turns back.*) Ah ha!—you no forget my wife's concert? [Exit.

Sir George. Darnley, jealous of his wife! and she under my own roof!—now, if I can persuade her to retaliate—here's her supposed gallant.

Enter Sir PAUL and GINGHAM, elegantly dressed.

Gingham. I tell you, father, Clara Sedley is the girl of my heart!—your ward is the girl for young P.

Sir Paul. Nonsense!—haven't I made you a gentleman—stuck a sword by your side?—haven't I brought you here to address Lady Sarah Savage?—ha! Sir George!—now mind (*to Gingham*) and conceal your low education—not a word about trade or the warehouse; for I mean to put you into the army, and I've told every body

body you've been on your travels.—Sir George !
—my son !

Sir George. (*bowing,*) Sir, I'm very proud of the honour.

Gingham. Sir !—I'm very proud of—(*bowing up to him, and spying at his chitterlin*)—right India muslin, by all that's—mum !

Sir George. You've been a great traveller, fir, —much abroad ?

Gingham. Abroad !—yes, fir—I was seldom at home—generally at the West End, for between ourselves, though I was brought up to trade, I always despis'd the warehouse—always—pshaw !

Sir Paul. (*taking him aside.*) Zounds !—mind what you're at—consider, if you talk as my son, about linens and the warehouse, they'll take your father for a tradesman ; they'll say I'm a haberdasher, knighted on a city address !

Gingham. A haberdasher !—that's a good one, a very good one—upon my soul, Sir George, my father is'nt such a fool, as you take him for—no—that he isn't—are you, father ?

Lady Sarah Savage. (*without.*) When Mr. Flush comes, shew him up stairs.

Sir George. Here's your intended wife, fir—'gad ! I hope it will be a match, for Lady Sarah is so anxious for a husband, that in the scramble, she might seize me at last—come, Sir Paul—let's leave the happy pair together.

Sir Paul. Now, remember what I told you—Lady Sarah is the essence of fashion and good breeding ; and if you want to polish, and rub off the city-rust, imitate her—copy her elegant manners.

Sir George. Ay : she's the rage !—and, if he wants to secure her affections, bid him imitate

his father, Sir Paul—copy you, and he must succeed with the women.

Sir Paul. Ay: that he must, Sir George—there's not a girl at Newmarket, not a dancer at the opera, or a singer at the ancient concert, but adores me—they treat me with the same respect they would a father—they say I'm so quiet—so inoffensive—so harmless.

Gingham. Harmless! do they say you're harmless, father?

Sir Paul. Ay, harmless, and under that idea, I've done more mischief, than any ten dangerous men in Europe—So copy her manners; and success to you, my boy!

[*Exit with Sir George.*]

Gingham. Bravo! these are fine times, Master Gingham,—but will they last?—is there no trick play'd, or to be play'd thee?—Sir Paul I'm told has a way of disguising himself in women's cloathes, surely this is'nt another masquerading affair—Ah! here's spouse!—now to imitate her fashionable manners.

Enter Lady SARAH SAVAGE.

Lady Sarab. Marry him, I will: because in the first place, there's a scarcity of husbands; and in the next, being his wife, secures Sir Paul's fortune, and makes Darnley for ever in my pow'r—besides, I can draw the youth into all my schemes—hem!

Gingham. Hem! (*imitating her.*) If this is a woman of fashion, the breed is grown pretty bold I think.

Lady Sarab. I must shew him my spirit—terrify him before marriage, in order to tame
I him

him after. (*Going towards him wriggling her head.*)
Sir!

Gingham. (*Going towards her wriggling his head.*)
Ma'am.

Lady Sarab. Give me a chair!

(*Staring full in his face.*)

Gingham. A chair, ma'am?

Lady Sarab. Yes, a chair, sir.

Gingham. (*Staring full in her face.*) Essence of breeding!—she's the essence of brains! (*brings her a chair.*) A chair, ma'am!

Lady Sarab. (*Staring vacantly.*) He little knows what a life I shall lead him.

Gingham. (*Shews alarm.*) Heh!—a chair, ma'am!—here's a chair, I say—(*loudly.*)

Lady Sarab. Oh, I forgot—I am really so absent—(*sits down*) he! he! he!

(*spying in his face.*)

Gingham. (*sitting down.*) Are you really!—he! he! he!—I should like to—(*mimicking*) imitate her manners! hang me if I dare—she has set me all in a tremble—pheugh! (*Puffing himself with his bat, and drawing his chair from her.*)

Lady Sarab. Look up, my hero! (*slapping him.*) You can't think how I rejoice at your being designed for the army. I'm of a military, martial turn myself, and shall serve every campaign with you.

Gingham. You serve campaigns!—I wish I was out of the room—pheugh! (*aside.*)

Lady Sarab. I shall make an excellent soldier—a dauntless warrior! and if you talk of little unfledg'd fluttering ensigns, look at me—look!—(*shaking him*) march!—wheel about!—left!—make ready!—present!—fire!

Gingham.

Gingham. (*Looking first at her feet, then at her head.*) It is—it is an impostor!—ugh! (*whistles.*)

Lady Sarab. Shan't I make a warlike appearance! animate one army, and intimidate another? restore the name of amazon—revive the age of chivalry, and if there are fools that threaten, and cowards that dread an invasion; Oh! how the thought fires me!—(*rises,*)—give me a few champions like myself, and we'll stand on our white cliffs, and scare away whole nations.

Gingham. Damme, it's another man in woman's cloathes! don't agitate yourself—be compos'd—(*to her as she walks about.*) what would I give to be snug behind the counter?

Lady Sarab. I am no timid helpless woman; I can shoot—I can fence—flourish a sword, or fire off a musket!—penetrate your sword arm at the first thrust, or lodge a bullet in your forehead at forty yards.

Gingham. Keep cool—my hero keep cool! Oh! it's a clear case—it's a man, and here am I to rub off the rust, by being run through the body! sit down my fine fellow! sit down.

Lady Sarab. Fine fellow!

Gingham. Ay, I see how it is—Sir Paul has adopted me out of joke, and you are to make mince meat of me for my vanity!

Lady Sarab. Why, what is all this! (*smiling.*) mince meat!

Gingham. He smiles! then the joke's at an end, and they don't mean to hurt me! give me your hand—you comical dog, give me your hand.

Lady Sarab. Comical dog! what do you mean? explain.

Gingham. Explain! nay: that's too bad—do you think I don't know you my jolly boy?—do you think I can't see you are a gentleman?

Lady Sarah. What! I a gentleman?

Gingham. Ay, and a brave one too!—why I suspected you at first sight!—I saw there was nothing feminine about you, and then when I looked you full in the face, “pooh,” says I, this can never be a woman!

Lady Sarah. Not a woman!—have I studied modern fashions? exceeded all the present race of high spirited women! only to be mistaken for—Oh Lord! I never wept before in all my life—but this—Oh, I shall faint—Oh! Oh!
(*Sits in a chair weeping.*)

Enter FLUSH.

Flush. My rascal of a son has gone off with all my papers—Darnley's note amongst the number—and though Lady Sarah would give twice the value for it, I cannot find him—

Gingham. (*advancing to him.*) Hush! not so loud father—he'll flourish a sword—fire off a musket!

Flush. He!—who!—but how came you here, sir? in this disguise too!

Gingham. Phoo!—it isn't me that's disguis'd; a word—(*whispers to him*)—there! (*pointing to Lady Sarah Savage.*)

Flush. What! that lady!

Gingham. No; that comical dog—I'm sure of it—mum!

Flush. Ha! ha! ha!—you blockhead! why it's Lady Sarah Savage! she's rather masculine to be sure;

sure: but Lord help you—she and I are old friends.

Gingham. What! you know her? do you!

Flush. Know her!—why I'll take my oath she's a woman.

Gingham. He'll take his oath!—Oh then I see my error—she's on the pavé, discarded; and they want to palm her on me.

Flush. Fool!—would you make more blunders! can't you tell a women of fashion from a

Gingham. No—there it is, sir,—if women of fashion will talk and dress like women of another description, who the devil can tell one from the other! and, if likewise they will hunt, shoot, and fence, and prefer masculine assurance, to feminine diffidence, is it amazing, that a gentleman should confound the sexes? however, I'm glad it's not a man.

Flush. Come—come—without further enquiry, give me Darnley's note; the one Clara brought; the comical dog there, as you call her, is in love with Darnley, and wants to hold the bill as a rod over his head: I shall only ask her one hundred pounds premium for it.

Gingham. (*Taking the note out of his pocket book.*) Only a hundred premium! heh!

Flush. No; I can afford it: and she, by arresting him, can make her own terms—you understand!

Gingham. Perfectly; so I'll shew her the note, and make peace—(*goes towards Miss Savage, who is still sitting.*)—madam—lady.

Lady Sarah. Pshaw! don't come near me, brute.

Gingham.

Gingham. I am convince'd of my mistake, ma'am—this gentleman will take his oath on the subject, and therefore—in hopes of making amends—here is a note, my lady; a note of Mr. Darnley's for two hundred pounds.

Lady Sarah. What did you say, sir?

Gingham. A note of Mr. Darnley's, ma'am!

Lady Sarah. (*Looking at it.*) So it is; sign'd with his own dear hand—(*rises*)—well, now I look at you again, sir, I'm quite asham'd of our silly misunderstanding—I am indeed—he! he! perhaps it was my fault—nay—I dare say it was—and so, that's Mr. Darnley's note, is it?

Gingham. It is: and now I recollect: wasn't the lady I conducted from the play, his wife?

Lady Sarah. It was—but entre nous—what's the price of that foolish bit of paper?

Flush. Only three hundred pounds! one hundred for the premium, and two for the principal.

Lady Sarah. Here is the money then.

Gingham. (*Putting his hand on hers.*) Softly; keep the principal, because you'll both want it, and as to the note, I'll keep that, lest somebody else should want it! (*putting it in his pocket.*) you brought me up to the trade, and if I haven't learnt a trick or two, Mr. Flush, it's no fault of yours.

Flush. What! would you turn swindler, you rascal!

Lady Sarah. Ay, this is a new mode of getting money.

Gingham. No—not so very new—is it Mr. Flush?—however, as the wife is the only person that ought to have a pow'r over the husband,
I'll

I'll e'en go instantly to Mrs. Darnley, and give it her.—

Enter DARNLEY.

Darnley. (fiercely.) What, sir?

Gingham. A note for two hundred pounds, sir,—have you any objections? never mind the loss of the premium, Mr. Flush—you can afford it, you know—adieu!—Mr. Bluff, *(To Darnley, who is frowning,)* your servant—it wouldn't do—you comical dog, it wouldn't do!—

(Shewing Lady Sarah Savage the note, and exit.)

Darnley. (To Lady Sarah Savage.) 'Sdeath!—this is the very man you told me of.

Lady Sarah. Ay, now can you want further proof of his attachment to your wife?—I'll leave it to any body?—isn't it evident, Mr. Flush?

Flush. His giving her two hundred pounds is a strong circumstance to be sure—but then, when I recollect the money is mine, and not his—

Darnley. What then, sir.

Flush. Why then, I think, the lady ought to be in love with me, and not him, sir.

Darnley. I'll set out for London, and never see her more—yet no—I'll be satisfied—I'll know the worst!—I'll instantly pursue this new found idol of her heart, and if I catch him in her presence—

Lady Sarah. Kill him—for a wretch, who can't distinguish the human species, isn't fit to live—come—I'll go with you.

Flush. So will I—but pray don't kill him, till I've got my papers.

Lady

Lady Sarah. Nay, don't fret about it, Mr. Darnley—you shall return with me to Savage-house—come—never think of going to London at this time of year—it's so thin—all the great houses are lock'd up, and there's no making a fashionable party; is there, Mr. Flush?

Flush. Your pardon, ma'am—I and my attorney can always collect a fashionable party, and if the great houses are lock'd up, why there are great people in lock-up-houses, so don't be afraid of finding good company, Mr. Darnley!

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE II.—*A library in Sir George Gauntlet's house.*

Sir GEORGE, and a servant meeting.

Servant. Sir! Sir! Mrs. Darnley is coming here to look for some books.

Sir George. That's fortunate: did you deliver my message to her, and her husband?

Servant. I did, sir, I told them you were gone out of town, and would not return till to-morrow.

Sir George. Very well! then, in case of accident, leave open the private door that leads behind the library. (*Servant opens a door that leads behind the library.*) A man of intrigue should always have a place to lay snug in, and where is he so little likely to be discover'd, as amongst works of study and reflection! here she is!

mind

mind we're not interrupted. (*Servant exit—Sir George retires towards the Library.*)

Enter Mrs. DARNLEY.

Mrs. Darnley. Will Mr. Darnley never be convinc'd of this friend's hypocrisy! he is so credulous, that he even now places more confidence in him, than ever: I'm glad Sir George is out of town—I can at least pass another hour in peace, and—(*Going towards the Library, Sir George meets her.*)

Sir George. Don't be alarmed, Mrs. Darnley; I'm only a living volume, and if you will peruse my thoughts, you'll read of nothing but yourself—you are engraved here in indelible letters, upon my honour.

Mrs. Darnley. Sir, I was inform'd—but this is no time for parleying—alone and unprotected! (*Going, Sir George stands in her way.*)

Sir George. Nay, you know I have long professed a regard for you; long thought you the finest woman on earth! and as a proof, didn't I offer you my hand, before my friend —

Mrs. Darnley. Friend! call him by some other name, Sir George, and don't profane such honourable terms.

Sir George. Why, isn't he my friend? haven't I so completely gain'd his affections, that he wishes me to win yours? does he not bring you here—to my house!—leave me tête-a-tête with you! and in every respect prove so kind, so obliging —

Mrs. Darnley. Hold, sir—if he has exposed me to insults, I am the person to accuse him—not
K you!

you ! I know his heart, and I know yours—one has my love—my esteem—the other—

Sir George. Has what, my sweet creature ?

Mrs. Darnley. My scorn.

Sir George. Nay then—I must tell you, that when I condescend to love a woman, I always insist on making her happy ; and therefore, with opportunity on my side, and the whole world to lay the blame on your husband ———

Mrs. Darnley. On him ! the world is not so easily deceiv'd ! but lest it should, I'll vindicate his fame—I'll proclaim the falsehood of his friend—his perfidy ———

Sir George. Gently—gently—I see I must take advantage now or never ! (*Goes to the door.*)

Mrs. Darnley. What do you mean, sir ?

Sir George. First to fasten the door, and then, my angel—(*As he opens it to fasten it closely, Gingham enters and pushes by him.*)

Gingham. And then, my angel—to give you two hundred pounds—this note, ma'am, is Mr. Darnley's—it accidentally fell into my hands, and I designedly place it in yours—put it up, ma'am—keep it tight in your pocket ; for what, with one having a rage for disguises—another having a rage for swindling—a third—(*Seeing Sir George.*)—ha ! my judge of good breeding ! is it you ?

Sir George. This blockhead has ruin'd one scheme already, I see.

Gingham. I'll tell you a secret Sir George ; you *fashionable* people are very *vulgar*—it is your fine cloathes, gay equipages, and superb houses that are well bred, and not yourselves, egad ! now only pull off that spangled coat—stick yourself behind a counter, and ———.

Sir George.

Sir George. Sir, don't you see I'm busy?

Gingham. To be sure I do.

Sir George. Why don't you leave the room then?

Gingham. Because I've no where else to go.

Sir George. Then I command you; this lady and I are engag'd.

Mrs. Darnley. Engag'd, Sir George!—Sir, (*to Gingham*) if you'll conduct me to Mr. Darnley, I shall think myself a second time indebted to your gallantry.

Sir George. Madam, I insist—(*Crossing Mrs. D. and taking her by the hand,*)—retire this instant, Sir—retire——

Gingham. Oh! I perceive—he detains her for base purposes! oh fie! fie!—fie for shame, Sir George—is this your good breeding!—your hand, ma'am—(*Trying to pass Sir George.*)

Sir George. 'Sdeath—obey me, or this sword, with which I've so often fought.

Gingham. Often fought! what in earnest?

Sir George. Rascal! draw.

Gingham. No—I'd rather not.

Sir George. What! you don't like to fight!

Gingham. No—who the devil does! but you call me rascal, sir—now I've been long in doubt whether I am one or not—but if, I was half as clear on the subject as you must be, I'd own it publicly—I'd say, "I Sir George Gauntlet am such a rude—ill bred—vulgar"——

Sir George. Coward!—come on—(*Drawing his sword.*)

Gingham. Come on!—well! why shouldn't I! I may be alarm'd at masculine women, but I don't care that—(*Snapping his fingers,*)—for ef-

feminate men ! so, though I never learnt to 'fence in all my life—though I don't know whether to hold my sword in my right hand or my left, have at thee !—ha !—ha !——

Sir GEORGE and GINGHAM make two or three passes, when loud knocking at the door interrupts them.

Sir George. Zounds !—if this should be Darnley—(*looks out.*)—it is ! I'm ruin'd—undone !—

Gingham. Ay, ay, I must take lessons—I'm touch'd—pink'd—(*shaking his hand which is slightly wounded.*)

Sir George. If I stir, I meet Darnley—hark'ye Sir—(*aside to Gingham,*)—that lady's husband is now on the stairs, and your present wound is only a slight one ; but if you hint or speak one word against my honour ——

Gingham. You'll run me through the body I suppose—well ! as I can't fence——mum !

Sir George. I shall not leave the room—I shall be conceal'd, and on the slightest insinuation, by heaven ! I'll come forth and cut you into atoms ; promise—or—you know my way ——

Gingham. I do—I'll live and fight another day.

Sir GEORGE gets behind the Library unperceiv'd by GINGHAM or by Mrs. DARNLEY.

Gingham. I wish I knew the name of Sir George's fencing master—(*Mrs. Darnley comes to him*)—my dear ma'am, don't be uneasy—it's only graz'd, and if they don't send doctors and apothecaries to me, I shall live to pink him, again and again.

Mrs.

Mrs. Darnley. Let me bind your hand, with my handkerchief. (*Darnley enters behind.*) Indeed—indeed, I owe you much.

Darnley. (*Still behind*) 'Tis now beyond a doubt—Oh woman! woman!

Gingham. (*to Mrs. Darnley.*) You hav'nt got the rage—no, you are what a woman ought to be; mild, gentle, affectionate—an angel by all that's sacred.

Darnley. How! make love before my face!—(*advances*) So Mrs. Darnley——

Mrs. Darnley. Oh my dear!—I'm so glad you're come—this gallant—generous young man——

Darnley. Generous young man!

Mrs. Darnley. Has been wounded in my cause, and——

Darnley. And you bound up his arm, with your handkerchief!—nay, don't deny it, madam—with my own eyes, I saw it—well, sir! what have you to say, sir? to that handkerchief, sir?

Gingham. Say, sir!—why, I say, the handkerchief is as fine cambrick as ever was sold—twelve shillings a yard, sir!—at least I used to sell such for a guinea—a guinea, Mr. Bluff—as to any thing else, if you are the lady's husband——

Darnley. I am her husband, sir!—who has long lov'd—long ador'd her!—and now comes here to witness her falsehood and his own dishonour.

Mrs. Darnley. What does he say?—dishonour!

Darnley. Yes, madam—with him! with this gallant, generous young man! did he not last night accompany you from the play, and now do I not find you praising each other to my very face?

face?—observe me, Maria—as you have found me tender in my affections; so you shall find me severe in my resentment.

Mrs. Darnley. I know not what he means: but I thought they'd make him hate me—I guilty of falsehood! dishonour to my husband! Oh, Harry! if you believe me so debas'd, take up that weapon, and pierce me to the heart!—in pity do!—I cannot live and know that you condemn me.

Darnley. (taking her hand.) Do you not love him.

Mrs. Darnley. Whom!

Darnley. (Pointing to Gingham.) Him.

Gingham. Me!—love me!—I wish she did, for if I didn't use her better than you do, I'd cut my jealous head off!—look'ye, great lord and master!—she is more faithful to you, than you deserve—I know it, because just before you enter'd the room, Sir George Gauntlet, like a vile seducer as he is, was attempting to ———
(*here a book falls from the library.*) *crau—au—au!*
(*checking himself.*) I shall be a dead man, before I know it.

Darnley. Sir George Gauntlet!—paltry evasions!—he is out of town and has so often prov'd himself a friend. ———

Mrs. Darnley. Friend!—Oh, Mr. Darnley! at last I am compell'd to tell you, he is your enemy and mine—it is that very friend, who would destroy your domestic peace; who would rob you of a heart, that is, and ever shall be all your own! and that, even now, might have triumph'd o'er a helpless woman, had not his friendly arm been stretch'd to serve me.

Gingham.

Gingham. It's true—I'll swear it!—I'll——
(*another book falls.*) crau—au—au!

Darnley. I'll not believe it—he is above such arts, and I would have you, madam, not encrease your guilt, by daring to abuse my best of friends.

Gingham. Best of friends!—upon my soul, you've a rare set of acquaintance then.—Sir! I always had a knack at speaking what comes uppermost, and I say, Sir George wanted to turn me out, in order to lock her in—I say, he gave me this wound, in trying to defend her from his insolence—I say he is now conceal'd in this room!

(*Books fall from the Library, and leave an open space.*)

GINGHAM looks round, and sees *Sir GEORGE'S* face frowning at him through the aperture.)

Gingham. No—I don't say he is in the room—I don't! because—because—(*looking round again*) its better to be choak'd then kill'd.

Darnley. See how he prevaricates: and therefore, that my friend may be slander'd and I deceiv'd no longer, 'tis time I should decide—Maria!—It almost kills me to pronounce it—
(*aside*) we meet no more—— (*going.*)

Mrs. Darnley. (*Holding him.*) Stay—spare me but a moment—I cannot—will not lose him Harry, think of our love—our children. —

Gingham. Sir! sir!—let me ask you two questions—(*Another book falls, and Sir George frowns at him.*) Ay, grin away you—Sir! can you fence, and will you fight?

Darnley. Perhaps, you'll find, I can, sir.

I

Gingham.

Gingham. And if I prove that Sir George hid himself to avoid you, will you stand by, and see a poor fellow cut to atoms?

Darnley. No—on the contrary, I shall be so convince'd of the truth of your story ———

Gingham. Say you so? then come out you black infernal seducer!

(Runs up to the Library—forces open the front doors, and amidst the falling of all the books, Sir GEORGE GAUNTLET is discover'd!)

Gingham. There—there he is! and now come on, if you dare—here's a pair of the best fencers in Europe? *(Snatching up a sword and placing himself by Darnley.)*

Darnley. 'Tis all unravel'd—detested hypocrite!

Sir George. Ah, Darnley!—how d'ye do!—this is a droll circumstance, isn't it!—but I hope you are convinc'd.

Darnley. Yes, sir, I am convinc'd.

Gingham. We're all convinc'd, sir.

Darnley. That you and Lady Sarah have join'd in a conspiracy to deceive me and betray my wife; that you have meanly put on the mask of friendship, to conceal the blackest artifices, and that if you had come to my house and boldly plunder'd me of all my fortune—

Gingham. He'd only have been hang'd!—but now he shall be cut to atoms.

Sir George. Be cautious in your language, Mr. Darnley—you know my disposition.

Darnley. I do—I know you well: and henceforth if you dare, either by action, word, or look; mark me, sir—raise but a blush in her unsullied
cheek,

cheek, I will resent it—I'll inflict a punishment, great as your arrogance deserves!

Sir George. Arrogance!

Gingham. Ay, arrogance!—are you deaf!

Sir George. Sir, this requires an explanation; you shall hear from me.

Gingham. Pooh!

Darnley. Delay not then, for I shall leave your house this moment, (*Sir George exit.*)—come Maria—to you and this gentleman I have a thousand apologies ———

Gingham. Bless you! I'm amply paid in letting my tongue wag—and as to any thing else, allow me once more to speak my mind to your sweet cousin, Clara! come let's go to her—Oh! you well bred ruffian!—to be first pink'd, and then nearly choak'd by such a ———; on the whole, though, I never fought better in all my life!

[*Exeunt.*]

L

ACT

A C T V.

SCENE I.—*A Room in a Tavern—Dinner under Covers—Darnley discover'd sitting at the Table—Waiter attending.*

Darnley. Tell Sir George Gauntlet, Mr. Darnley is waiting—what's o'clock?

Waiter. Six, sir.

Darnley. The time draws near—I wonder where my friend can be? put some wine on the table and leave me.

Waiter. Sir George is below, in close conversation with a gentleman, who seems anxious to see you, sir.

Darnley. His second, I suppose—tell him, I am here—(*Waiter exit.*) 'Sdeath!—to what have I reduc'd myself?—I that had every joy this world can give—a peaceful home—a wife that lov'd, and children that rever'd me!—I to be now in a tavern, on the eve of meeting with a profess'd duellist? to be about to commit murder, or else to live dishonour'd and disgrac'd—Oh, Maria!—when thou shalt hear thy husband is no more, wilt thou forgive me?—wilt thou—but my fate determines hers, and if I fall she is for ever lost!

Re-enter the Waiter.

Waiter. The gentleman from Sir George Gauntlet, sir.

Darnley.

Darnley. Admit him—now: then for the event!

Enter GINGHAM hastily.

Gingham. I'm so fag'd—so completely knock'd up (*sees the dinner.*) ha, ha! what's here?—the very thing to revive me.

Darnley. I hope, sir, you haven't been talking to Sir George.

Gingham. Yes, but I have though—you employ'd me as second, and if you're shot, it shall be in the way I like best. (*sitting down*) Waiter! waiter!

Waiter. (*To Gingham, who is going to pull off a cover of one of the dishes.*) Sir! sir!—Sir George order'd that dish not to be touch'd till he came.

Gingham. Did he?—then it's the pick'd thing I suppose, so I'll eat it all up directly, (*uncovers it, and sees a brace of pistols laying 'midst powder and ball.*) here—it's quite at his service, and I wish the whole were in his stomach with all my soul!—(*giving the dish to the waiter, and uncovering another.*) Ah! here's something that I can swallow. (*begins eating.*) Well after hunting every where for Sir George, I found him below stairs at last—"so" says I "my little Librarian"—alluding to the book-case you know—"when are you and this jealous husband"—alluding to you, you know—"to fight this foolish duel?" (*drinks a glass of wine.*) Clara! my dear Clara Sedley!

Darnley. Well, sir.

Gingham. Says I "the fact is this; one will be kill'd, the other be hang'd, and the world get rid of two hot-headed fellows:" says he, "Will

L 2

Darnley

Darnley make me an apology?" says I "he might as well.

Darnley You did not!

Gingham. Ah, but I did though "it's very well for fashionable husbands, to leave their wives with friends, in hopes of getting divorces and damages; but what right," says I, "has a country squire to quit his farm, and trust his wife, with baronets, fools, and coxcombs?—to plant his own horns" says I! (*drinks.*) "Success to trade."

Darnley. And how did this end, sir?

Gingham. How!—why the other second interfer'd—said Sir George could'nt fire at you, and advised him to apologize—he hesitated—I put my hand on my sword—reminded him of my fine fencing—he sign'd this paper—I've already shewn it to Mrs. Darnley, and so—(*drinks*) Here's the child that has two fathers!

Darnley. (*Reading the paper.*) 'Tis ample, final satisfaction—wasn't my Maria happy?

Gingham. She was—but with women, grief soon follows joy, you know—she says, your uncle, whoever he is, has order'd you to quit Bath, and go abroad—that she is to be left behind, and as your fortune is exhausted, she fears you must consent—I'm sorry I'm pinch'd too—however—(*drinks.*) Here's confusion to your stingy old uncle!

Darnley. Unfeeling! persecuting man!—separate me from all I love—I know the motive for this barbarous conduct—he has found a son, on whom he means to lavish all his favours, and while he rolls in luxury, I and my family may starve—may—but he comes,

6

Enter

Enter Sir PAUL PERPETUAL.

Sir Paul. So Mr. Darnley : how dare you intrude into the houses of great people, and thus repeatedly disgrace me?—look'ye, sir—I have made up my mind—you must seek your fortune abroad—I'll pay your expences to the continent, and lest your family should be a burthen to you, I'll provide for your wife at home.

Darnley. Oh, sir! do not part us!

Sir Paul. I will!—I'm resolv'd! (*seeing Gingham.*) han!—what do I see?—my boy!—my darling!—how came you here you rogue?

Gingham. Father, you're come in time—just in time to finish the bottle! (*filling him a bumper, and putting it in his hand*) drink! drink the last toast!

Sir Paul. Ay, what is it?

Gingham. "Confusion to Darnley's"——

Sir Paul. With all my heart—"confusion to Darnley's"——

Gingham. "Stingy old uncle!"

Sir Paul. (*spitting out the wine.*) Stingy old uncle!—why that's confusion to myself you dog!

Gingham. What! is it you—well! hang me if I didn't think it was my father—that is my other father, the money-lender—cousin—relation—how are you! (*shaking Darnley by the hand.*)

Sir Paul. Nonsense! never mind him—I've brought you your commission—a company in a regiment serving in Ireland.

Gingham. Have you! (*to Sir Paul.*) who'd have thought my father was your miserly uncle, heh! (*to Darnley.*)

Sir

Sir Paul. It's three hundred a-year, my boy ! psha ! don't mind him I tell you, (*pulling him away from Darnley.*) I reserve every thing for you—I always meant to give all I could to my son.

Gingham. Did you !—Oh then it comes to the same point ; why, perhaps, you'll give me two hundred pounds.

Sir Paul. Ay, that I will.

Gingham. What ! and the commission too !

Sir Paul. Yes, and the commission too ! here they are both—and some ten years hence, I'll join the regiment, and serve under you ; under my brave son !

Gingham. No—under your brave nephew if you like—I don't understand the exercise, and Darnley does ! and therefore, as we're all relations—all in a family, I'll e'en give him the commission—Nay, don't be shy cousin—it makes no difference father, does it ?

Sir Paul. Death and fire ! it does, sir, it makes all the difference, and I swear——

Gingham. Softly—you can make me a hero in another way—as I was brought up to trade, pop me into the train bands—then I can be kill'd in the artillery ground in one day, and be alive in the shop the next ! so keep the commission, cousin ; keep it—(*Forcing it into Darnley's hand.*) and here—here's the money to take you, your wife and children to Ireland—(*giving the bank notes.*)—there ! now moderate your joy, father ! you've done a kind, generous action to be sure ; but why ! why in such an ecstasy !

Sir Paul. Ecstasy ! agony you puppy !

Gingham. Gently, gently, at the public breakfast I shall sound forth your praises—come, cousin

cousin—the best of the joke is, I've another father; and though he won't lend you a shilling, I'll make him send you linen enough to shirt your whole regiment.—Farewell, thou liberal man!—look!—Self-gratification has brought tears of joy into his eyes! (*Exit with Darnley.*)

Sir Paul. Tears of joy!—if being cheated out of my money, makes me cry for pleasure, what shall I do, if I get it back again?—was there ever such a fellow?—however the commission is of no use to Darnley—but then the two hundred pounds—and the ease with which he did it.

Enter a Servant.

Servant. A letter from your Ward, Sir Paul. It requires an immediate answer.

Sir Paul. (*Reading it.*) “Sir, I am now at the Public Breakfast, where Miss Savage actually insisted on my coming. I have discovered a deep plot of Mr. Savage's, and when I tell you, I am in danger of being run away with, without my consent, I'm sure you will fly to the relief of your——Affectionate Ward,
CLARA SEDLEY”.

Sir Paul. I'll come directly—(*Servant exit.*)—So—So—they have heard of her sudden acquisition of fortune—of the Copper Mines being discovered on her estate, and now like true savages, they mean to paw the property—but I've a husband for her in my eye. She has formed an affection for this liberal son of mine, and the dog can't take *her* for a man in woman's clothes.

Enter

Enter FLUSH.

Flush. You knave!—if I catch you—how I has he left the tavern!—Ah! Sir Paul!—pray Sir, have you seen any thing of my son?

Sir Paul. I know nothing of your son, sir.

Flush. He has been distributing my property—giving away my money, Sir Paul.

Sir Paul. 'Gad! My son has been doing me the same favour.

Flush. Ay, sir; but my son has swindled me out of two hundred pounds.

Sir Paul. That's the exact sum!—my son has swindled me out of—so let's shake hands and cry for joy!

Flush. Well, well—I can afford it—but, Sir Paul, there is only one way he can make me retribution—you've heard of our ward's copper mines, and though you have only known me as a private gentleman, and I you as joint guardian—yet I think you will consent to her marrying the man I propose.

Sir Paul. And pray, who may the gentleman be?—not the Honourable Mr. Savage, I hope, for he has no property, but my two racers.

Flush. No—no—my Son!—my rogue of a Son!—will you agree?

Sir Paul. Why I would with pleasure only—

Flush. What Brother Guardian?

Sir Paul. I mean to propose my rogue of a son.

Flush. Your son!—why how came you by a son?—but to the point—my boy, has won her heart, Sir Paul.

Sir Paul. So has mine too, Mr. Flush.

Flush.

Flush. Yours too!—Sdeath, Sir Paul—this racing has turned your brain.

Sir Paul. Racing!—Iv'e done with it, sir—I hate it—I'm above the turf now.

Flush. Above the turf!—I wish you were under it!—do you pretend she loves both our sons?—two men at the same time, sir?

Sir Paul. To be sure—she's not the first woman that has lov'd twenty at the same time, sir—but as she can't marry without our joint consent, and is now in great distress at Lady Sarah Savage's public breakfast, let's adjourn there directly.

Flush. With all my heart—I can afford it—Publick' breakfast!—why this is later than usual—*(Looking at his Watch)*—Nine o'clock at night!

Sir Paul. Ah, these are late hours: but what need we care, Mr. Flush?—we that have health, youth, spirits—do you know there is only one house in England that affects my constitution?

Flush. And what house is that?

Sir Paul. *(Whispers him.)* I never was there but twice—the first time there was a motion about relieving poor insolvent debtors, and the house was so empty I got an ague. The next time, somebody mov'd to remove the hackney coaches from Bond-Street, and the benches were so cram'd that I was thrown into a fever!—So hey for the breakfast!—Youth's the season made for joy!

Flush. Love is then our duty! &c.

(Exeunt singing together.)

M

SCENE

SCENE II.—*A garden at Mr. Savage's on Lansdown hill—a marquee at the upper wing, in which is seen a table full of fruits, wine, meat, tea urns, coffee pots, &c. A distant view of Bath—moon rising.—Long flourish of clarinets!*

Enter Lady SARAH SAVAGE and a Servant.

Lady Sarah. Call Miss Clara—(*Servant enters marquee.*)—I have given this party in order to secure this young creature and her fortune, for my brutish brother has so lessen'd our gold, that only her copper can save us from sinking—if her guardians refuse, we are prepar'd for bolder schemes:

Enter CLARA.

Well: my dear girl, how do you like our breakfast?—breakfast by moonlight? isn't it quite charming—so nouvelle?

Clara. Quite——and in addition to tea and coffee, here are fowls, fruit, and wine, so that you may breakfast, dine, drink tea, and sup all in the same meal—nouvelle!—surely nobody else is so singular.

Lady Sarah. I don't know—I never copy—the world's so very ignorant—that only act unlike other people, and you're pretty sure of being right, but, didn't you like the music—the singing?—

Clara. No; I don't much like these fine singers—it's a long time before you prevail on them to sing, and then when they once begin—faith! they never stop. I declare I only saw one person I liked amongst the party.

Lady

Lady Sarab. And who was that?—the dear Signor!

Clara. No—the dear creature, my guardian's son.

Lady Sarab. What! that monster? I wonder who invited such a heterogeneous animal, and you to prefer him—

Clara. Even to your brother, Ma'am—I know Mr. Savage designs me his hand; but, if my guardians will agree—and why they leave me in this scene of danger when I wrote to Sir Paul—

Lady Sarab. Here they are both—I'll go call my brother, and by the time I return, I hope I shall call you sister—adieu!—Gingham, indeed! [Exit.

Enter Sir PAUL and FLUSH.

Flush. Here she is—here's the girl to answer for herself—now be cool, Sir Paul—compose yourself, and I'll fairly put the question to her. Clara, haven't you fix'd your affections?

Clara. To confess the truth, I have, Sir.

Flush. Very well—softly, Sir Paul! and now, what is the Gentleman's name?

Sir Paul. Ay, what is his name, Clary?

Clara. Gingham, Sir.

Flush. There! I told you so—it's my son!

Sir Paul. Why there! I told you so—it's my son!

Flush. Your son!—In the first place I don't believe you have a son; and in the next, do you pretend that this Gingham—

Sir Paul. Is my boy! my own darling child!—and I'll prove it.

M 2

Flush.

Flush. Well, well, if this is the case. I'll make you a fair proposition, let's call in both our sons, and let the one she prefers be her husband.

Sir Paul. Agreed—and I'll bet you a hundred pounds she chuses mine.

Flush. Done,—I'll bet you a hundred she chuses mine.

Gingham. (*Within the Marquee.*) My life! my love! my Clara!

Flush. Here he comes! (*Rubbing his Hands.*)

Sir Paul. Here he comes! (*Rubbing his Hands.*)

Gingham. (*Within Marquee*) I cannot live a moment from thee—I——

GINGHAM enters from the Marquee, and, seeing his two fathers together, pauses and starts.

Flush. Now, Clara—Silence, Sir Paul!—don't you chuse him!—him!—for your husband?

Clara. I do, Sir.

Flush. Huzza! I've won my bet!

Sir Paul. Here is a father don't know his own child.

Gingham. (*Coming between them*) And here's a child don't know his own father! upon my soul, Gentlemen, I cannot tell which of you had the honour of inventing me; but here I am, and if you have more property to distribute—if either of you has another two hundred pounds, I'll dispose of it so neatly, that tears of joy shall trickle down your cheeks!

Flush. (*After looking some time at Sir Paul.*) Sir Paul!

Sir Paul. Mr. Flush—We were joint guardians just now and——

Flush. And now we're joint fathers it seems.—
Sir Paul.

Sir Paul. This must be the tradesman—a word in private, if you please, Sir. *(They enter the Marquess.)*

Gingham. Lay your heads together; settle it as you please; for while Clara smiles on me, I care not whether I'm son to a haberdasher, or heir to the grand Turk.

Clara. I hope they won't quarrel—I fear Mr. Flush will insist——

Gingham. He insist!—bless you, he'd sell me for half a crown.

Re-enter FLUSH and SIR PAUL.

Sir Paul. He's mine! he's mine! the father knows his own child at last.—I never suspected Flush was clerk to a Lottery Office; and consequently little thought he was the tradesman who married my Nelly—'gad! I always took him for a gentleman.

Gingham. Did you?—that was very good natur'd of you—and so you give me up, Mr. Flush?

Flush. Yes, I can afford it.—the Tunbridge story is perfectly explain'd, and I have done with you, you rogue—Your wife father here has promis'd to restore my papers, so now you may speak truth till you're black in the face.

Gingham. May I?—then I won't; lest other faces should be of the same complexion—but, gentlemen, since you've found out who I belong to, will you inform me who this lady is to belong to?

Clara. Ay, Mr. Flush—I'm sure I shall have your consent—you are a monied man and have lived with people of rank.

1

Flush.

Flush. Your pardon, ma'am, if I had lived with people of rank, I had not been a monied man—the fact is, I touch cash wherever I can, and Sir Paul has brib'd me so handsomely, that I have sold my consent—I have sold my ward as well as my son, and for this plain reason—I can afford it.

Sir Paul. Clary, take his hand, my Girl. (*Giving her to Gingham.*) The dog has an odd way of speaking his mind, but instead of checking him, encourage him; many a man only wants to be told of his errors to correct them, and that is my case—

Gingham. Your case, Sir?

Sir Paul. Yes, my boy—since you talked of self-gratification bringing tears of pleasure into my eyes, I resolv'd to try the experiment—I determin'd to retrench my expences, to sell my hounds, dispose of my stud, and see if I could not lay out my money on rational and solid pleasures; in bestowing happiness on two as innocent and injur'd creatures as ever existed!

Enter Mr. and Mrs. DARNLEY.

Sir Paul. Niece, your hand—Darnley forgive what's past, and henceforth if I don't prove a friend to you, tell that son of mine to speak his mind to me—tell him to take another two hundred pounds out of my pocket; nay, disperse my whole property—any thing, so you don't drink “Confusion to a stingy old uncle!”

Mrs. Darnley. Sir, we owe every thing to your son—he has been our pilot through the storms of fashion, and if he now secures to us independence and our cottage—

Sir Paul.

Sir Paul. Independence and a cottage! S'life! you shall have affluence and a farm as large as Salisbury Plain—I'll come and see you every summer! ay! for sixty years to come!—odsheart! they say I'm like an old Volcano burnt out! but it's a mistake—I'm like an Egyptian lamp that flames for ever!—A'nt I, my boy?

Gingham. Must I speak truth, father?—mum!

Darnley. (*To Sir Paul.*) You have made me the happiest of men, Sir Paul; but you must excuse me when I say, that your son has the first and greatest claim—

Gingham. Nay, Cousin; if you knew me half as well as I know myself, you would find I have as many faults as any of you.—But come, let's adjourn from this vulgar fashionable scene, and while they drink one toast, we'll give another—

—May manners masculine no more deface
The charms that constitute each female grace.
To man, be bold and daring schemes confin'd,
Woman for softer passions was design'd,
And by meek virtue—to subdue mankind!

[*Exeunt.*]

F I N I S.

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF
HAROLD GODWINSON
AND
WILLIAM THE FIRST
BY
JOHN G. RICHARDS
OF
THE
UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
AND
OF
THE
AMERICAN ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY
IN
COOPERATION WITH
THE
AMERICAN HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION
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AMERICAN SOCIETY OF MEDIEVAL HISTORIANS
BOSTON
1955

THE HISTORY OF THE

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A

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IN FIVE ACTS.

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT

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SECOND. EDITION.

BY FREDERICK REYNOLDS.

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A

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Sir EDWARD BLOOMLY	-	-	<i>Mrs. JORDAN.</i>

Mrs. SCATTER	-	-	<i>Mifs POPE.</i>
STELLA	-	-	<i>Mifs STEWART.</i>
ELINOR BLOOMLY	-	-	<i>Mifs De CAMP.</i>

SCENE — A SEA-PORT TOWN, AND THE COUNTRY
AROUND IT.

PROLOGUE.

Written by JOHN TAYLOR, Esq.

SPOKEN by MR. C. KEMBLE.

FROM the Stagyrice fam'd, as a critic profound,
To the carpers who now in our island abound,
It has still been allow'd that to write a good play,
Is a task somewhat hard, whether solemn or gay.
Such indeed was the case when the world was but young,
And from Nature's rough hand bold originals sprung ;
'Ere the polish of manners had levell'd each class,
And strong featur'd characters mark'd the whole mass.
Yet a dramatist then, from examples so ripe,
Need but just look abroad and take copies from life.
But mankind, since those days, have been sketch'd o'er
and o'er,

And the Stage can but give what it gave you before.
Nay, one mighty genius, with wonderful art
Pervaded our nature, and ransack'd the heart ;
Hence the works from his hand are so vivid and true,
That Time can but merely retouch what he drew.
After such a description, if Shakspeare we name,
'Tis but saying what time shall for ever proclaim.
And since then the Stage has exhausted our race,
And has shewn each degree thro' the marvellous space
'Twixt the sage and the fop, and the good and the
base,

A dramatist now can but hold up his glass,
And simply exhibit the times as they pass ;
Content to pick up, as he faunters along,
Some anomalous beings, that start from the throng ;
And such, we presume, to bring forward to-night :
But our Bard aims at no individual in spite ;
He draws from the species, and thinks he may say,
You may find of such beings a tribe every day.

To

P R O L O G U E.

To prevent disappointment, but not to forestall,
To one little hint your attention we call;
For this 'tis but right we should tell of his plan—
You must fancy a female is really a man;
Not merely conceal'd in the manly array,
But a man, *bona-fide*, throughout the whole play;
This we own, as it else might your feelings perplex,
Since she charms you so much in her own proper sex.
And now of this dread—but this merciful court,
A Bard, full of terrors, once more begs support—
Ah! kindly adopt the new brat of his brain,
You have often endur'd him,—endure him again.

CHEAP LIVING:

▲

COMEDY.

A C T I:

An Apartment in old Woodland's House.

SCATTER and **Mrs. SCATTER** discovered sitting
at a Table.

SCATTER. [*Writing.*]

THREE times five is fifteen — fifteen and twenty two is forty — no — thirty and carry five — and — psha! — I can't nor I wo'n't endure it — a man of my fashion turn steward, clerk, accomptant!

Mrs. SCAT. [*Mending linen.*] And a woman of my fashion turn housekeeper, dairy-maid, stocking-mender! — ah! I'm much obliged to you, Mr. Scatter, for reducing me to this humiliating situation.

SCAT. I reduced you? — 'twas your own imprudence that ruined us — your love of play — your insatiable passion for cassino, hazard, faro — that drove us from London.

B

Mrs

Mrs. SCAT. How dare you say so, Sir,—when you know your fortune was never injured by my gaming?

SCAT. Was n't it?—why, did n't you lose thousands night after night?

Mrs. SCAT. Yes: but did I pay them?—was n't I so careful of my husband's money, that I did n't pay even for the cards on which I lost it?—No, Sir—'twas your extravagance that undid us—your buying horses, carriages, and houses.—Oh! if you had been economical—if you had copied my example!

SCAT. Well! I did copy your example—I never paid for them: and if you talk of being economical, what married couple ever lived cheaper than we have done?—The fact is, we never had a shilling: and though each married the other in hopes of making a fortune, you know, when we came to the church, we had n't cash enough to pay the parson's fees.

Mrs. SCAT. I do, Sir: and what signifies wrangling?—if you will but mind your accounts, and adapt yourself to my uncle's pastoral plan of life—come—come—proceed, as we have begun—continue to make him believe we hate London, love retirement, and are a most fond, affectionate, domestic couple.

SCAT. Ah! that's hard work, Kitty.

Mrs. SCAT. It is indeed!—and then to turn shepherdess, as he calls me—

SCAT. Ay! to rise at five—dine at three—go to bed at ten—wake at four, and not sleep a wink for the infernal chirruping of the cocks and hens! and all for what?—for the chance of his fortune after his death!—I tell you what—if he don't die soon, I certainly shall.

Mrs.

Mrs. SCAT. Nay — nay — our hopes don't all depend on his death. — The bank — think of his bank in the neighbouring sea-port town — if we can wheedle him out of a share in that —

SCAT. Impossible! — he designs it for his son — or else, that's the very thing — a bank, and I partner in it! — 's life! how I would discount —

Mrs. SCAT. Discount!

SCAT. Ay — my own notes — nobody's else.

Mrs. SCAT. Well! well! — only hide your cloven foot a little longer — don't let him know we left London for debt: and my life on't, the bank and the estate will both be ours — his son has behaved ill abroad: and if he disinherits him —

SCAT. You are his heiress; and then, we'll once more revel in the joys of London — ah! how I do sigh for St. James's-street!

Mrs. SCAT. And I for Bond-street!

SCAT. I for hazard!

Mrs. SCAT. And I for faro — oh, my dear dear husband! — you've set me on the rack; and, though there are no cards in the house, can't we invent some game? — stop — here's my uncle! we've another game to play now — remember we're a loving man and wife.

SCAT. I will — we're a loving man and wife.
[Both sitting down.]

Enter OLD WOODLAND.

Woop. There they sit — fond happy pair! — Good morning to you both — well! — not tired of the country yet!

Mrs. SCAT. No, Sir — here we enjoy health

B 2

and

and content — but in London — oh! I was never free from the heart-ache. [*Working.*]

SCAT. Nor I from the head-ache — Carry over — 32-12-5. [*Writing.*]

WOOD. Poor souls! — But have you left no friends you wish to see? — I dare say, now, Mr. Scatter was much sought after in London.

SCAT. Sought after! yes — I was, Sir; but then it was by people I wished to get rid of — by rude — unpolished — sum total 82-4-6.

WOOD. Rude! — ah, there's modern manners for you — that's the reason I hate London — never go near it, or see any body that comes from it — Ha! ha! — it's very droll — but I know so little of what's going forward in the metropolis, that you and my niece might have quarrelled all day, and gambled all night, and I been ne'er the wiser — you might indeed — ha! ha!

Mrs. SCAT. Ha! ha! — that's very good — I and my dear husband quarrel and game!

WOOD. Not that I suppose such a thing; no! I believe you're a pattern of all that's correct and regular — but I've no correspondents — I see no company, and don't even take in a newspaper. — Come — egad! now you're come down, I think, I must humour you there — I must take in a newspaper.

Mrs. SCAT. Do: I should like it of all things.

SCAT. So should I — I'm very fond of reading the law reports and the debates.

WOOD. Are you? — then curse me, if I wonder at your having the head-ache — I never read either, but it brings on a giddiness directly.

Enter

Enter a Servant.

SERVANT. Sir — Sir — my young master is just arrived from France.

WOOD. My son?

SERV. Yes, Sir — he is now at the park gate.

WOOD. Then let him stay there — tell him I say so — we'll have no modern manners here — stop — I'll tell him myself.

Mrs. SCAT. What's the matter, uncle? — how has your son offended you?

WOOD. Read that letter — that's all; read that letter — I send him to Marseilles to visit his uncle, and see how he passes his time! read.

Mrs. SCATTER [*reading the letter.*]

“ Dear Brother,

“ Since my last, your son has been absent from my house a fortnight; and after searching in vain for him all over Marseilles, I at last found him living at a small inn in the neighbouring forest, with an English girl, whom he had betrayed under a promise of marriage. — I soon separated them: but he secretly returned to the inn; and finding her gone, he has pursued her to England — this is his history — ”

Old WOOD. Ay, there — there — after the pains I have taken with him, to have him turn out the character I of all others detest — a man of intrigue — a man of fashion —

Mrs. SCAT. Nay, this is nothing new — your son was always of a gallant disposition; and when he visited us in London, we were actually obliged

obliged to lock up our ward Stella, to prevent his carrying her off.

SCATTER. 'Tis very true, Sir: and I should be sorry to prejudice you more against him; but had you seen the designing glances he threw at my wife—

Old WOOD. What! — would the scoundrel have marred your domestic happiness?

SCAT. I'm not apt to be jealous — far from it, Sir — if your son had taken my wife to a forest, I shou'dn't have felt one jealous pang — should I, my life?

Mrs. SCAT. No — that you wou'd'nt, my soul; — but when a couple is so happy —

WOOD. It ought to be death to him that parts them! — Oh the reprobate! why, here's a pretty fellow to manage a bank —

SCAT. What did you say, Sir? — manage your bank!

WOOD. Yes: — I meant to make him a partner.

SCAT. Oh, my dear Sir, that will never do! — your interest will be exhausted in the purlieus of Covent Garden, and your principal in the Court of King's Bench, and Doctors' Commons: — however, don't judge too hastily, Sir — hear what he has to say.

WOOD. I will: I'll go directly, and my niece shall accompany me — come: — Oh! Mr. Scatter, as you're my new steward, you know, I've a little business for you to transact forty miles off: — Ah! I see you're angry, niece — I see you can't bear being separated two whole days from the darling object of your affection.

Mrs. SCAT. Oh Sir! — I'm ever ready to sacrifice my own happiness, to promote yours.

WOOD.

WOOD. Kind, disinterested creature! — well — 'tis about purchasing an estate, Mr. Scatter; and if you'll come to my study in half an hour, I'll give you full instructions and plenty — plenty of deposit money —.

SCAT. Will you, Sir? — Oh! these will be rare holidays — farewell, Kitty.

WOOD. Farewell, Kitty! — [*mimicking*] What! is that all — when you're going to part for two long days? — come, come, don't let me to spoil sport — salute her.

Mrs. SCAT. Sir, we never do, upon my honour.

SCAT. Never, upon my soul, Sir: — 'sdeath! — I hav'n't kiss'd her since the honey-moon.
[*aside.*]

WOOD. Psha! — don't I know you are panting to embrace each other? — come — [*Mr. and Mrs. Scatter kiss each other, and turn away in disgust.*] — There — there's connubial happiness! Oh! I wish my reprobate son had seen this; — who, who would be a rake, when such are the joys of matrimonial love? [*Exeunt.*]

Scene a Farm House, and view of the sea.

Enter STELLA.

STEL. So — while my guardian and his wife are engaged in their new occupations of steward and housekeeper, I've stole forth to visit my dear Elinor. — I wonder what can induce a girl of her rank and fortune to live in this sequestered spot; but whenever I touch on the subject, I see it agitates her, and therefore I'll distress her no more: — ha! — somebody's coming — I'll enter the house, and, in partaking her society, enjoy the only

only gratification I now know. [*Exit into the Farm House.*]

Enter MR. SCATTER, and ELINOR BLOOMLY.

SCAT. I tell you you're the very thing—I'm going a dull journey, and want an agreeable companion in a post-chaise—come now—I'll bring you safe back, and we'll have such a loving excursion——

ELINOR. This from a stranger! — leave me, I insist, Sir.

SCAT. You're wrong — upon my soul, you're wrong: for I give you fair notice—I never failed with a woman in my life: and in this retired spot, where we both want society—

ELINOR. I want no society — I am dependent on myself, and feel more happiness in a quiet communion with my own heart, than in the noisy intercourse of mankind. — I dare to live alone.

SCAT. Dare to live alone! — 'gad! that's bold work; for though I'm very fond of myself, I can't stay a moment by myself —

ELINOR. No, Sir — because you have perhaps committed actions you cannot bear to reflect on; and therefore you fly to dissipation — game, drink, and insult unprotected women; only to keep yourself from yourself. — Go on, Sir; and to loss of peace, add loss of health, and at last, loss of sense and honour.

SCAT. Loss of sense!

ELINOR. Ay: how oft is madness the result of vice? — I have myself committed errors never to be obliterated; but I sought not relief by heaping crime on crime — no — I have combated mis-

misfortune by penitence, resignation, and dignified retirement. — Farewell, Sir, and copy my example. [*Exit into Farm House.*]

SCAT. Well said morality — well said Joseph! — Ay: I see through all this — this is some girl who has passed a month or two at the neighbouring watering place, where by reading novels all the morning, and rattling the dice-box all the evening, her mind has been so completely debauched, that the first man that attacked her, found the business ready done to his hands — oh! ten marching regiments wo'n't corrupt so many women in twenty years, as one watering place will in one summer — however she has confessed her guilt, and therefore — [*As he is entering the house, Farmer Cole meets him.*]

FARM. Well! who beest thou? — and what do'st thee want?

SCAT. Want! — I want that pretty girl —

FARM. Rot'un — I thought so — like the rest of the young squires hereabout! — all hunting after my new lodger.

SCAT. Your lodger!

FARM. Yees: — she landed here from France — her father died at Montpellier, and so she lodges at my house, till her brother do come to fetch her home.

SCAT. Her brother fetch her! — and pray who the devil's he?

FARM. Why, I think she do call him Sir Edward Bloomly.

SCAT. Sir Edward! — a baronet's sister! — ha! ha! — well said Joseph again! — I know the young profligate —

FARM. Do ye? — well! — it do puzzle me how his sister should travel alone from foreign

C

parts:

parts: but she says her servant died on the road—and then she pays me my rent—that's all I care about—she pays me my money.

SCAT. She pays!—pooh!—Sir Edward pays. Don't you see she's in keeping? and therefore as I want a companion in a post-chaise, I'll go and convince her —

FARM. [*Stopping him.*] Softly—before you pass the gate, wo'n't you pay the toll-gatherer?

SCAT. Hah!—what do you mean?

FARM. Mean!—that I do live within two miles of a sea-bathing town; and when a Londoner do come amongst us, we make it a rule that he sha'n't walk, talk, or breathe, without paying handsomely for it.

SCAT. Indeed!—that's very kind of you.

FARM. We mean it so—we mean it kind; for we do know you bring a certain sum to lay out in jaunting and idleness; and the sooner that's got rid of, the sooner you go home to your families and business.

SCAT. True: and the sooner I dispose of the deposit money, the sooner I shall return to my wife and the squire.—So—here—and now for the baronet's sister.

FARM. Hauld—hauld—there be company with her now; but if you come in the evening, she'll be alone.—

SCAT. Right—and I've no carriage ready—so I'll go to the town—get my dinner, and return in two hours—hah—who comes here?

COACHMAN. [*without.*] Our fare, master—we will have our fare.

SPUNGE [*without.*] There—can you change a hundred pound note, you scoundrels?

FARM. [*aside*] Change a hundred pound note!—why, it can't be—yees, it is!—[*looking out*]—
the

the very fellow who last summer introduced himself to me and my wife; and though we laboured night and day to get him out of our house, icod! he did breakfast, dine, and sup wi' us for a whole month together.

SPUNGE [*without.*] Natural enough — no change? — I owe it you — I owe it you.

FARM. There — he owes it them — he can't pay the fare of his stage coach, and is coming to borrow of me — how shall I shake the rascal off? — I have it — I'll fix him on the Londoner — [*aside*] — Sir — do'st know this gentleman?

SCAT. Not I — he seems a strange creature — who is he?

FARM. His name be Spunge — he be son of one of your London tradesfolk, and is so good tempered — tells such stories, and sings such songs, that he be welcome every where! Then he'll shew thee how to live cheap!

SCAT. Will he? — that's the very thing I want to know — I'll talk to him.

FARM. Doey — doey — ha! ha! I've got rid of him — ha! ha! — I'll mark the end on't — I'll see one cockney make a fool of the other — [*going up stage.*]

Enter SPUNGE followed by two Coachmen.

First COACHM. Come, come: the twelve shillings! or else — [*laying hold of him.*]

SPUNGE. If you can't change a hundred pound note, I owe it you — I owe it you — [*sees Scatter*] — Oh, this is lucky — this gentleman, perhaps — will you be so kind, Sir? — cash a hundred pounds, Sir?

SCAT. I really hav'n't so much cash about me, or else —

SPUNGE. As you say — not so much gold — but plenty of silver — so be good enough — just give these men twelve shillings — thank ye, Sir — under infinite obligations — here, rascals — take your money from this gentleman — take it, I say. — [*Scatter, after some hesitation, pays it.*] — There — begone! — [*Coachmen exeunt*] — eternally obliged — for ever indebted — never re-pay you — but your name — favour me with your name — to whom am I debtor? — [*taking out a pocket-book.*]

SCAT. My name is Scatter — Richard Scatter, Sir: but never think of it — I don't mind a guinea or two — particularly when they're not my own.

SPUNGE. "Richard Scatter" — [*writing it down*] — debtor twelve shillings — psha! can't remember silver — give me nine shillings — that will make it a guinea — then neither of us will forget it — [*takes the money*] — and your house — where's your house, Dick?

SCAT. I have no house — I'm on a visit.

SPUNGE. A visit! — Oh! — a saving scheme — natural enough — that's right, Dick — live on your friends. — Well — what are their names?

SCAT. Why, if you must know, I'm on a visit at Woodland Grove.

SPUNGE. Woodland Grove! — know it well — be with you in an hour. — What time do you dine?

SCAT. Dine! — oh, you must excuse me there — Mr. Woodland is a man who fees no company.

SPUNGE. Don't distress yourself — don't let him put himself out of the way on my account — plainest eater in the world — mutton, beef, veal, all the same to me — only rather particular in

A COMEDY.

43

In my wine—must have Burgundy—always drink Burgundy, and iced—mind it's iced, Dick.

SCAT. Very likely: but I am not at my own house,—and Mr. Woodland is, of all men——

SPUNGE. The man I wish to know—how are the beds?—*[walks up stage.]*

SCAT. Beds!—curse the fellow!—I can't help laughing at his impudence!—Why, Farmer, is this shewing me how to live cheap?

FARM. Yees—it's the way he taught me last summer—ha! ha!—I'm main glad on't—I've got rid of him—good day, measter.

SPUNGE *[meeting Cole.]* What, Cole?—how's your wife, Cole?—sorry I can't stay to dine with you—engaged with this gentleman—but supper—be with you to supper—you know my way—free and easy—never wait for an invitation—come, Dick. *[Taking Scatter's arm.]*

SCAT. No, Sir—I beg I mayn't deprive your friend of the pleasure of your company—the truth is, I am not going to dine at Woodland Grove.

SPUNGE. No!

SCAT. No—I mean to dine alone at the hotel——

SPUNGE. Better and better—hate large parties—never get any thing hot or good—women eat all the choice bits—fat of venison, backs of hares, and liver-wings of fowls—like a tête-à-tête dinner—so come, Dick.

FARM. *[aside to Scatter.]* You may as well go at once—he wo'n't quit thee.

SCAT. So it seems; and as I hate dining alone, I'll indulge him—Mind now, I shall return in a couple of hours, and let there be nobody in the
house;

house; for if the lady is refractory, we'll combine and force her —

FARM. I understand — I'll be ready — good day, measter Spunge; and na doey — doey, for once in your life, pay your reckoning, will ye?

SPUNGE. Pay my reckoning! — who does it better? — Don't I sing a good song? — and am I to pipe and pay too? — no — let the dull dogs pay the piper. — Be with you to supper, Cole. — Come, Dick: and after a bottle or two of Burgundy, I'll give you a specimen — “Come, jolly Bacchus, &c.” [Exit.]

END OF ACT THE FIRST

A C T II.

SCENE—*An Apartment in Old Woodland's House—
Glass Doors in the flat Scene, and the Garden
seen through them.—Table with Tea, &c. upon
it—Sideboard with Fruit upon it.*

Enter Old and Young WOODLAND.

Old WOODLAND.

WHY, zounds, Sir! you don't pretend to love the lady in the forest still?

Young WOOD. Not love her, Sir! — Why did I leave Marseilles? — why travel night and day in the pursuit of her? — why, but to tell her, my uncle caused our separation, entreat her pardon, and never leave her more?

Old WOOD. Never leave her! — but for your uncle then, you would have married her? — you would have disgraced your family, Sir?

Young WOOD. Disgraced my family! — what! by acting like a man of honour, Sir?

Old WOOD. Honour! there now! — he has got all the fashionable words — Look ye, Sir —; if you had had less honour and more honesty, you would not have seduced the girl at all; — but come — I've all a father's weakness about me; and if you will but give up the pursuit, and marry a rich widow —

Young WOOD. Marry another, Sir! —

Old WOOD. Ay, why not, Sir?

Young WOOD. Never! — She sacrificed every thing to me; and if so poor an offer as my hand, can

can wipe away her tears, shall I refuse it? — no Sir — I'm not the hardened villain you think me.

Old Wood. You are; and you'll break your old father's heart; — come now, Tom — do oblige me — do marry the widow, and forget —

Young Wood. Sir, you have ever been a fond indulgent parent, and it cuts me to the soul to disobey you; but if we meet again, not e'en for you, will I a second time desert a girl, whom love and gratitude for ever bind me to.

Old Wood. Mighty well, Sir! — then with all this pure love, how came you to be seen walking arm in arm with Stella — now, not half an hour ago — near farmer Cole's house?

Young Wood. I met her there by accident —

Old Wood. Don't tell me — She was locked up in London on your account; and if you come here to interrupt the domestic happiness of my niece and her husband — Why, what do you smile at, Sir?

Young Wood. Sir, I beg your pardon, but —

Old Wood. I say their domestic happiness — Mr. Scatter is now gone to purchase an estate for me — I've given him plenty of deposit money, and had you seen the affectionate parting between him and his wife! — Oh, there was conjugal love — there — [*Young W. laughs.*] What! again? — begone — leave the room, Sir.

Young Wood. Sir, I —

Old Wood. No reply — begone — and hark ye, Sir, — if you don't reform, I may chance to reward them with the bank and the estate; — no man of intrigue — no man of fashion, shall be my heir — you comprehend — begone! [*Young Woodland exit*] yes — yes — Mr. Scatter understands business; — he is domestic, sober, and industrious:

Austrious: and since I am too old to manage the bank myself, and this rogue of a son is unfit for the office, I can't select a better partner — [*sits down to tea*] — ay — ay — Mr. Scatter may be trusted.

SPUNGE. [*without*] Dick's not come home, you say?

Old Wood. Ha! who's this?

SPUNGE. [*without*] Don't mind me — I'll find my way — [*enters*] Ha! Squire! how are you, Squire —? tea on the table! — the very thing! — after wine, nothing like fouchong — [*sits down — takes cup and saucer, &c.*]

Old Wood. Amazing! — who can it be?

SPUNGE. [*putting sugar into his tea-cup.*] Long wished for the honour of your acquaintance, Squire — sorry I couldn't come to dinner — now I've found my way — often pop in at pudding time — [*eating some bread and butter.*] — get better butter, though — don't like your butter — [*sipping his tea*] — your tea too! — not half strong enough! [*emptying the canister into the pot.*]

Old Wood. Hollo! — what the devil are you about?

SPUNGE. So — Dick Scatter's not come home! — drunken rascal!

Old Wood. Drunken rascal! — who? — what? — Mr. Scatter?

SPUNGE. We dined at the hotel — tossed down four bottles of Burgundy — Dick reeled off an hour ago, and I came here to pay a short visit. — No cream! — now you're up, ring the bell. (*Old Woodland is seated at this time.*)

Old Wood. Ring the bell! — why, what is all this? — Mr. Scatter dine at the hotel! — answer me, Sir! — do you say you know Mr. Scatter?

D

SPUNGE.

SPUNGE. Known him these twenty years — a right good fellow Dick is — lives fast, drinks hard, plays deep: — and then he told me a new mode of raising money.

Old Wood. Did he? — what was it?

SPUNGE. Why, he told me — ring for some toast, will you?

Old Wood. Psha! — I insist — what is his new mode of raising money?

SPUNGE. You shall hear — pay court to an old relation — get employed to purchase an estate — touch the deposit money, and spend it on women and Burgundy — [*Enter Mrs. Scatter.*] — How d'ye do? how d'ye do?

Mrs. SCAT. Sir — [*Unobserving.*] — Pray, uncle, who is this gentleman?

Old Wood. Why, don't you know him? — he has been acquainted with your husband these twenty years — they dined together at the hotel, and drank Burgundy with my deposit money.

Mrs. SCAT. Impossible! — Mr. Scatter has no such acquaintance — [*Sponge nods to her*] what do you nod at me for? — I never saw you —

SPUNGE. Oh! what! you cut, do you? — You don't remember, I used to see you at Lady Red-figure's, punting and cocking, and — I say, Squire — you go halves, I suppose.

Old Wood. Go halves, Sir!

SPUNGE. She keeps a faro bank, and you divide the profits — 'pon my soul, you've dressed your character admirably — you look more like a flat, than a sharp — ha! ha! — natural enough — but I can't stay — engaged to sup at Farmer Cole's, and never break an appointment — my
 I next

next visit shall be longer — [*Puts some peaches in his pocket.*] — adieu!

Mrs. SCAT. Sir, I insist on your staying —

Old WOOD. And so do I — I insist you don't leave my house, till —

SPUNGE. There — this is always the case — never go any where, they don't insist on my staying — don't despair — I'll give you enough of my company — To-morrow! — let me see — where do I dine to-morrow? oh — here! — I'll dine here.

Old WOOD. Will you? — I should like to see you.

SPUNGE. I know it. — I know you'll like to see me; and, therefore, I'll be here at four — punctually at four — and d'ye mind — Burgundy — I always drink Burgundy — and some trout — get some trout — the red trout — damn all others! — Squire, yours — Lady Redfigure, yours — she may cut, but I'll come again — “Come, jolly Bacchus, &c.” [*Exit.*]

Old WOOD. I'm petrified — I'm — but I'll follow him, and —

Mrs. SCAT. Don't trouble yourself — I see through the whole trick — he is employed by your son.

Old WOOD. My son!

Mrs. SCAT. You heard him say he was going to Farmer Cole's — the very place where Mr. Woodland was seen with Stella; — and it is evidently a conspiracy to ruin me and my dear husband.

Enter a SERVANT.

SERV. A letter for Miss Stella, Madam.

Mrs. SCAT. Oh! — this may, perhaps, give further information — [*Opens letter, and reads.*]

D 2

“Dear

"Dear Stella,

"If you love me as you profess, meet me at Farmer Cole's house directly—I have something particular to communicate."

— There—they're all gone to hatch mischief together.

Old Wood. [*Looking at the letter.*] Why, this is not Tom's hand!

Mrs. Scat. Very likely: but who else can it come from?—however, this is no time for parleying—in Mr. Scatter's absence, I must go and look after his ward—

Old Wood. Stay—I'll go with you: and if I find Tom at the farm-house—if I find he is concerned in the conspiracy, I'll disinherit him; and, as for his companion—

Mrs. Scat. Oh, he is only an agent.

Old Wood. No matter—in fashionable life, it may be termed good breeding, to come uninvited to your house, and eat, drink, and pocket your property—but I'm a magistrate, and know what the law is—If a man steals your wife, you can only bring an action against him; but, if he snares your game, or robs your orchard—oh! those are real, serious injuries! and his neck—his neck ought to answer for them! [*Exeunt.*]

*An apartment in Farmer Cole's House, a door in flat.
Scene—Table with candles on it.*

Enter ELINOR and STELLA.

STELLA. Yes—I had set out before your letter arrived—What were the contents, Elinor?

ELINOR.

ELINOR. I wrote to you for advice, Stella — my brother promised to be here yesterday; and when he knows, that, in consequence of my servant's death, I am left alone and unprotected —

STELLA. Well — well — Yorkshire is a long way off.

ELINOR. It is: but I fear, Stella —

STELLA. What, my friend?

ELINOR. That he is angry with me — that he will upbraid — abandon me.

STELLA. Abandon you! — for what? — hark! I hear a carriage! — perhaps it's he! — [*Looking out.*] — see! — a post-chaise and four — no — as I live, it's my guardian!

ELINOR. The very man that insulted me — what can he want?

STELLA. What, indeed? — perhaps your letter has fallen into his hands, and he is come to take me away — here — let's step into this room, and observe. [*They enter door in flat scene.*]

Enter SCATTER drunk, and FARMER COLE.

SCAT. Oh! I left him at the hotel, pouring down Burgundy — he's a drunken rascal, and not fit company for a regular, steady, sober banker.

FARM. Banker! — odratun! — what be'eft thee a banker?

SCAT. No — not yet: but I shall be in a day or two; and then, Farmer, if you've any loose money, I'll take care of it for you.

FARM. Will ye?

SCAT. I'll act fairly by you: and to prove it, if you'll be my customer, I'll be yours — put your

your money into my bank, and I'll buy all my hay and corn of you—you take me—that's mutual accommodation.

FARM. I see—thee'll buy my corn, and pay me with my own money.

SCAT. No—you're wrong—I'll not pay for it with any body's money?—where's Miss Bloomly?

FARM. Mum!—she's in that room.

SCAT. Then she's mine, and——

FARM. [*Stopping him.*] Hauld—hauld—you forgot one thing—in case she's obstropulous, hadn't you better bribe the post-boys?

SCAT. Right: we must have our charioteers in our interest, so we'll go instruct them—[*Takes out a purse.*]—we'll go deposit some more of Old Woodland's deposit money—damme! I must buy the estate a bargain; at least, I can't give much for it, because I sha'n't have much left to give!

FARM. I say, though, measter—I hope you'll bring my lodger safe home again.

SCAT. I will, as I'm a man of honour; and when she knows who I am, Farmer?—oh! what woman will refuse a banker?

FARM. Why, many—for in general your bankers be n't over young.

SCAT. What then?—Love has it's price, my boy:—and which is most able to buy the best commodity—a rich old banker, or a poor young man of fashion?—the city is the great commercial market: and you may take your oath of this, Farmer—that while one heart is lost in St. James's-street, there are fifty sold in Lombard-street.—Come along—oh, this is life!—this is glorious!

[*Exeunt.*]
ELINOR

ELINOR and STELLA *come forward.*

ELINOR. What's to be done? — Dragged from my retreat! — forced away by villains! — Oh, my brother! — Why are you not near to protect me?

STELLA. Why, indeed? — Poor girl! — what will become of her? — Is there no way to escape? — Where does this door lead to?

ELINOR. It leads to the back gate, and there's our only hope. — Come, Stella.

SPUNGE [*Without.*] "Come, jolly Bacchus," &c. [*Singing.*]

ELINOR. 'Tis in vain: — one of them is coming this way.

STELLA. So there is. — He's coming to force her into the carriage. — Don't be frightened, Elinor: — we'll stand or fall together.

Enter SPUNGE.

SPUNGE. Cole! — helloa, Cole! — What! no cloth laid? — no preparation for supper? — Here's treatment! — invite a man to his house, and provide nothing for him! — Ha! [*Sees Elinor and Stella.*] — A party, I suppose: — a rural rout! — and we're to sup in the best room: — sup in style. — How d'ye do? — How d'ye do!

[*Advancing, and nodding.*]

STELLA. Keep off, I insist, Sir.

SPUNGE. Few people of rank in this part of the world — indeed not a soul but myself. — However I shall have a companion now. — Sir Edward Bloomy is arrived! — just 'lighted at the hotel.

STELLA. Sir Edward arrived! — There's joyful news, Elinor,

SPUNGE.

SPUNGE. Don't know him? — soon shall! — Then I'll introduce you. — Hem! — How we stare, and smile, and ogle! — Love at first sight! natural enough!

STELLA. Nay, if we can but extricate ourselves from this brute — Suppose we try to pass him? — Sir, with your leave —

SPUNGE. And, Miss, with your leave, I'll conduct you to the supper-room. [*Offering to take her hand.*] — Don't be alarmed — I'll be merciful. — I'll pity you: — by all that's tender, I'll pity you.

STELLA. Pity us! — Why, surely, we can't be mistaken. — Perhaps he is n't one of the party. — I'll ask him. — Sir, did you or did you not come here with Mr. Scatter?

SPUNGE. With Dick? — What! is Dick in this house? — Oh, the drunken rascal! — This is where he reeled to! — I'll have him out. — Dick!

[*Calling him.*]

STELLA. Ay, call him, Sir! — Call him to complete your infamous designs: — to triumph o'er a poor defenceless woman! — Oh, Elinor! — he shall not force you from me.

SPUNGE. Force her?

STELLA. Yes, Sir; force her from this house. And you would join in the dishonourable transaction? — You would assist —

SPUNGE. Oh, no! — not I.

STELLA. What! won't you? — Won't you take part against us?

SPUNGE. No: — came here to eat a good supper; and, curse me, if I spoil my appetite! — I wish to live cheap, not unhappily.

STELLA. Indeed! — Will you befriend us, then?

SPUNGE.

SPUNGE. To be sure I will.— Love the whole sex.— If they've faults to others, they've none to me.— Men say they're expensive:— I never found them so; for, though I can't always coax them out of their affections, I'm sure to wheedle them out of good dinners!— and then, they laugh, and call me the pantry lover.— Ha! ha! the pantry lover! — natural enough.

STELLA. Generous man! — And now, if you will but conduct this lady to her brother, Sir Edward Bloomly —

SPUNGE. Sir Edward! — What! his sister?

ELINOR. I am, Sir; and, if my brother's friendship can be of any service to you, I'll answer for it, that his house, table, and purse —

SPUNGE. Say no more.— “Come, jolly Bacchus!” — I'm snug for life — once in a baronet's house, the devil can't get me out again — come along.

SCAT. [*Without.*] Watch the back gate — mind the don't escape that way.

STELLA. There — the house is surrounded; and he, though well inclined, can't fight against them all.

SPUNGE. No — that I can't — I can't fight — I disposed of all my courage on one occasion — I fought a duel; and my hair has stood on end ever since — however, we may manœuvre — let me see —

ELINOR. I hear them coming — oh, my friend!

SPUNGE. I have it — we will fight him: but it shall be with his own weapon — darkness — first, out go the candles, — and now each lay hold of an arm; and two to one but we all sup with Sir Edward — No matter what he gives us —

E

I'd

I'd rather drink small-beer with a gentleman, than Burgundy with a scoundrel.

[*Elinor has hold of one arm — Stella of the other.*]
Hush! — not a word!

Enter SCATTER. [The stage is dark.]

SCAT. In the dark! — what! afraid of the wing your blushes, my little moralist? — Soft! I hear her — [*Lays hold of Stella.*] — there — I have you.

SPUNGE. Natural enough. [*Exit with Elinor.*]

SCAT. There — I told you I never failed with a woman. — And now —

Enter Old WOODLAND, Mrs. SCATTER, and two SERVANTS with Lights.

Mrs. SCAT. Look! I knew I was right — there's Stella.

Old WOOD. And there's my son — Why Tom — You reprobate — [*Pulling Scatter round*] — Zounds! it's the banker.

Mrs. SCAT. Heavns! — Where's Young Woodland then?

SCAT. Where's little morality?

Old WOOD. And where's my deposit money? — Look ye — where is it, Sir?

SCAT. It's here — it's there — [*putting his hand on each pocket*] — it's every where — But the girl — surely it was her I laid hold of — [*Sees Mrs. Scatter*] No, it was Kitty! — Damme! there's conjugal love for you — I was going to elope with my own wife! — but mum — she's in that room — steady — I'm off.

Mrs. SCAT. Stay, Sir — I insist on an explanation.

Old WOOD. Ay, Sir — what we want is an understanding.

SCAT. Give me your hand — you're a d——d honest fellow — you do want an understanding — it's lucky for you, I've enough for both — enough to keep your accounts, manage your bank, and dispose of your deposit-money. — So good-night; and make yourself easy. — Look, here it is! — Here's the purchase-money. — [*Holding up a purse.*] — I tell you what, though — if the auctioneer don't make haste, I shall be beforehand with him. — Going — going — gone! [*Exit.*]

Old WOOD. He's worse than my son. — He shall never enter my doors again! — and for you, miss Stella — answer me — who wrote you this letter?

STELLA. It was written by a young lady who lodges at this house.

Old WOOD. Girl — girl — you're as bad as your guardian — but come, let's leave him — let's go home — [*Mrs. Scatter weeps*] Nay! I don't involve you in his crimes — I believe you're as much deceived as myself — only I beg we may hear no more of conjugal affection — I've had quite enough of that for my life time.

Mrs. SCAT. Nay, uncle — what motive can Mr. Scatter have?

Old WOOD. What motive! why, the love of fashion, to be sure — and, to do him justice, he'll succeed eminently — for fashion is ever obtained by such profligate conduct as his and my son's, and never by actions of virtue, generosity, or humanity. [*Exeunt.*]

END OF ACT THE SECOND.

E 2

A C T III.

SCENE—*Outside of Hotel in a Sea-port Town.*

SPUNGE *crosses the stage, and rings at the bell.*

SPUNGE.

NOW for it — now to be introduced to Sir Edward. — [*William enters from the hotel.*] — Come, shew me to him — shew me to him.

WILLIAM. Sir, my master's not at home — he's gone to bathe.

SPUNGE. Hem! — next time he goes to bathe, bid him take his elbow with him — look — see it sticking out of that window — Come — I'm his sister's friend — saw her home last night — too late to be introduced then — so promised to call in the morning.

WILLIAM. Oh, if you're Miss Elinor's friend, I'm sure Sir Edward will be glad to see you — never was brother so fond of a sister; and he would have been here three days ago, if the gout hadn't attacked him on the road.

SPUNGE. The gout! oh, I'm glad he has the gout — that's a sign he feeds high, and drinks Burgundy — pray now — between ourselves — what sort of a fellow is Sir Edward?

WIL-

WILLIAM. One of the best living — he is, perhaps, somewhat hasty in his temper :—but he is young——

SPUNGE. Young ! — what ! about thirty ?

WILLIAM. Thirty ! — he's not sixteen.

SPUNGE. Not sixteen !

WILLIAM. No: a ward in chancery, Sir — and what's very extraordinary, he now knows more of the world than any of his ancestors did at three times his age—why, 'tis but a month ago he fought a duel.

SPUNGE. A duel ! — zounds ! — I knew the breed of boys was pretty forward, but never heard of such a forced plant as this — a duel ! — how was it ?

WILLIAM. You shall hear, Sir — an old schoolfellow of his — a Mr. Woodland, having been swindled and arrested by one of your stock-jobbing gentry, my master paid the debt ; and Mr. Woodland was no sooner gone abroad, than the stockjobber made more demands, which Sir Edward wouldn't pay — on this, words ensued — he ridiculed my master's youth — this he laughed at — but when the stockjobber called Mr. Woodland a scoundel, Sir Edward was so enraged, that he struck him, and a challenge was the consequence.

SPUNGE. Well ! and did the boy fight ?

WILLIAM. Did he ? — ay : and the first shot lamed the stockjobber for life — hit him in the hip.

SPUNGE. What ! made him a lame duck ? — I'm glad of it : and if he'd often go and take a day's shooting at the Stock Exchange, it would be much for the health of the nation — but here he comes — here's the little hero.

Enter

Enter Sir EDWARD and ELINOR from the Hotel.

ELINOR. You are, indeed, much altered, brother, since I and my poor father went to Montpellier — 'tis three years ago; and you were then a school boy —

EDW. No: I was a man then — I've been a man these five years; and when men at sixty affect to be boys, why shouldn't boys at fifteen affect to be men? — besides, is wisdom confined to age? — mayn't I have seen as much of the world in one year, as a pedant has in twenty? oh! when you know all, Elinor, you'll find I'm a match for any man living.

ELINOR. Think not I complain — you are kind beyond my wishes: — and if I thought we should never part —

EDW. Part? — never! — unless either of us marry — and as for me — marriage is much too young a trick for a man of my experience — but you had a long journey, Elinor, after my poor father's death; and now I think on't — how came you to travel incog? — why change your name to Campbell?

ELINOR. Because I thought obscurity my best protection; and whilst the name of Bloomly might lead to enquiry, I thought that of Campbell — but we'll talk on't no more — I am happy now: and unless you are lured from me, by the charms of fashionable life —

EDW. Oh — that's quite gone by — I saw the folly of that, many — many years ago — yes: I saw the folly of fashionable life soon after I left my nursery — so don't be afraid of that rival, Elinor.

SPUNGE [*advancing.*] Can refrain no longer —

Sir

Sir Edward, you're right welcome, Sir Edward—always happy to take merit by the hand—on a first acquaintance, never saw a person I took such a fancy to—so elegant—so generous—and then your hitting the stock-jobber—oh! I'll stick to you through life.

ELINOR [*to Sir Edward, who is astonished.*] 'Tis the gentleman I told you of—he was most friendly to me on an occasion it is now unnecessary to mention.

EDW. Oh—if that's the case—I shall be happy to be better acquainted.—When will you dine with me, Sir?

SPUNGE. When will I not dine with you?—to-day, to-morrow—in short, death alone shall part us.—I'll go order dinner—

EDW. Stay—my sister will take that trouble.—Go in, Elinor; and when I've visited my friend, I'll return.—Oh—there is one thing I forgot to ask after—a thing I value more than all my father's fortune—his picture.

ELINOR [*alarmed.*] His picture!

EDW. Ay: the one he took with him to Montpellier.—Why, what's the matter?—what agitates you?—is it lost?

ELINOR. It is—and under such circumstances—oh! do not—do not upbraid me, brother.

EDW. Upbraid you! not for the world—I'm only sorry that I asked after it—upbraid you!—
[*Kisses her.*]—there—think on't no more. [*Elinor exit.*]

Enter WILLIAM.

WILLIAM. Sir, the curricle is ready.

SPUNGE. The curricle!—so it is!—come along—[*lays hold of Edward*]—I'll drive you:
EDW.

EDW. You drive me! — well! you shall, and to Woodland Grove, if you know the way——

SPUNGE. Know the way! — bless you! — I'm quite at home at Woodland Grove — drank tea there yesterday — meant to dine there to-day — good fruit, but bad butter. — Come — I'll whip you along. — I say, though — you are young, and Dick Scatter and his wife are knowing hands — pigeon you at faro — cassino.

EDW. Will they? — I wish they'd try.

SPUNGE. Don't — they'll coax you on — let you win at first.

EDW. I know it; and that's the way I win at last — that's the way I last winter broke two faro banks, ruined a score of blacklegs, and paid the debts of a distressed and unfortunate relation.

SPUNGE. Oh — come along — you don't want my instructions, I see.

EDW. No — you may save yourself the trouble. — Why, at twelve years old, when I was a boy at Eton, I rode a sweepstakes at New-market — at thirteen I went the grand tour — at fourteen I came to London — was elected member of all the fashionable clubs, and laid out for by all the notorious match-makers — but it wouldn't do — I was too old for them — ha! ha! — you grown-up people think yourselves vastly clever: but you forget “Men are but children of a larger growth!”

[*Exeunt.*]

A Room in Old WOODLAND'S House — Glass Doors leading to a Garden — Pictures.

Enter Mrs. SCATTER.

So — our affairs go on delightfully — Though
my

my uncle hasn't forgot the farm-house adventure, or forgiven my husband,—yet my influence is so great, that Young Woodland is about to undergo a closet lecture for having laughed at my nickname of Shepherdess—the old gentleman vows he'll turn him out of doors, if he persists in ridiculing my pastoral disposition. Ay—ay: his bank and estate will be ours still.

Enter a SERVANT.

SERVANT. Madam, here's a young gentleman who says his name is Sir Edward Bloomly.

Mrs. SCAR. Sir Edward!—oh the pretty chicken!—he's ~~an~~ old friend of my husband's; so shew him up directly.—[*Servant exit*].—Dear, how unlucky, we mustn't play at cards in this house!—however, I'll return the visit, and then—here he is!—I must go put myself in order to receive him—sweet little innocence!—oh! I wouldn't take five thousand for his feathers.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Sir EDWARD and SERVANT.

EDW. Ha! ha!—I shouldn't be surprised if I never see Mr. Sponge and my curriole again—he insisted on driving it five miles further, and I could hardly persuade him to call for me in his way home—he is the strangest creature—but where's my friend? where's Woodland?

SERVANT. Mr. Woodland!—Sir, I thought you wanted my mistress.

EDW. No, Sir—I want Mr. Woodland—call him directly.—[*Servant exit*].—in the mean time, as I'm a connoisseur in pictures—[*spying at pictures*].—um!—Portrait of a little boy!—pooh!

F

a little

a little girl too! — upon my word, very intellectual subjects — I suppose we've a doll or a cradle in the middle. — No — this seems something in my own way — something manly — heavens! — it can't be! — it is! — my father's portrait! — the same he took with him to Montpelier! — how came it here? — who brought it to this house? — here's Woodland! — I'll sift this business to the bottom.

Enter Young Woodland.

Young Wood. Edward! — my friend! — my youthful benefactor! — how, how am I to thank thee? — to give me liberty, and risk your life —

Edw. Nay, that's all past, and I'm glad to see you, Woodland — [*shaking hands*] — but before we talk on other subjects, do tell me how that picture came in this house?

Young Wood. [*much agitated.*] That picture!

Edw. Ay: that — that reverend head — I saw it in a gallery abroad —

Young Wood. [*eagerly*] Do you know who it resembles?

Edw. No — don't you, Woodland?

Young Wood. Would to heaven I did! — if I could find him, he might restore a treasure to me. — Oh, Edward! — I'm the veriest wretch alive.

Edw. [*taking his hand.*] Woodland, what has happened? — tell me — confide in me — nay, nay — I would trust you.

Young Wood. You would, and therefore I'll disclose a story to you — sit down — [*they sit*] — One evening at Marseilles — 'sdeath! the recollection — [*Weeps.*]

Edw. Go on — if you love me, go on.

Young

Young Wood. Well then — one evening, while walking in a forest near Marseilles, I saw two women in the hands of robbers; — one they had wounded, and were about to destroy the other, when I snatched a pistol from the ruffian's hand, and in the end, fought and dispersed them.

Edw. Well, that was very heroic; — but the picture — come to the picture.

Young Wood. Be patient: — they proved to be an English lady and her servant, travelling from Montpelier. —

Edw. From Montpelier, say you?

Young Wood. Ay — and now mark the deep villany of him you call your friend! the servant being wounded, and unable to travel, I proposed conducting them to the nearest inn, and there, after passing many days alone — Oh that the tale had ended there! but 'twas decreed — she was betrayed, and I undone for ever.

Edw. You dared not!

Young Wood. It is too true — the time, the place, the circumstance — she grateful and unsuspecting — I treacherous and deceiving — in short, under a most solemn promise of marriage, she fell a victim to my arts; and I rescued her from assassins, only to give a deeper wound myself.

Edw. Her name — what was her name?

Young Wood. Elinor Campbell.

Edw. [*rising.*] You are a villain! — the worst of villains!

Young Wood. I grant I am a villain; but rather pity —

Edw. Pity! — no, Sir; — all the tears I have, will be shed for her, poor girl! — poor Elinor!

F 2

[*weeps.*]

[*weeps*]—don't fancy this proceeds from weakness, Sir; for with the feelings of a boy, you know I have the spirit of a man!—but go on, Sir,—how came you by the picture?

YOUNG WOOD. In her hurry to escape from me, she left it behind her; and not knowing her family or place of residence, I preserved it as the only means of discovering her—I keep it as a talisman, Edward. — [*Edw. weeps on.*] Kind sympathizing boy!—Oh! had my uncle but possessed these feelings! had he, like him, thus felt compassion for an unknown sufferer, she had not been deserted, nor I been ever wretched.

Enter a SERVANT.

SERVANT. Sir, your father desires to see you in his study immediately:—he is now waiting.

YOUNG WOOD. I'll come to him:—you see we're interrupted; but wait till I return, and I'll convince you—

EDW. Convince me!—hark ye, Sir—take my advice—don't pursue her.

YOUNG WOOD. Not pursue her!

EDW. No, Sir—she may have relations—she may have a brother—an affectionate brother, Sir—who, to gratify his own resentment, would not mind exposing his sister's shame—but I, Sir—

YOUNG WOOD. You!—why, how—

EDW. True—how does it concern me?—her name's Campbell—she's not my sister—no—if she were, I'd blow your wicked brains out; but why ar'n't you gone, Sir?—don't you hear your father's waiting for you?—Go—go Woodland—I'll wait till you return.

[*Woodland exit.*]

EDW.

EDW. [*alone.*] How I could have beat him! — with what pleasure could I have broke every bone in his infamous composition! — what shall I do? — shall I, by the hackneyed mode of marriage! — marriage! — what! — sacrifice her to a man she must detest? — no — I disdain such paltry reparation — shall I then challenge him? or shall I conceal my sister's shame, and triumph over my own animosity? — that will be true courage — that will be acting like a man! and therefore — [*swallowing his anger.*] — away all puerile petty inclination — I'll smother my resentment, if I burst! — and yet — I should like to touch him — just gently throttle him for half an hour! — Oh villain! villain!

Enter SPUNGE.

SPUNGE. So — here I am — safe and sound — only one accident — only overturned once, and broke the mare's knees. —

EDW. [*not attending to him.*] He simply knows her by the name of Campbell; and if the picture were disposed of — but for that, he never may discover her — I'll consider —

SPUNGE. Consider! — what! when dinner's waiting! — come.

EDW. I have it — I'll employ him. — Look ye Sir — do you wish to do me a favour?

SPUNGE. There's a question! — hav'n't I drove your curricule? — don't I mean to dine with you? — and hav'n't I promis'd to stick to you through life? — isn't that doing you a favour?

EDW. Well, Sir — if you wish to extend your civilities, take down that picture, and convey it secretly to my apartment.

SPUNGE. Secretly! — what, isn't it your own?

EDW.

EDW. Ask no questions — take it directly — how! — don't you understand me?

SPUNGE. I do — hanging costs nothing, to be sure; but I'd rather live at my own expense, than die at any body's else.

EDW. What do you mean, Sir?

SPUNGE. Mean! — that, while there's any other mode of living cheap, damme if I steal furniture.

EDW. Steal! — Look at me, Sir. — I'll answer for the robbery. [*Takes down picture.*] — There! — Now will you obey my orders? [*Spunge shakes his head.*] — Mighty well, Sir! — Our acquaintance ends.

SPUNGE. Don't — don't talk of it. — I would not lose your acquaintance for the world; you're so much of the gentleman! — you drive such horses, and give such dinners! — Oh, the man deserves to starve, that would not risk his neck for you! [*Takes picture from Edward.*] — But, mind, if it's felony, you're to be hanged — not I.

EDW. I'll answer for the consequences. — There! — run through that garden, and not a soul will see you! — Above all, my sister: — hide it from her, I charge you. — 'Slife! here's somebody coming! — I'll detain them in conversation, and cover your retreat.

Enter Mrs. SCATTER.

Mrs. SCAT. Oh, Sir Edward! — this is such an honour! — I'm only sorry my uncle is so gothic, that I can't even ask you to drink tea, and play cards. [*Spunge exit at glass door.*]

EDW. Cards! — I've done with cards. — Chess is the game for people of our time of life, Mrs. Scatter.

Mrs.

Mrs. SCAT. Our time of life! — Oh, very true! — for young people like you and I, Sir Edward. Bless me! — what are you looking at?

Edw. Nothing. He's gone! — he's safe! — and the story will be kept secret even from my sister! [*Aside.*] — Oh, that's some comfort! — Good day, Madam: — other cares demand my attention now. Good day!

Mrs. SCAT. Nay, Sir Edward, I won't let you go, till you name some evening when I may return this visit. — I do long for a game of cassino — that is, in the family way — just for a trifle. — I never lose much, you know. — Come, now; when shall we meet, and — — [*Fondling him.*]

Edw. Fie! fie! Mrs. Scatter! — Consider, you're a married woman! — There: this is always my luck! — the young women call me child, and turn up their noses at me; but the old ones! — Ecod! they're all pulling caps and wigs for me! — But I can't stay now — so tell Scatter to call, and I'll name some evening —

Mrs. SCAT. Will you be so obliging? — Nay, allow me to see you to your carriage. — I have him: — the young pigeon's caught! — This way, Sir Edward. — Oh, I would n't take ten thousand for his feathers! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE. — *A Room in the Hotel.*

Enter ELINOR with a book in her hand.

ELINOR. Yes: — “all happiness is mingled with alloy!” and even my brother's kindness — even that brings sorrow with it; for, when I think how little I deserve his friendship, and know

know that if a dark — dark tale should be revealed to him, how he would shun, abandon, and despise me! — Cruel, dreadful recollection! — But, see! — he comes to comfort, not upbraid me.

Enter Sir EDWARD.

ELINOR. Oh, Edward! — I'm so happy you're returned! —

EDW. Happy! — Are you happy, Elinor? — Well, well! — The fault was not yours.

ELINOR. The fault! — What fault?

EDW. [*Taking her hand.*] When I press her hand — when I look at her — and think that, but for him, she had still possessed her mother's virtue and her father's honour, I cannot brook it. I can't, nor I won't choak myself. Here, William! — my pistols! — Bring me my pistols directly. [*William enters, and exits.*]

ELINOR. Your pistols! — for what, brother?

EDW. To shoot —

ELINOR. Whom?

EDW. Why, him!

ELINOR. There's more in this than he reveals. Edward, what makes you talk so strangely? and look —

EDW. Nothing. — I never was in better spirits! — Ha! ha! — quite merry — quite cheerful! [*William re-enters — Edward snatches a pistol out of his hand, and presents it at stage doors.*] I should hit him! — I know the first shot would exterminate the scoundrel. There, — he's dead! [*Snapping the pistol.*]

SPUNGE *enters hastily with the picture, and sees the pistol presented at him.*

SPUNGE. Holloa! — what are you about? — I'm

I'm frightened enough already; for the recollection, that the receiver of stolen goods was as bad as the thief, has so terrified me—*[Elinor looks at the picture with astonishment.]*

EDW. *[Aside to Spunge.]* Fool! blockhead!—didn't I charge you not to let my sister see the picture? begone—take it to my chamber—*[Elinor stops Spunge.]*—let him pass, Elinor.

ELINOR. *[Holding him, and looking at the picture.]* No—not till I am satisfied—it is! it is my father's portrait! and you got it—

SPUNGE. From Woodland Grove.

ELINOR. Heavens!—is he in England, then?—have you seen him?

EDW. *[Collaring Spunge.]* Liar!—you know I bought it—didn't I purchase it of a Mr.—Mr. Talbot?

SPUNGE. You did—I'll take my oath you bought it of Mr. Talbot; and as to stealing it from Young Woodland—*[Sir Edward presents a pistol at him.]*—don't—don't waste powder upon me!

EDW. Begone!—no reply—leave the room this instant. *[Spunge exit.]*

ELINOR. 'Tis too plain—the story is divulged; and he'll desert me—I see by his looks he will desert me—oh, brother! *[Falling at his feet.]*—I'm not deserving of your pity: but I've no other friend or relation upon earth; and if you cast me from you—Can you—can you forgive me?

EDW. What do you weep for, Elinor?—you don't see me so childish—no—I'm more manly—more—*[Weeps.]*—oh, my poor sister! *[Falls on her neck.]*

ELINOR. He weeps!—he pities me!

G

EDW.

EDW. My heart bleeds for you—pity is so mingled with affection, that I love you more than ever—but why do I stand blubbering here, whilst the wretch lives?—I'll load my pistols—I'll take such cool aim!—oh! your tears shall be revenged.

ELINOR. Hold—consider your youth—you are only a boy—

EDW. A boy! 'Slife!—I'm more of a man than he is.—would I have taken advantage of a woman in my power!—would I have saved an innocent girl's life, only to make it a burthen to her?—oh! if this is being a man,—if this be arriving at years of discretion,—may I remain a boy—a weak inexperienced boy, as long as I live!

ELINOR. Well! but for my sake—if the story be made public, I shall be disgraced, exposed—

EDW. Ay: there it is—I must e'en gulp down my resentment, and be a philosopher.—Come—to-morrow we'll set off for Yorkshire; and if you never meet this false, betraying—I should hit him—I know I should hit him.

ELINOR. If we should meet, he'll hardly recollect me—his own conduct has so impaired my health, that I'm quite an altered woman since he saw me—besides, I can so change my dress—

Enter WILLIAM.

WILLIAM. Sir, dinner's on the table.

EDW. Very well! Come; Elinor—the dark tale shall die with you, and a brother's attention atone for a lover's falsehood!

ELINOR. Ah! if our parents had been living—

EDW.

EDW. They would have acted as I have done — protected, not deserted — reclaimed, not exposed : — and by the fostering hand of a parent, many an unfortunate victim, that is now reduced to shame and desperation, might have been restored to happiness and honour. — [*Spunge peeps in.*] — Come you, Mr. receiver of *stolen goods* — why, what are you afraid of? — come and drown your cares in wine.

SPUNGE. What wine? Burgundy?

EDW. Ay! in Burgundy. — “Come, jolly Bacchus, &c.” — [*Exit with Elinor.*]

SPUNGE. Drown my cares in Burgundy! — ha! ha! we swim again — I’m an independent man — from this hour, I’ll be expensive — grateful — hospitable — Sir Edward’s house to me is open, and I’ll take care it shall be open house — I’ll invite all those rich singers that have lent me half guineas — all those poor actors that have lent me orders — and all those very poor members that have given me franks — oh! I’m an independent man! [*Exit.*]

END OF ACT THE THIRD.

A C T IV.

SCENE—*A View in the Sea-port Town.**Enter WOODLAND and HARRY.*

WOODLAND.

WELL! — what success, Harry? — have you heard any thing of the picture?

HARRY. No, Sir— I can't find the picture any where; and I'm sure it must have been taken away from some secret mischievous motive.

WOOD. 'Sdeath! who can be so malignant? — so —

HARRY. What do you think of your old friends Mr. and Mrs. Scatter! — wouldn't they commit any mean action to torment and distress you? — but cheer up, Sir — here's a kind letter from your father.

WOOD. How! does he relent? — does he recall me, Harry? — [*reads.*]

“ Sir,

“ When you reflect on your own conduct, you
 “ cannot condemn mine. — Your profligate beha-
 “ viour at Marseilles — your refusal of the wife I
 “ selected for you — and, above all, your continued
 “ insolence to Mrs. Scatter, to that most amiable
 “ woman — are sufficient motives for bidding you
 “ quit my house; — but to shew you I still take

" an interest in your welfare, enclosed is a bill for
 " three hundred pounds; and if you conduct your-
 " self with propriety, you shall never want support
 " from your

" Neglected father !"

HARRY. There, Sir !— oh !— one day or other the old gentleman will find out Mrs. Scatter's real character, and then — but somebody's coming ! — I'll proceed in my search of the picture.

WOOD. Do, Harry, and spare no pains to recover it. [*Harry exit.*] Yes: they have triumphed ! and I could yield up the fortune without complaining ; but to lose the affections of a father, that, spite of his unkindness, I still honour and revere ! — and to see him duped ! — perhaps ruined — beggared ! — 'sdeath ! I can't bear the thought of it — I'll return and warn him ! — No — no — though his doors are open to Mr. Scatter, they are shut against me. At the intercession of this amiable woman, his crimes are forgotten ; and I've for ever lost the kindest parent and the best of friends !—

Enter SCATTER and SIR EDWARD BLOOMLY.

SCAT. I tell you, my wife insists on coming to play cassino with you — Nay, nay, we have known one another a long time.

EDW. We have : and therefore we won't play at cassino for a long time. Woodland here ! Scoundrel ! — what can he want ! — I suppose he has missed the picture, and comes — well — let him — I'd rather he'd pick a quarrel — I should like just to — [*Clenches his fist — Woodland turns round.*] — ah, Woodland ! — How d'ye do, Woodland ?

WOOD. My friend ! [*Shaking hands with Edward.*]

EDW.

EDW. I griped him—I squeezed him hard, however.

SCAT. [*to Woodland.*] So, Sir—I understand it has been kindly whispered that I and my wife have purloined a favourite picture from you—did you ever hear any thing so scurrilous or contemptible?—[*to Edward.*]—as if a gentleman would thieve an old trumpery piece of canvas!

EDW. Very true—as if a gentleman would thieve an old trumpery piece of canvas—and particularly you; whose time is so much better employed in playing cassino—why I should not be surprised if he accused me next.

SCAT. Oh, no—he won't accuse you—he's too fond of your sister, as he calls her.

EDW. My sister!

SCAT. Ay; do you know he had the impudence last night to give Miss Bloomly for a toast.

WOOD. Have a care, Sir; or you'll again enrage me—

EDW. Speak on, Sir—what Miss Bloomly?

SCAT. Ay: that was my question—“what “Miss Bloomly?” says I—“Sir Edward's sister,” says he—“Oh ho!” says I—“you'd make “my wife drink a kept mistress, would you?”—ay—ay—I knew the story of the farm-house—so I explained it to his father; and the old gentleman very properly repented the insult by shewing him out of the room.

EDW. Is this true, Woodland?

WOOD. It is: and to you I've to apologize, for naming a sister whom I have not the honour of knowing—but for him—mark me, Sir—[*taking Scatler aside*]—though a stranger to Miss Bloomly, regarding her for her brother's sake, I am ready to vindicate her character in any way you please.

SCAT.

SCAT. I dare say you are: and when I was as poor as you, I was as ready to fight as you — but now I'll fight no man that isn't my equal — that isn't heir to five thousand a year — and you — you are disinherited!

EDW. Disinherited, Woodland!

WOOD. Even so — the dispute of last night confirmed my father's resentment; and my enemies have supplanted me in his fortune and affection. 'Sdeath! was it not enough to lose the object of my love, but I must also be deserted by my father? — Oh, Edward! I've now no friend but you! — and if you abandon me! — but you will not! — no — thank Heaven! — I have not injured you — farewell! we shall meet again.

EDW. Where are you going, Woodland?

WOOD. In search of the picture; and whoe'er is the purloiner, [*looking at Scatter*] his punishment shall be exemplary. — Farewell! and pray entreat your sister to forgive me; for I don't know why, I feel such strong and brotherly affection towards her, that if I thought she were in danger —

EDW. [*flaking hands with him.*] What — would you protect her, Woodland?

WOOD. Ay: I would protect her with my life, Edward; and prove, that though I once felt gratification at reducing a woman to distress, I can still feel greater at relieving one from it! [*Exit.*]

SCAT. Upon my word, I'm under great obligations to you and Miss Bloomly — that coast was the climax that completed his disgrace — kicked a mean fellow out of a hundred thousand pounds, and seated a gentleman in his place.

EDW. William! — my curricle directly.

[*William exit.*]

SCAT. Your curricle! — why, where are you going?

EDW.

EDW. To Woodland grove — to restore Woodland to his father — to kick a mean fellow out of a hundred thousand pounds, and seat a gentleman in his place.

SCAT. 'Sdeath! — are you mad? — Stay where you are, I insist —

EDW. No, Sir — Woodland is the last man on earth I would owe an obligation to; and when I compare him to you and Mrs. Cassino — Oh! his father wants instruction — so I'll go give the old gentleman a few lessons.

SCAT. You give him lessons! Hark'ye — if you utter one word against me or my wife — but psha! — what am I afraid of? — a boy, an urchin, an half-finished composition!

EDW. Half-finished composition! — zounds! be cautious in your language, or else —

SCAT. Else, what?

EDW. Nothing — your age protects you.

SCAT. Age protects me! — why, you young jack-anapes, I'm not —

EDW. Lord! I know what you're going to say — you're not thirty — what then? — you're of the Bond-street, the full-grown baby breed; and at twenty comes decrepitude — at thirty dotage — and at forty second childhood. Oh! I'd fight a dozen of you!

SCAT. You fight! — I've a great mind to treat you as you deserve — put you in my pocket, and drown you in the next puddle. — But go your ways — go meet the fate of Woodland — get turned out of doors for impertinence. — I have business elsewhere — so your servant, stripling.

Re-enter WILLIAM.

WILL. Sir! yonder is the curriole.

Edw.

EDW. So I see; — and, as usual, Mr. Sponge performing the office of coachman. — Well — his company may be useful. — I say, Mr. Scatter — in the words of Homer let me advise you — Homer! — nay, I beg pardon: — it's so long since you left school, that it's insulting you to talk learnedly to you.

SCAT. Insulting me!

EDW. Yes; boys are the only scholars: — indeed, we're the only clever fellows — and in love or in literature — at cards or at cricket — in short, from a battledore to a bullet, you'll find the young one is a match for the old ones! So farewell, most ancient, perfect, finished composition! [Exit.

SCAT. I defy him — my wife is a match for him, or the devil's in it; and the bank and estate are as certainly ours. — Oh! how I long to be in possession! — A man without money is nothing — if he's witty, nobody understands him — if he's impudent, he's turned out of society — but, backed by a hundred thousand — oh! impudence becomes pleasantry and wit — damme! people laugh at the jokes before they hear them. — Aye; only see me in possession — that's all — only see me in possession. [Exit,

An Apartment in Old Woodland's House — a Table and Chairs — Glass Doors in the flat — Backgammon-board on the Table, and a Side-board, with Variety of Plate on it.

Enter Old WOODLAND in his Night-gown, and STELLA with a bottle in her hand.

WOOD. Thank ye, Stella — put down my physic — put down my bottle of medicine, and I'll go to-bed. [She puts the bottle on the table — a wine glass is near it.] There — good night.

H

STELLA.

STELLA. Good night, Sir! — but, 'before I go, mayn't I once more intercede for your son?

Old Wood. Go along with you — and, instead of talking about that libertine, go and imitate Mrs. Scatter — copy my shepherdeis.

STELLA. Your shepherdeis! — dear Sir, will you never see that you are imposed upon? — why, 'tis but yesterday I heard her tell my guardian, she was glad the sun shone so brightly, because —

Old Wood. Because what now — heh?

STELLA. Because doctor Fallible had told her, that a fortnight's hot weather would kill you to a certainty.

Old Wood. Indeed! — now, that's a lie on the face on't; for the doctor knows it's no such easy matter to kill me — no — no — he has prescribed for me these twenty years; and yet here I am alive and merry, and not likely to ride in one of his carriages for some time.

STELLA. One of the doctor's carriages! — why, he keeps none — he always walks.

Old Wood. I know it; but he takes care his patients shall ride in carriages; — apply to him, and you'll be in a hearse in a fortnight — hearsees I call doctors' carriages — but go — go — I want to take my composing draught — good night. [Stella exit.] Ah Tom! Tom! [sitting down] this is all owing to you — your undutiful behaviour has thrown me into such an agitation, that I can't eat or sleep without — [takes the physic] so — it must be wholesome, it's so nasty — and now to bed.

SPUNGE [without.] Follow me — I'm quite at home, Sir Edward. [Spunge and Sir Edward enter.]

Old Wood. Heh! — who have we now? —

SPUNGE. Here I am, Squire — better than my word, you see — not only come myself, but brought a friend

a friend along with me— Sir Edward, the squire. — Squire, Sir Edward — mum! — ask him to supper — he'll stay [*aside to Old Woodland*]. You'll stay supper, won't you, Sir Edward?

Sir EDW. With the greatest pleasure, Sir — I came to give you a few lessons — I'm told you know nothing of the world — and, as I know a great deal — *Experientia docet*, Sir.

SPUNGE [*at the table, pouring out a glass of physic.*] With all my heart. — *Experientia docet.* [*Drinks, and spits it out again.*] — ha! ha! damnation! — your wine's worse than your butter!

Old WOOD. That's justice — that will be a lesson to you; and I wish it had been poison instead of physic — but look ye — hear me, you two marauders — instantly account for your coming to my house at this hour of night, or —

EDW. None of the angry boy, old gentleman — none of the angry boy, I beseech you — in the first place, I understand you have deserted your son, and adopted a female faro banker.

Old WOOD. What! reflect on my shepherdes!

EDW. Shepherdes! — oh — aye — true — sheep have always rooks about them! Come, that's very well.

SPUNGE. Bless you! he knows all about it — he goes halves.

Old WOOD. [*aside.*] I will, I'll go make out a warrant, and commit them both directly. — Gentlemen — I must keep them in the dark, lest they escape — Gentlemen, I've considered what you've said, and I'll go consult with a friend.

EDW. Aye; I thought I should correct you.

Old WOOD. You have — and now I'll correct you [*aside*] I'll soon return — in the mean time, as there are no cards in the house, will you amuse yourselves

yourself with a game of backgammon? — your servant, Gentlemen. — They're two housebreakers — father and son — and I'll have them both snug in the county gaol. *[Exit.]*

SPUNGE. Bravo! he's gone to order supper — and now what say you? Shall we take his advice? play at backgammon?

EDW. No; don't degrade the box: if you must play, throw a generous main *[sits down, and takes hold of the dice-box.]* Come, where's your stake?

SPUNGE *[in a melancholy tone.]* My stake!

EDW. What! you've no cash? — well, never mind; we play on trust

SPUNGE Don't — I hate trust — lend me those five guineas *[Takes them from Sir Edward.]* There — there's my guinea.

EDW. Seven's the main! — seven! — ha, ha! I win. Come, — your stake.

SPUNGE. Well, there — I'll be desperate: there's another guinea.

EDW. Seven! — ha, ha! — nick. Come — again.

SPUNGE. No — never lose more than two guineas at a time. Pocket the other three. *[aside,]*

Enter Mrs. SCATTER.

Mrs. SCAT. Mercy on me! that wretch here again! you, too, Sir Edward! and gaming so near my uncle's chamber!

EDW. *[holding up the dice-box, and rattling it]* I say, Mrs. Scatter, don't you hear the glorious sound? — don't the music thrill through every vein? — seven! *[throwing, and looking, and laughing at Mrs. Scatter.]*

Mrs. SCAT. For shame! you'll wake my uncle.

EDW. Come, you know you can't resist; you may

may as well play at once. — Seven ! you never lose, you say [*still shaking the box at her.*]

Mrs. SCAT. I should like to pigeon the young reprobate ; my fingers itch for it ; and if I thought my uncle wouldn't wake —

EDW. Spunge, I'll bet you five she plays,

SPUNGE. Done. — I'll bet you five she don't.

Mrs. SCAT. Then I will play, on purpose that you may lose. Come, give me the box ; and ; that we may make no noise, let us throw on a doiley. Oh, this is charming ! — delicious ! — there — there's all I have — ten guineas.

EDW. Very well. Seven ! nick ; ha, ha ! I win.

Enter, from the Door in the flat, Old WOODLAND, and two Servants.

Old WOOD. Softly ; tread softly. We'll steal upon them by surprise. Hallo ! what's there ! [*He pauses, and observes behind.*]

Mrs. SCAT. Was there ever such luck ? — I've no more cash.

EDW. Hav'n't you ? — Well — you've what's as good — as mistress of this house, you are in possession of jewels, plate — [*Looks at the side-board*] — there now — that silver cup — I'll set you twenty against that silver cup.

Mrs. SCAT. Will you ? — Oh, that's very kind of you. —

[*Goes to side-board and brings away the silver cup.*]

Old WOOD. Very kind, upon my soul. [*Aside.*]

Mrs. SCAT. Now for it — here it is. —

[*Putting the cup on the table.*]

EDW. I say — if the 'squire was to see us playing at hazard for his own plate !

Mrs. SCAT. Never mind — now I've once begun,

gun, I'd sooner lose all the furniture in the house than leave off: — here — I'll throw this time —
[Takes the box] — Five's the main, and at all in the ring. *[As she raises her arm to throw, Old Woodland lays hold of it. — She lets the box fall,*

EDW. Ha! ha! — look at the shepherds now!

SPUNGE. Ha! ha! — natural enough.

EDW. *[Picking up the dice-box.]* Look at her Arcadian crook. — Oh! I said the young one would be a match for the old ones.

SPUNGE. Why, 'Squire, you just came in time.

Old Wood. So it seems — if I had staid ten minutes longer, I should have lost the coat off my back. — Oh, I see it all — I've been a credulous old fool, and you, Madam —

Mrs. SCAT. Nay, uncle, it was no fault of mine — I was decoyed by that young hypocrite —

Old Wood. Decoyed by a boy! — more shame for you; and if you have no better excuse, prepare to quit my house directly — and your husband — take your fond shepherd along with you. — I've been too long a dupe to your arts; but henceforth I'll behave as a father ought to do — I'll be a friend to my son, and an enemy to all Burgundy-drinkers and faro-bankers.

EDW. Well said! — I knew my lessons would improve you — you're a fine boy; and in time I shall make a man of you — but for you, Mrs. Scatter — Ha! ha! — why what a sap you must be! — at your time of life to be beat by an urchin, a child, a half-finished composition! — Upon my word, you and your fond shepherd are the two greatest flats I ever met with.

Mrs. SCAT. For shame! What right has a boy to affect manhood?

EDW. A better right than a woman has to affect manhood.

manhood. Which is best qualified to rattle a dice-box — a boy or a woman? — Oh, man! man! — you'd better look about you! for if children grow so experienced, and women so masculine, you'll certainly meet your deserts — be deemed a superfluity, and shoved out of the creation! — but see — yonder's Mr. Scatter — go, go, and console the old gentleman.

Mrs. SCAT. I will: and he shall resent my injuries. — Don't fancy I'm mortified or vexed, or — no — I'm quite content — quite content! quite happy! Oh! oh! oh! [*Bursts into tears.*] — I'll be revenged, you may depend on't. [*Exit.*]

SPUNGE. Hallo! — won't you take a back hand for some silver spoons?

Old WOOD. And now, my little schoolmaster, how shall I thank you? to open my eyes — restore my son to me — instruct — advise! — Why, if you grow wiser as you grow older, Solomon will be a Cymon to you — but come — let's send for Tom, and all sit down to supper together.

SPUNGE. So we will — get better wine, though, damme! — get better wine — treat the little hero like a gentleman. — Come along — is n't he a noble youth?

Old WOOD. He is — only, he'll excuse me — were I a boy like him, I wouldn't be so fond of playing hazard and faro.

EDW. And were I a magistrate like you, there should be no hazard or faro at all: — I'd enforce the law, and not commit one poor culprit for decoying game, till I had destroyed all those rich ones, who ensnare unsuspecting youth, and annihilate domestic happiness.

END OF ACT THE FOURTH.

A C T V.

SCENE — *A Street in the Town, and View of the Sea.*

Enter Sir EDWARD BLOOMLEY.

EDWARD.

SO — I've only to blot the story from my memory — I've taken leave of Woodland; and he and Elinor will never meet again.

Enter SPUNGE in a travelling great coat, cap, &c.

EDW. What! you persist in going to Yorkshire, do you?

SPUNGE. Certainly — said I'd stick to you — look — got on my travelling drefs.

EDW. Your travelling drefs! — I rather think it mine — Ill swear to this box great-coat.

SPUNGE. So it is — it is yours: — ha! ha! — mistook it for my own. — Now it's on, I'll wear it for your sake — come — hey for Yorkshire! — this is what I like — jolly party — pleasant journey, and travelling at other people's expense.

EDW. Natural enough: — pray, Spunge, how long is it since you paid for a dinner?

SPUNGE. How long! — let me see — oh — three years ago — remember it well — dined at the
8 Bedford

Bedford — bill, fourteen shillings — I not one in my pocket.

EDW. Well! and what did you do?

SPUNGE. Borrowed a guinea of the landlord — paid my reckoning, and pocketed seven shillings by the dinner — that's the way to live cheap.

Enter STELLA. [hastily.]

STELLA. Oh, gentlemen — if you have any pity, protect me from my guardian — I have just escaped from him — he is in pursuit of me; and if he should overtake me —

EDW. Your guardian! — what, Mr. Scatter?

STELLA. Yes — he says, now he has lost Mr. Woodland's fortune, he has no hope but from mine; and though I some time ago accepted bills for twelve hundred pounds, which are now due and unpaid — yet he swears he'll shoot himself, if I don't sign a bond for two thousand more.

SPUNGE. Two thousand pounds! — never heard of such a sum — don't believe there was ever such a sum.

STELLA. I ran out of the house; and now —

EDW. We'll protect you — but how to avoid your guardian? —

STELLA. Aye, there's the difficulty — I know he is in pursuit; and if he catches me — look — heavens! — there's Mrs. Scatter!

EDW. So there is — come this way.

SCATTER [*without.*] You take that road — I'll take this — she can't escape then.

STELLA. There! it's all over — Oh, I'd rather live in a prison, than with such unfeeling, persecuting —

EDW. Live in a prison! — faith! — that suggests

I

gests a thought — did'n't you say you had accepted notes that are unpaid?

STELLA. I did.

EDW. Then mind, Spunge, and do as I order you — muffle up your coat — flap your hat, and hold your handkerchief before your mouth, and keep close to Stella — I'll try if I can't be a match for them a second time.

[Spunge and Stella go up the stage.]

Enter SCATTER.

SCAT. Plague on the girl! — in attempting to lay hold of her, I shall be laid hold of myself — every shabby fellow I meet, I think has a writ against me — Ha! — who's here? — Oh, it's you, you little half-finished composition, is it?

EDW. I say, how's the shepherdes?

SCAT. No more insolence, or, by heaven —

EDW. You'll put me in your pocket, and drown me in the next puddle — come, now — I'll make you amends — I will! — I'll shew you what you're looking for.

SCAT. You!

EDW. Aye: I'll tell you where your ward is — look — [pointing her out to him] — isn't that friendly?

SCAT. It is indeed — and thus I seize her — Zounds! — what ill-looking fellow's that? —

[seeing Spunge,

EDW. Come here — don't you know him?

SCAT. No — who is he?

EDW. A bailiff.

SCAT. A bailiff!

EDW. Yes: — he has arrested her for twelve hundred pounds, and has a writ against you.

SCAT.

SCAT. The devil! — I'm off — yet hold — if I lose my ward —

EDW. Lose her! — why she's safe enough, isn't she? — She's not going to Gretna Green with a lover — no — she's going to a spunging-house with a bailiff.

SCAT. True: and there I have her snug under lock and key — why, what an amazing clever little fellow you are!

EDW. What! — you've found it out, have you? — why, your wife found it out last night — [*Enter Mrs. SCATTER*] — didn't you, shepherdes?

Mrs. SCAT. Stand out of the way, Sir — I'm in search of — Ha! have I recovered you, Miss Stella?

[*Laying hold of Stella.*]

SCAT. [*taking Mrs. Scatter aside*] Be quiet — don't you see that fellow? — he's a bailiff — has arrested her, and got a writ against me — let him take her to his house — she'll be safe enough there — you understand.

Mrs. SCAT. I do — pass on, Sir — [*to Spunge*] — I beg I mayn't interrupt you.

[*Spunge bows respectfully.*]

SCAT. Civil fellow! — he sees, and don't molest me — I must reward him for his tenderness — here — give him these two guineas — they're the last of the family: — but —

Mrs. SCAT. Sir! —

[*to Spunge, offering him the two guineas.*]

SPUNGE. [*Snatching them from her*] Natural enough. [*Exit with Stella.*]

SCAT. What was it he said?

EDW. He said it was quite enough — Ha! ha! he! he!

SCAT. Why, what are you laughing at?

EDW. I was laughing at your calling me a cle-

very little fellow — ha! ha! — I am one, that's the truth, on't — he! he! — I say, Mr. Scatter — she's safe enough now. [Exit.

SCAT. Yes — yes — she's out of danger; and that I may be safe too, let's get out of the way as fast as we can — Come — in an hour you shall wait upon Stella —

Mrs. SCAT. Ah! I'm afraid it's too late — our distresses are past redemption; but never mind — we're used to them — and after all, when you think of the trouble of paying and receiving money — the fatigue of keeping accounts —

SCAT. Very true: and then, when you think of the comfort of never dining without hearing duns serenading in the hall — never sleeping without knowing that there are bailiffs to protect our property from fire and robbery — why, when you think of these luxuries, Kitty, money — money is a more troublesome commodity than you imagine.

[Exeunt.

SCENE — *A Wood.*

Enter Sir EDWARD and STELLA.

EDW. Yes, yes: I thought you would be safer under my protection; therefore I ordered Mr. Spunge to accompany my sister — they are already set off, and now we'll follow.

STELLA. Sir Edward, what is the matter with Elinor? — when I spoke to her in the post-chaise, she seemed much dejected; and when by accident I mentioned the name of Woodland, she was so agitated —

EDW. Indeed! — I'm glad she's gone then — she will never see him more.

Enter

Enter WILLIAM hastily.

WILLIAM. Oh, Sir Edward — such a misfortune — your sister —

EDW. My sister !

WILLIAM. Passing by Mr. Woodland's park-gate, the carriage broke down, and —

EDW. How ! — is she hurt ?

WILLIAM. No — but Mr. Woodland's servants coming to our assistance, and seeing the picture — my old master's portrait in the carriage, they said — indeed, Sir — I cannot speak it.

EDW. What did they say, Sir ?

WILLIAM. They said, the thief is found — charged my mistress with the robbery ; and, notwithstanding we told them she was your sister, they seized her and her companion as common malefactors, and carried them before the magistrate.

EDW. What magistrate ?

WILLIAM. Old Mr. Woodland, Sir.

EDW. 'Tis false — 'tis impossible !

WILLIAM. 'Tis too true : and if you don't go directly, Sir —

EDW. Oh — if I forgive him this — Stella, this faithful servant will take care of you till I return — treated as a thief ! — a malefactor, and by the man who betrayed — who — I can't support it — I feel I am a boy, and unequal to bear up against such complicated evils — but I forget my sister — follow me — I'm a man again. [*Exeunt.*]

An Apartment in Old WOODLAND's House.

Old WOODLAND discovered sitting in his armed Chair — Clock and Table before him — on one Side Young WOODLAND and two Servants, on the other, ELINOR, SPUNGE, and two Constables
— ELINOR

—ELINOR is veiled, and one of the Servants holds the Picture.

Old Wood. Silence! — the magistrate speaks—
You, Tom, swear that the picture belonged to you?

Young Wood. I do, Sir.

Old Wood. And you both swear *[to servants]*
that you found the picture in the prisoner's possession?

SERVANTS. We do, Sir.

Old Wood. Then bring them forward: let me have a look at them. *[Elinor and Spunge are brought forward, she veiled, and he in a travelling dress.]*
First, who are you, Sir?

SPUNGE. Oh, Squire! don't you know me?

Old Wood. Know you!

SPUNGE. Supt with you last night — drank tea with you the day before — and meant to dine with you to-morrow!

Old Wood. What! it's come home to you, is it? Oh, this is an old offender. Make out a warrant for him directly.

SPUNGE. An old offender! Lord! lord! when I lived at other people's expense, little did I dream of being hanged for it! — but if you punish me, pray spare her — pray spare Sir Edward's sister.

Young Wood. Sir Edward's sister! Sir, not for the value of the picture do I suspect them of purloining it; but from some secret, some vindictive motive: and *[to Old Woodland]* since they persist in using and degrading an innocent lady's name, I beg they may both be committed instantly.

Sir EDW. *[without.]* Where is she? where is my sister?

SPUNGE. A reprieve! a reprieve!

Sir EDW. *[who enters.]* Does Woodland know you, Elinor? *[taking her aside.]*

ELINOR. No. *[Aside.]*

Edw.

EDW. So, pupil! [*to Old W.*] much good my lessons have done you—but I hav'n't time to finish your education—so, to school! to school, at once.

Old Wood. I go to school?

EDW. To be sure.

SPUNGE Aye, go to school. — Adieu.

Young Wood. [*Stopping him*] Hold, Sir—where are you going?

SPUNGE. What's that to you, Sir?

EDW. Aye; what's that to you, Sir?

Young Wood. Edward, think me not ungrateful: but I have set such a value on that picture—my hopes and fears are so involved in it—that I must beg your sister to inform me, by what strange means it came in her possession.

EDW. She shall not answer you.

Young Wood. Not answer me!

EDW. No—shall not. Let that suffice, Sir.

Young Wood. Have a care—on any other subject I could bear much with patience: but on this—not e'en from you—

EDW. What! it galls you, does it?

Young Wood. You know it does. If she came fairly by the picture, there is no harm in answering the question—but if she purloined it—no matter what the motive—were she my sister—and being yours, I do esteem her as my own—I would not,—nor I could not shew her mercy.

EDW. Indeed! [*Ironically.*]

Young Wood. No—the law must take its course.

Old Wood. To be sure it must—and is justice to be delayed, because she's your sister?—No; my young schoolmaster—the prisoners are found guilty.

EDW.

EDW. Prisoners, Sir!

OLD WOOD. Aye, prisoners. They are convicted on the evidence of my son and my servants; and were they the first people in the land, it is my duty, as an honest magistrate, to send them to prison: therefore away with them.

EDW. [*To constables who are seizing Elinor.*] Let her go! the first man that touches her, dies. Hear me, Sir! hear me, you —— [*taking Young Woodland aside.*]

YOUNG WOOD. Well, Sir.

EDW. You remember that you stole that picture.

YOUNG WOOD. Stole it!

EDW. Aye, stole it from a lady in France, Sir! — there's an act of robbery! — then you've sworn it is your own — there's an act of perjury! — then you would take away an innocent girl's life — there's an act of murder — therefore let her go — let her pursue her journey; or the rope you design for their necks shall be twisted round your own — I'll expose you — I'll expose you, Mr. Woodland!

YOUNG WOOD. Hold your licentious tongue — isn't she proved guilty of the theft?

EDW. Theft! well, if she is — is she to suffer for purchasing a piece of canvass, and you go unpunished for stealing the dearest jewels in a woman's possession — honour, innocence, happiness? — is that law — is that justice? Look ye, Sir [*to Old Woodland*] — if you are the honest magistrate you describe yourself, let him be committed. I accuse him of the very robbery with which he charges her.

OLD WOOD. Him! — whom?

EDW. Him — that scoundrel!

YOUNG WOOD. Scoundrel!

EDW. As I wish to shew I've still some friendship

ship for you, I wish to save you from an ignominious death. Come — follow me, and I'll be your executioner.

Old Wood. You! — why, you young profligate, you would not fight a man, would you?

Edw. No — and yet I would fight him. Come, Sir! will you come? [*beckoning Young Woodland to follow him.*]

Young Wood. Lead on, Sir — yet stay — 'tis in a sister's cause, and he is young and headstrong. I forgive you, Edward, I forgive you.

Edw. That wo'n't do — we'll have no boys' play now [*Elinor appeals to Sir Edward*] — nay Elinor, when you were wronged before, I wasn't near to protect you, but now — come out, Sir! what, afraid, are you — then somebody lend me a cane, and I'll convince him I'm old enough to chastise a coward.

Young Wood. Coward! — thus, then [*rusthing to seize Edward*] — follow me, Sir, — follow me.

ELINOR. Oh, my brother, do not terrify me — [*Young Woodland breaks from his father, Elinor stops him*] let me entreat you, Sir [*he crosses her, she holds him*] — nay then — if miss Bloomly cannot detain you, perhaps Elinor Campbell can! — look! — [*she throws up her veil, Woodland is astonished.*] Oh, Woodland! if you've any pity, do not deprive me of the only consolation you have left me — spare but my brother, and I will kneel! — I will bless you!

Young Wood. Her brother! — the sister of my friend! — and I — Oh, villain! — villain!

Edw. Ay, look at the man now! — you call me profligate, Sir [*to Old Woodland.*] — no wonder if I am one, for when men set such opprobrious examples, is it strange that boys grow up to infamy and ruin?

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Old

Old Wood. I see it all — this is the lady he betrayed in France.

Edw. It is, Sir: and I conveyed away the picture to keep the story secret: but since it is divulged — will you fight, Mr. Woodland? If you've one remaining spark of friendship for him you have so injured, do pray — pray fight me. Scoundrel! — I should hit him — oh! — I know I should hit him.

Old Wood. Oh, Tom! Tom! — you're no son of mine — and if your mother were alive I'd tell her so to her face. Sir, — [to Edward] can an unhappy old father make you any amends?

Edw. None. Come, Elinor.

Young Wood. Stay — I only ask before we part for ever, that lady may be witness to my love and my remorse! — that I have wronged her my breaking heart can witness — for, from the day my uncle tore me from her — Oh! but for him, I had not known these agonies!

Old Wood. Psha! — it's too late now — what motive had you for accusing her?

Young Wood. Love! — I thought that it might lead to a discovery of all I held most dear, and it has! — I see her now before me! — I once again behold her! — yet in a moment I must lose them! — for ever lose all that I prize in friendship and in love! — Oh, Edward! — you used to call me brother!

Edw. Come away, Elinor — I don't half like it — I begin to be boyish again. — He has used us both shamefully, and yet — blest me! — how miserable he looks! — poor fellow! — I don't think he'll live long! — If you've any thing to say, Elinor — Why don't you speak? — don't stand shaking here, but speak out.

ELINOR.

ELINOR. I have nothing to say — only if his uncle caused our separation —

EDW. He did: and therefore — Sir! — Woodland!

Young WOOD. My friend!

EDW. I did not speak, Sir — it was my sister.

Old WOOD. Come — come — I see you're half inclined to forgive him, and so am I — and if you will but make me father of such a daughter, Tom shall have one-half of my estate now, and the other at my death; — and it isn't far off; for if the match takes place, I shall die with joy! — Will you — will you consent?

SPUNGE. Do — love a wedding! — leads to at least one jolly party.

EDW. Well: since it must be so — there, Woodland — we are brothers in reality.

Old WOOD. Here! — order dinner — egad! we'll have a day of it.

SPUNGE. A day! we'll have a year of it! — Spread a table — lay a hundred covers — send to London for turtle, turbot, fiddlers, fingers, and Burgundy. Don't you trouble yourself — [to Old Woodland] — henceforward I'll be master of this house!

Old WOOD. Egad! — I believe yours is the best mode of living cheap after all — other people only save by retail —

SPUNGE. And I by wholesale! — what signifies saving and stinting yourself at home? — never have any home at all — live on the flats — they are always glad enough of your company.

Old WOOD. Are they?

SPUNGE. To be sure — man and wife — Mr. and Mrs. Woodland for instance — after the honey-moon, glad when a friend pops in to in-

K 2

errupt

terrupt the tête-à-tête—"My dear, I am so distré"—"and I so annoyed—aw! aw!"—[*yawning*]—in I come—as I shall often—very—very often.—"Ah, Spunge! glad to see you, Spunge!—stay and eat mutton, my honest fellow!"—they devour my discourse—I devour their dinner—all parties are pleased;—and there's the true mode of living cheap.

EDW. Well: for your kindness to my sister, the more you honour me with your company, the happier you'll make me—this is your reward!—Elinor is your's, Woodland; and you—[*to Old Woodland*]—in getting rid of two importors, are made happy.—But what will be my fate?—I ask not reward—I only hope to escape punishment.

If I have been too forward and too bold,
 Consider, I may mend before I'm old;
 But man or boy, believe me this is true—
 My chief, sole pleasure is—in pleasing you!

END OF THE COMEDY.

EPILOGUE.

Written by JOHN TAYLOR, Esq.

SPOKEN by MISS DE CAMP.

WELL! how d'ye like the way of living cheap?—
What others sow with care with ease to reap.
Our friendly Bard has shewn you all the way
To share in ev'ry thing, yet nothing pay.
This Spunge is really an ingenious man—
Yet he but practices a modish plan;
Yes—he but represents a num'rous kind—
For ev'ry family its Spunge may find.
What are to them the burthens of the state!
Let grov'ling industry sustain the weight.
What is to them the mean parochial tax,
Who bear, like snails, their mansions on their backs
Should tradesmen clamour, and should writs assail,
The remedy's at hand—a friend must bail;
A friend, whose liberty is oft the price
That gives new scope to folly and to vice.
In short, at once the shifting tribe to draw,
A race of robbers, not proscrib'd by law.
Yet while our Bard would lash these men of prey,
Who live by shuffling arts from day to day;
Who, merely for some manual calling made,
Pretend to genius, and disdain a trade;
Ah! ne'er can he attempt, with wanton mirth,
To wound the man of real wit and worth;
To him, if fate the glitt'ring ore deny,
Wealth should with gen'rous pride the want supply;
For he, allur'd by fancy's dazzling rays,
Like summer myriads by the solar blaze;
Like them, too, thoughtless of the winter's cold,
The while furrounding sweets their charms unfold;
The world regarding as a transient toy,
And the true aim, the present to enjoy;

Fondly

EPILOGUE.

Fondly relies on Fortune's future care,
And leaves the dull her lasting gifts to share.

* " He gives the festive board its highest zest,

" Amid the pride of rank, a nobler guest.

" In his bright noon of life carefs'd by all,

" Till for new fav'rites Fashion dooms his fall.

" A chequer'd fate his waning years endure,

" Rever'd, yet slighted, fam'd, and yet obscure;

" At length distress o'erwhelms him, friendship flies,

" He droops unnotic'd, and forgotten dies!"

And now, ye moral censors, spare the play,
That strives to rout the locusts of the day.
So may the Spunges live no more on spoil,
But useful prove, and thrive by honest toil.

* The lines marked thus " were not spoken.



THE
MOUNTAINEERS;

A
PLAY,

IN THREE ACTS;

WRITTEN BY

GEORGE COLMAN;

(THE YOUNGER.)

AND FIRST PERFORMED AT THE

Theatre Royal, Haymarket,

On SATURDAY, August 3, 1793.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. DEBRET, OPPOSITE BURLINGTON-
HOUSE, PICCADILLY.

1795.

ADVERTISEMENT.

*SOME passages, and some few speeches,
printed in the following Play, are omitted in
the representation.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

OCTAVIAN,	-	-	Mr. KEMBLE.
VIROLET,	-	-	Mr. BARRYMORE.
KILMALLOCK,	-	-	Mr. JOHNSTONE.
ROQUE,	-	-	Mr. AICKIN.
MULETEERS,	-	-	Mr. BANNISTER.
			Mr. DAVIES.
			Mr. BLAND.
			Mr. BENSON.
LOPE TOCHO,	-	-	Mr. PARSONS.
PEREQUILLO,	-	-	Mr. COMERFORD.
GOATHERDS,	-	-	Mr. PALMER, Jun.
			Mr. BARRETT.
			Mr. LEDGER.
			Mr. WALDRON, Jun.
BULCAZIN MULEY,	-	-	Mr. BURTON.
GANEM,	-	-	Mr. BENSLEY.
PACHA,	-	-	Mr. EVATT.
ALI BEG,	-	-	Mr. WEWITZER.
SADI,	-	-	Mr. ABBOT.
1 st MOOR,	-	-	Mr. BANNISTER, Jun.
2 ^d MOOR,	-	-	Mr. USHER.
			Mr. COOKE.

W O M E N.

ZORAYDA,	-	-	Mrs. KEMBLE.
FLORANTHE,	-	-	Mrs. GOODALL.
AGNES,	-	-	Mrs. BLAND.

Moorish Guards, Goatherds, &c.

SCENE, SPAIN; partly in the Town and Kingdom of Granada—partly in Andalusia.

THE MOUNTAINEERS.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A Moorish garden in the town of Granada; at one side, the castle of Bulcazin Muley. A window in one of its towers overlooking the garden. A drawbridge, leading to the castle gate.*

VIROLET and KILMALLOCK, *habited as slaves, discovered at work.*

KILMALLOCK.

COUNT!

VIROLET.

How now, noble captain Kilmallock!

KILMALLOCK.

I wonder if the ingenious gentleman that first hit upon digging, tried it with as pleasant a broiling sun over his head as we have. By my soul! if he went to work with his jacket on, it would have warm'd it pretty decently.

VIROLET.

We are slaves, Kilmallock, and must submit.
But we are soldiers of Spain—Christian soldiers—
both

both our faith and our profession, when Providence inflicts calamity, preach patience to us. Murmurs are fruitless, brother soldier. The fickle goddess, Fortune, hears not the complainings of the grief-worn captive.

KILMALLOCK.

Truly now, Count Virolet, I always understood the good lady was blind, but I was never before told she was dunny. Faith, and that I take to be the reason she has never been good-natured enough to listen, when I have reminded her what a dirty devil she has been to me. First, I was tofs'd out of Tipperary into Spain—where I have fought these seven years under Ferdinand the Fifth, king of Castile and Arragon—'till the thumps bestowed upon me by his Catholic Majesty's enemies, and be hanged to 'em! have belaboured me up to the rank of a Captain.

VIROLET.

Right:—of Calatrava; of which gallant order I boast myself a member.

KILMALLOCK.

Faith, and you may boast—for my own part, I never had the knack of it. But I have had the honour, Signior, of fighting side by side with you, against the Moors of Granada, here.

VIROLET.

And bravely too, good comrade.

KILMALLOCK.

All's one for that.—Well, now I have the honour of being lock'd up with you, in the garden of an ould whisker-faced Arabian. We have been prisoners these three months. And here are a pretty

pretty pair of famous knights, that boast themselves of the gallant Order of Calatrava, with a bit of a shovel popt into their noble hands, digging away like two planters of potatoes.

VIROLET.

Yet comfort thee, Kilmallock. Granada is close besieged. Our royal master, Ferdinand, has raised and fortified a town near to their walls. His officers of most approved prowess and expert command. His men (as report gives out), some fifty thousand strong; the flower of Castile and fair Arragon.

'Tis, as I hear, a well-stock'd hive of war,
Teeming with close compacted swarms of soldiery;

Who will so buzz about their Moorships' ears,
Yea, and so sting these thin-skinn'd Muffelmen,
That they will smart to death with't. Noble comrade,

Prove but their arms successful, and 'twill cut
A road to freedom for us. Yet that's doubtful—
There were, indeed, a shorter way. (*mus'ing.*)

KILMALLOCK.

Och, then let us be after trudging that. If there are two roads, Signior, out of captivity, I am always for travelling the shortest cut, becaase it bids fair to be the nearest.

VIROLET.

Come, I will trust thee. I do know thee brave;
And in the breast where fire-eyed Courage rears
Her rugged throne, sure honour must inhabit.
Yet, dare I trust thee? (*wavering.*)

KILMALLOCK.

Dare you? Look you, Count Virolet! you dare
B 2 do

do much!—for you are the first that ever dare tell me, to my teeth, he held my honour in doubt. Och, fire and oons, and Saint Dominick, to boot! Hark ye, Sir Don! I never was a hunter after other people's secrets, as I am not over-fond of keeping what doesn't belong to me. But I am an Irishman, mark you me; born a subject of his English Majesty—Heaven prosper the kings and the country, to the end of time!—and if any Spaniard, Frenchman, or else, dare trench upon our honour, by my soul we'll fillip them soundly, for venturing to call it in question.

VIROLET.

Friend, were the merits of thy nation scann'd
From one particular, and thou the sample,
I should affirm thy countrymen all heart:—
Stuff'd with such various, manly qualities,
That it doth grievously perplex their heads
To find fit seasons when to exercise them.
He who doth take offence, before 'tis meant,
Is, in himself, offending.—Sir, it dwelt not
Within my thought to anger you.

KILMALLOCK.

It did not.—Give me a shake of your Spanish hand, Signior. I entreat your pardon. Beshrew me, Count, I am as far from giving an insult wrongfully, as I am from taking one. And, if I am the sample you talk of, mark down this for my countrymen, if it please you.—If my head mischances to run itself, in the dark, against the feelings of another, my heart bids me go through fire and water for his service, by way of reparation.

VIROLET.

The spirit of thy warm and kindly nature
Shines

THE MOUNTAINEERS.

Shines thro' thy speech, rough soldier. Hear me,
comrade!

Thou know'st the governor—

KILMALLOCK.

What, the Moor,—Bulcazin Muley, our master,
as he calls himself?—as arrant an ould—

VIROLET.

Your patience. This same Moor, who holds us
captives,

Has one fair daughter:—beauty's paragon!
Each evening, as the sun begins to sink
Behind the mountain's top, in yonder tower
She'll sit, and, in a simple Moorish ditty,
Pour forth a strain of native melody,
That doth enchant the ravish'd hearer's soul;—
Outwarbling Philomel!

KILMALLOCK.

And, certain, an afternoon's song is a mighty
pretty refreshment for a gentleman who has
been turning up the mould for eight hours to-
gether. But for the life of me now, I cannot
guess how it will give him strength to squeeze
through the fortifications of Granada.

VIROLET.

Yet, 'tis e'en so, Kilmallock; for this chaunt
Is but the burden of our true love's ballad.
Briefly, to sweet Zorayda am I sworn;
And she, fair saint, to me.—Some two months
back,

Worn with fatigue, and leaning on my spade,
In pensive fort, under the cork tree's boughs,
That wave beneath the sullen turret's window,
A female hand, stretch'd thro' the lattice-work,
Let

Let fall a letter to me. Thus it ran.

"I am at heart a Christian:—from the slaves,

"You have I singled out:—bear me from hence,

"And fortune, and Zorayda, are yours."

KILMALLOCK,

Och! the creature!

VIROLET.

Oft to her window have I stole at dusk;
When from the tower a filken cord has dropt,
And thus, in mute exchange, we have convey'd
Our written vows;—for speech were dangerous,
Her father (chief about the Moorish king),
Holds the town's key in charge.

KILMALLOCK,

The keys!

VIROLET.

Aye, comrade.—
Our projects ripen. She has will'd me bring
A chosen friend, to back my enterprise;—
And thou art he whom I select, Kilmallock,

KILMALLOCK.

Faith, Count Virolet, and you have chosen as
handsomely as heart could desire. For the ser-
vice of a fair lady, or a small matter of fighting,
you may search the world over before you find
any better prepared than an Irishman.

VIROLET.

Day wears apace; and the cool evening breeze
Blows fresh and sweetly. (*Zorayda is heard from
the window*).
Listen!

Song,

Song, ZORAYDA.

Bewailing! Bewailing!
 She sunk, heart broken, on her pillow!
 Her true love's gone,
 Cold, cold as stone:—
 Poor Orra now must wear the willow.
 Bewailing! all the night bewailing!
 He lies in gore;
 Her love's no more:—
 Poor Orra's tears are unavailing!

KILMALLOCK.

Och, blessings on her pretty little Moorish
 throat!—She warbles, for all the world, as na-
 tural as a Christian.

(A hand from the tower waves to Violet).

VIROLET.

Soft.—See, she waves me tow'rd the castle.—
 Comrade,

Tarry, I prithee, near this spot awhile.
 I'll cross the moat, and at the eastern gate
 Try for admission.—I had near forgot—
 Should Sadi pass along—the dapper Moor,
 Who guards the slaves, and parcels out our la-
 bour,

Draw him aside. Zorayda's entreaty;
 And love the patch doth bear a female slave,
 Have won him to us. Should he play the churl,
 As he is wont, then be this ring thy token,
 And he will soften straight. Comrade, farewell!
 Now fortune be my speed!

[Exit, over the draw-bridge.]

KILMALLOCK.

What a recreation it is to be in love! It sets
 the heart aching, so delicately, there's no taking
 a wink

a wink of sleep for the pleasure of the pain. Cupid, as the poets feign, is stone blind: troth, and they feign very truly:—Or this lady Moor (no disparagement to the Count), had never cast her eyes of affection on a Spaniard; and let a gentleman of Tipperary stand by, without bestowing a glance on him.—Yonder trots Sadi, head shepherd over the flock of slaves;—'tis near sun-set, and he comes to pen us all up in the man-fold!

(Enter SADI, followed by two Moors).

SADI.

Out on't! I am sun-roasted, like an over-ripe fig, till I am ready to drop. It looks well now, that I drudge, and you stand idle. Are not you two placed under me, you lop-car'd knaves you?

MOORS.

We are, good Sadi.

SADI.

O cry you mercy.—It seem'd you had forgot the rule of office in all well-govern'd states.

1st. MOOR.

What is it, Sadi?

SADI.

What is it, Sadi? marry, this it is firrah! and see you note it. When large pay is given for high employment, 'tis the head man's care to take the money, and the deputy's to do the work. Therefore, shew vigilance in your humble departments of labour;—as I, like my brother great men, give example of regularity in my more lofty task of receiving the profits. Remember,
'tis

'tis the order of our master, Bulcazin Muley, that ye look narrowly to the slaves.

2d. MOOR.

I did ne'er relax; I hold the Christians in mortal hate: 'tis meat and drink to me to scourge them.

SADI.

Thou hast indeed, friend, a tolerable twist that way. Thy mind is of the true Mahomet kidney, with the right savage maw of a Muffelman. No one can lay to thy charge the guilt of humanity.—Go to—I have noted the diligence of your cruelty; and it shall go hard but I will so order it that, ere long, your deserts shall be showered upon you in plentiful thickness.

2d. MOOR.

I thank thee, Sadi. I shall look for thy remembrance.

SADI.

Content thee friend. Thou shalt shortly carry the marks on't.—How now, Christian.—(*to Kilmallock.*)

KILMALLOCK.

How now, Moor!

SADI.

You must away with me—The sun is near abed.

KILMALLOCK.

Faith, then, Master Sadi, I shall e'en walk this garden, a small half hour, till he puts out his candle.

C

SADI.

SADI.

Were I to chuse now, I would deal with a dozen blustering captives, rather than one Irish or English. There is, as it were, a sort of a native kind of a steady, cool, method of freedom, about these Islanders (as if it grew to them); that keeps its dignity better than any other nation of Christendom. Come on, Sir,—you must forward. (*urging him on*).

KILMALLOCK.

Mark you, me, Mr. Sadi, the Moor—but you must serve me—So you are safe. Indeed, when a man's in captivity, and would seek favour of a rogue, who has two more at his back, I don't hold it altogether wise to thump him into a kindness:—so, as I would be private here,—here are a couple of doubloons (saved from the old plunderer, your master), to leave me to my meditations.

SADI.

Why look ye, Christian—It pleased Mahomet, and my father, when they made me, to make me a Moor—my mother was an humble vassal here, coop'd up for life, like an old hen, in the castle; and they found me one morning, hatch'd in Bulcazin's house, a new bit of his live property. I was brought up from the shell, to the business I am put upon. It may not, haply, hit my humour to crow over the captives:—but if ever I take wing, and fly from the ground of my duty, trust me, Christian, I sha'n't be tempted to it with the scanty grains thrown in my way by the necessities of the unfortunate. Put up your money Christian.

KILMALLOCK.

Faith, and I will.—This is the best Bantam of the

the whole black brood of Granada! and I would that every gentleman of England discharged his trust with as much honesty and feeling as my friend here of the copper complexion. You will consent, then, honest fellow, to my taking a solitary trot here, without remuneration.

SADI.

I dare not. My master is severe—his servants pregnant with jealousy, and suspicion. Each is even a spy upon his fellow. Were I found negligent, upon so slight a ground too, I could not answer it, 'twere danger of my place, my life, my—*(Kilmallock shews the ring)*, eh—umph—oh—hum!—stand back you knaves or—Zorayda! *(whispering.)*

KILMALLOCK.

Count Virolet—on to the castle. *(whispering.)*

SADI.

Fellows, this fool's refractory—I'll along with him to our master at the castle—Follow but to the next turning—then leave me, rogues—I'll manage him from thence, I warrant.—Why, how now, Sirrah.—Face to the moat, you rogue!—Oh, what you come about friend, do you—On, slaves, on!

[Exeunt.]

(Sadi driving Kilmallock across the draw-bridge, to the castle.)

SCENE II. *An apartment in the Castle of Bulcazin Muley.*

Enter Bulcazin Muley, and Ganem.

BULCAZIN.

So great the Spaniard's army, say you? Why,

C 2

By

By Allah, Ganem, 'tis not credible.
 It is a Christian fiction: I've no faith in't:—
 I have no faith in any thing that's Christian:—
 It cannot be.

GANEM.

It is most certain, Sir.
 Our spy is new returned who took their number.
 Last night, with 'vantage of the cooling breeze,
 That stilly fann'd the parch'd, and sun-crack'd earth,
 King Ferdinand (before his new-built town,
 That braves our walls), in person did review
 Full fifty thousand Spanish men in arms.—
 Lusty and fresh:—their polish'd coats of mail
 Gleam'd, in faint pride, beneath the silver moon;
 Which hung, in maiden sorrow, o'er their heads,
 As looking pale at man, intent on slaughter.

BULCAZIN.

Now may the pestilent dew of vaporous night
 Pierce to their marrow!—Sap their hated bones!
 The flagging air blow hot and moist upon them!
 May the high Prophet, who protects our battles,
 Pour, from the ponderous, and scowling clouds,
 Deluge on deluge down! till the swoll'n Darro
 O'erspread its limits; and the sodden Christians
 Rot, like starv'd carrion, in the drowned field.
 What, has the King sent for me?

GANEM.

Even now.—
 He waits your coming, Sir, at the Alhambra.

BULCAZIN.

Say I attend his bidding.—Stay; come back.—
 Evermore to and fro! ever more care!
 Council, despatches, court, mosque, garrison!
 Threading the city's avenues, to goad

The

The sluggish guard to duty;—then at night,
 Eyes-dropping to entrap the mutineer;
 Or plodding by the blue and paly lamp
 In painful rumination. . This it is
 To be a governor!—A dogged mule,
 That climbs the craggy mountain with his load,
 Enjoys a life of ease to't. I do envy
 The vilest beast, that sweats beneath his burthen;
 For mine's upon the brain. Dull, thoughtless
 hound!
 Why art not gone?

GANEM.

It was your will, so please you,
 To call me back again.

BULCAZIN.

O, true, good Ganem!
 Go to Zorayda, my daughter;—tell her
 Ere I go forth, I fain would speak with her.

[Exit Ganem.]

There is another toil!—to guard a daughter!
 And watch the youthful shoots of disposition,
 In a green growing girl.

She has seem'd sad of late; but yesternoon,
 As I did question her, in casual talk,
 When she had been at mosque, a stealing tear
 Dropt from her cheek, upon my hand.—At
 mosque!

The silly fool is vapourish.—her mother,
 That's dead, was Christian—umph!—Oh, Ma-
 bomet!

If that I thought 'twere so, my scymetar
 Should—pish! it cannot be. Sweet wench, I
 wrong her.

Enter

Enter ZORAYDA.

ZORAYDA.

I am here, father; would you aught with me?

BULCAZIN.

Come hither, wench.—I must to the Alhambra.
Should Giaffer arrive ere my return,
There is a writing, seal'd up in my cabinet,
(This is the key), you must deliver to him.
Why dost not take it, dreamer? My Zorayda!
Art thou not well? my child! why dost thou
tremble?

ZORAYDA.

'Tis that your sternness terrifies me, father.
My heart's brimfull, when you are kind to me—
And my eyes too:—no wonder, then, I tremble
When you speak angrily.

BULCAZIN.

My dear, dear daughter!
Cheer thee, my child! The duties, which of late,
Do throng upon me, may go nigh, belike,
To make me somewhat fretful. These vile Chris-
tians
Vex thy poor father, fore, Zorayda.
Would it not glad thee, wench, to see these dogs
Dragg'd through our town in chains?

ZORAYDA.

No, trust me, father:
For when the captives pass, that dig our garden,
Pining in wretchedness, and spirit-broken,
Poor hearts! I turn my head aside, and weep,
To see a sight so piteous. Surely, father,
When heaven made Man, it never was ordain'd

That

THE MOUNTAINEERS.

15

That he should make his fellow-creatures
slaves,
And gall them with such cruelty.

BULCAZIN.

How now !

Dost lean to them ? Observe me well, Zorayda—
I do misdoubt thee heavily ; yea, heavily.
These Christians, on whose miseries your eye,
Lavish in baby bounty, drops a tear,
Have been our nation's scourge. This wretched
corner,

This Moorish kingdom of Granada, here,
(A very patch on Spain's broad territory,
Which all was our's), is all that they have left us.
Therefore take heed. I could more readily
Suck poison from a cold and speckled toad,
And, as I drain'd his venom, think the bees
Distill'd their mountain-honey on my lip,
Than smother in my breast that rooted hate
I bear a loathsome Christian. Mark me, girl !
Thou art my heart's dear love : Do not prove
changeling :

Should'st mingle with my heart's antipathy,
Unmov'd, I'd see thee drooping on a death-bed,
And let my curse fall bitter on thee. Think on't ;
And so farewell ! *[Exit.]*

ZORAYDA.

Alas, the day, my father !
Could'st use thy daughter thus ! and stab thine
enemies

Through thy poor child ! Those enemies could
teach thee

A heaven-born duty in their holy writ,
(Unpractis'd here), called Christian charity,
Worth all the Koran. How now, Agnes !

Enter

Enter AGNES.

AGNES.

Haste you, madam!—Count Violet is uneasy at your stay.—He is stalking to and fro your chamber, to give his patience exercise.

ZORAYDA.

Softly, beseech you! Why he knew my father (Who is but now gone forth to the Alhambra) Sent for me on the sudden. Tell me, Agnes, Are Christian lovers ever thus impetuous? Trust me, I fear them rash, and sudden, Agnes, Will they not tarry?

AGNES.

Truly, Madam, I am little skill'd in 'em, If my father kept me close at home, in Andalusia, till I should go as a lay-sister to the Ursulines; and, on that day, as we journey'd thither, the Moors, as you know, Madam, pursued my poor father, and made me a slave.—None have discourd to me tenderly, but Sadi. I have seen little of Christian love;—but I have often heard say 'tis not of the waiting sort. Will it please you go, Madam?

ZORAYDA.

Aye, wench, and further too than it may please me.

Girl, here has been my father, loud in anger:—He has so wrung me, with unkindly words! And all about these Christians. Wert thou me, What course would'st thou follow, Agnes?

AGNES.

I have but a shallow wit to advise, Madam;—
but

but I would, for my own part, do like other Spanish girls, when they have opportunity.

ZORAYDA.

And what do they when fathers are unkind?

AGNES.

They run away, Madam.

ZORAYDA.

Beshrew me, now, my heart does sink within me—

Yet I can ne'er forget my mother's council,
As I watch'd by her on the night she died.
And there is something here that whispers me
I shall not be at peace till I am Christian.
Should Virolet's entreaty, and the harshness
I meet with here, at home, hasten my flight,
Would'st follow with me, Agnes?

AGNES.

Follow you! O, the virgin! It shews little
love to follow you into liberty—Would I had the
means to shew more!

ZORAYDA.

Wherefore, good Agnes?

AGNES.

Because you have been kind to me. I was
brought here a slave; torn from my poor old
father. My heart had broke with sorrow but
for you, Lady. You took me to you, and dried
the tears, that ran trickling down my face, with
words of comfort and compassion. My fortunes
have been always humble, Lady; but I can be
grateful and trusty; and I should be a weary of
my

my life if I forget to love those whose charity and goodness had preserved it. I would follow you through the world, Lady.

ZORAYDA.

Sweet heart, I thank thee ! listen to me, Agnes :
My father will return anon ; meanwhile
(A chance which never may befall again),
I have his cabinet in charge—he keeps
The key in't of the little western gate,
Through which, in private, he is wont to pass
Forth from the city. Violet has moved me
With reasons strong, and honey-sweet persuasion.
If zeal and earnest movements of the soul,
Which bid me shun the path of unbelievers,
May plead a maid's excuse, for leaping, thus,
Beyond the pale of seeming, surely, Agnes,
I may be bold to venture. O, my father !
We must away to night.

AGNES.

To night, Lady !

ZORAYDA.

Or never, girl.

AGNES.

What—and unprotected, Madam.

ZORAYDA.

No Agnes ; Violet will guard us.

AGNES.

True, Madam ; yet he is but one—and in the
night,

night, Madam, I am apt to feel disheartened. I could wish now—

ZORAYDA.

What, girl?

AGNES.

Why, of a truth, then, Madam, if Sadi went with us, methinks I should feel more valiant.

ZORAYDA.

Take heed, good Agnes;—search thy bosom well;

Nor draw this half-converted Moor along,
To swell thy giddy pride, and woman's lightness.
My purposes are pure and solemn, Agnes;—
Did not a holy light direct my course,
Not all the love which I do bear to Violet
Could tear me from a father;—therefore, Agnes,
Probe to thy heart; if thou dost find it steady
Unto this Moor, bring him away with thee;
Else fully not my sacred enterprise,
With ill-beseeming levity. Anon,
Thou'lt find me in my chamber.

[Exit.

AGNES.

What a world of pains it saves to have one's mind ready made up to be married at short notice! I had lost, else, the time for my journey, in debating on the fitness of my company. Heigho! I would my Sadi were a shade lighter. No slave-driver in all Granada has a sweeter disposition. Father Sebastian, a captive here, good soul! says, that when a Moor turns Christian, faith will work any thing—I wonder if it ever whitens the skin.—'Bating his complexion,

D 2

Sadi,

Sadi, is a proper man, with the best curl'd hair of any in Spain.—Would the evening muster were over, and the guard placed for the night!

SONG.

When the hollow drum has beat to bed;
 When the little fifer hangs his head;
 Still and mute,
 The Moorish flute,
 And nodding guards watch wearily;
 Then will we,
 From prison free,
 March out by moon-light, cheerily.

When the Moorish cymbals clash by day,
 When the brazen trumpets shrilly bray,
 The slave, in vain,
 May then complain,
 Of tyranny and knavery,
 Would he know,
 His time to go,
 And flyly slip from slavery——

'Tis when the hollow drum has beat to bed;
 When the little fifer hangs his head;
 Still and mute,
 The Moorish flute,
 And nodding guards watch wearily;
 Oh then must he,
 From prison free,
 March out by moon-light, cheerily!

Enter SADI.

SADI.

Hift! hift! Agnes!—whither away!

AGNES.

AGNES.

Sadi.—I was going to the lady Zorayda. Thou art come to my very wish.

SADI.

To see what luck is!—That the appearance of a man-Moor should tickle thus the inclinations of a little she-Christian?—Did'st really wish to see me, Agnes?

AGNES.

You have been always welcome to me, Sadi;—ever since you brought me the little purse of piastres, to send to my father, who is in want. Though the lady Zorayda's bounty prevented my taking it, I love thee for thy heart, dearly, Sadi.

SADI.

I doubt now, whether that be not the best thing about a man that a wench can take a fancy to, after all. Should a knave, that could be flinty-hearted to a poor girl in distress, fall in my way, and propose to chop natures with me, I would not change with him, tho' his face were as white as a cauliflower. Kiss me, Agnes: (*kisses her.*)—'Tis thus I have been converted.

AGNES.

Nay, now,

SADI.

By the Mafs 'tis true. Had forty fat monks fail'd in preaching Mahomet out of me, thy lips, Agnes, would convince me.

AGNES.

Pr'ythee listen—the lady Zorayda will away to-night,

SADI.

SADI.

I guess'd as much.

AGNES.

Aye, marry, why so?

SADI.

There is a captive waits now for Count Virolet—his sworn friend—who is to be partner in the flight. He seems well fitted for danger and secrecy. He is both brawney and faithful. I had brought him hither, but I was told you were here, Agnes.

AGNES.

Well, Sadi, thou know'st I am trusted with all.

SADI.

True:—but to be plain, he is of the Irish nation; and when a man would talk business with a female, those of his country are noted for taking off her attention.

AGNES.

Out on thee! thou would'st turn jealous shortly. Well, night is near; and when I am away with the lady Zorayda, thou wilt think kinder of me.

SADI.

How!—what!—what dost thou go with her, Agnes?

AGNES.

Surely.

SADI.

What, and leave—umph!

AGNES.

AGNES.

Would'st have me tarry behind when my good lady is in danger, and lose too the means of freedom? Thou know'st that—why what is it ails thee, Sadi?—art not well?

SADI.

Yes—nothing—'tis a—'tis the cholic, Agnes. To-night, said you?

AGNES.

Aye, Sadi:—and here—I have a little rosary; you shall keep it for my sake: let me tie it on thy neck—So—thou'lt think of me now sometimes, when thou look'st at it, Sadi?

SADI.

Agnes, I—I cannot well speak at present. I thought we had bid fair to stick together thro' life. I will not upbraid you. Alla bless you, Agnes! and should you meet a lighter-skin'd lover, may he be as fond and as faithful as the poor dusky fellow you leave broken-hearted behind you!

AGNES.

Nay, but Sadi—

SADI.

Farewell! I look'd shortly to have been taken to be christen'd, had you prov'd steady to me. I am now, neither Moor nor Catholic:—and should thy unkindness wear me to the grave, I can claim little better than pye-bald burial. Go, Agnes, and happiness be with you!

AGNES.

AGNES.

And when I go a step without you, Sadi, may I never know what 'tis to be happy again.

SADI.

Eh!—

AGNES.

O, my poor, dear Sadi!—forgive the pain I have put thee to; but you seem'd jealous of me, Sadi; and in punishing you for't, beshrew me, now, but I have punish'd myself.

SADI.

Now could I be displeas'd in my turn, were I not glad to be angry. Your hand, Agnes.—I have offended, and thou carry'st the whip. Do not fear finding me guilty again; for thou hast, now, laid it on so tightly, that were I to live a thousand years, the smart on't would never out of my memory.

AGNES.

Comfort thee, Sadi. The lady Zorayda has consented that thou should'st along with me. Liberty is now before me, and as thou lovest me, let us away. Prepare thee quickly, for night is coming on.

SADI.

Farewell, master! I will pack up strait. With five years pay, a true heart, three shirts, Christianity in my head, and thee under my arm, will I, this night, take a long leave of Granada. Hang care, and a guittar at thy back, Agnes, and we'll jog merrily over the mountains into Andalusia.

DUETT.

DUETT.

SADI and AGNES.

SADI.

O! happy tawney moor!—when you, love,
Climb the mountain with your true love,

Will you, by the way,

The music play?

Your sweet guittar a tinkling, Sadi

Listens to his Spanish lady.

Tang, tanki, tanki, tang, tang,

Tanki, tanki, tay.

AGNES.

O! bonny tawney moor! together,

As we brave the wind and weather,

Won't you, by the way,

From Agnes stray?

While their guittars are tinkling, Sadi,

Love no other Spanish lady.

Tang, tanki, tanki, tang, tang,

Tanki, tanki, tay.

SADI.

Cease, pretty Agnes, cease;—no beauty

E'er could draw me from my duty.

Let them, all the day,

Their music play.

AGNES.

Then my guittar a tinkling, Sadi,

Follow now your Spanish lady.

Tang, tanki, tanki, tang, tang,

Tanki, tanki, tay.

E

BOTH.

BOTH.

AGNES. { Then my guittar, &c.

SADI. { Her sweet guittar a tinkling, Sadi
Follows now his Spanish lady.

Tang, tanki, tanki, tang, tang,

Tanki, tanki, tay,

[*Exeunt.*]SCENE III. *The Bavarambla (or market place)
in the town of Granada.**Enter the Moorish guard, Officers, &c. with standard
and pikes.*

PACHA.

Ali Beg!

ALI.

Here, my Pacha.

Ali, having, this day, raised thee from the ranks,
'tis fit I do commend the care with which thou
hast drawn forth the soldiery. How long hast
thou borne arms, Ali?

ALI.

Five and twenty years, so please you, the last
moon of Moharram.

PACHA.

And see, thou art now promoted. Mark, Ali,
the advantage of the Musselman army. While the
worn-out Catholick soldier retires, that a younger
man may fill his place, then is the happy moor
advanced

advanced to all the glorious fatigues of duty. His aching bones never draw upon him the neglect of his officer;—who heaps threefold employment upon his aged shoulders, in reward of his past service!—Thou hast now, Ali, the full pay of thy deceased predecessor.

ALI.

Thy slave thanks thee, noble Pacha!

PACHA.

Out of which, Ali, thou hast, simply, to maintain his four widows, left behind him.—Bless thyself, Ali, that thou art born to fight under Moorish leaders;—who are distinguished by such charity as is never thought of in a Christian army. Is each man here according to the roll?

ALI.

All.

PACHA.

I will first address them:—then, AH, march them to their posts for the night.—Moors and soldiers! under the renown'd Mahomet, Boabdili, Chiquito, King of Granada! 'Tis the regard of your commander now cautions you that you relax not from your charge. My tenderness bids you be vigilant, through the night; that ye may 'scape the bow-string to which I should, otherwise, sentence you, in the morning. The true soldier thinks his duty a pleasure; and none of you, my honest fellows, on pain of death, shall forego the pleasure of your duty. The Spaniards, who besiege us, are Christians. You are Moors. Remember, then, you fight in the cause of your Religion:—maintain its amiable doctrines to the last, and shew your enemies no mercy!—Now to your

E 2

watch

watch:—Where, out of kindness, I forbid you to fortify your stomachs against the raw air of the night;—for he who lifts wine to his mouth, my worthy friends, speedily loses his head.—Strike and away.

Grand Chorus of Moorish Soldiers.

The fun is funk:—and, from afar,
 See the pale bright evening star!
 Soon the wolf begins to prowl;
 Soon the shrilly screeching owl
 Through the air her death wing claps,
 And at the lick man's window flaps;
 While, on the rampart strong and steep,
 Their silent watch the Centries keep.
 Hark to the heavy rolling drum!
 The hour of nightly duty's come.
 Lusty Moors! Obey command!
 March to your posts, and take your stand!
 March!

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF ACT I.

ACT.

A C T. II.

SCENE I. *The inside of a Venta (or Spanish Inn), in Andalusia.*

A Stable door in the back Scene—over it a hayloft. A lamp against the wall. A fire in the midst of the room. Muleteers discovered, drinking.

Enter LOVE TOCHO (the Host).

TOCHO.

Bravely pull'd, gallants! and merrily! Of all the worthy tuggers at a bottle, give me your noble Gentlemen carriers!—who while away the heavy hours in the amusing exercise of driving mules over the mountains.

1st. MULETEER.

Certain, mine host, in respect to deep drinking, we muleteers have hard heads.

TOCHO.

Nay, that ye have. Ye are a pack of the hardest heads of any in Spain. Fifteen years have I been host of this Venta, at the foot of the Sierra de Ronda. Tocho is my name. Love Tocho, of the province of Andaulusia. I live by the hunger and thirst of the traveller;—and keep a yearly account of my thanks due to stomachs and throats:—and in striking my balance, Gentlemen, I find the generous maw of a Gentleman muleteer,
calls

calls for five times the food of the best grandee's that journeys the country.—Worthy Signiors! I am your sweet throats, and stomachs, debtor and servant. (*drinks.*)

2d. MULETEER.

Methinks, mine host, the kid you gave us at supper, had somewhat of an unsavory smell with it. It did, as it were, stink most abominably.

TOCHO.

I know not well how that could be, Signior! for I have bestowed wonderous pains on it, these three weeks past, to keep it sweet. For delicate eating, and right Malaga, there is not an Inn can match me between this and Antequera—No, verily, not one.

3d. MULETEER.

'Tis a wild road thither.

TOCHO.

You will not set eyes on a house till you reach the town, Signior. 'Tis some league and a half, over the mountains;—and affords, truly, but indifferent accommodation. Here's to your good entertainment on the way, Signiors. (*drinks.*)

1st. MULETEER.

Hast any news stirring in these parts, honest Lope?

TOCHO.

War, Gentlemen—War, with the Moors—we are here on the skirts of their kingdom of Granada—and in the very heart of those skirts, as I may say, King Ferdinand of Castile and Arragon, does now most closely stick. Saint Jago be his speed,

speed, say I! I could never away with these infidels. Their's must needs be a devil of a religion that forbids the drinking of wine.

2d. MULETEER.

One cup to the Christian cause, mine host!

TOCHO.

Right willingly—Confusion to the barbarous Moors!—and may the King of a Christian people never want loving subjects to drink his prosperity, and give the enemies of humanity a drubbing! (*all drink.*)

4th. MULETEER.

I pri'thee Perez, as we pass'd through Cordova, didn't bethink thee to get my pack saddle mended for the blind mule?

3d. MULETEER.

Truly, brother, I cared not to pay five good reals, when I may never chance to see them again.

4th. MULETEER. (*Starting up.*)

Santa Maria! Reflect on the honour of a Spaniard! Death and my mustachios! Thou shalt not live. (*draws his stiletto.*)

TOCHO (*interposing*).

Nay Gentlemen!—Here's goodly work! Sweet Signior of the mules! you mistake him. Honour is a delicate matter—he could not mean it. Noble driver of the beasts, be pacified.

4th. MULETEER.

Wound my integrity! 'tis dearer to a Spaniard than life. 'Tis an affront cannot be mended.

TOCHO.

TOCHO.

It shall, honourable Signior! and your pack-saddle too.—Good friend, throw the cold water of your repentance on the fire of his anger. Come, 'twas a hasty speech: say so, and be friends.

3d. MULETEER.

Well I——I meant not to wound his honour.

TOCHO.

See there, now!

4th. MULETEER.

I—I am content:——But remember, in future, brother, what is due to a Spaniard. Insult him, and he will compass the globe for revenge. Your hand: my honour is satisfied: we will clean our mules together, in fellowship, as usual.

TOCHO.

By our Lady, 'tis sensibly said! many a noble life has been lost, on a point of honour—no more difficult to be settled than this! Another cup to drown animosity.

1st. MULETEER.

Content: and then to rest. 'Tis deep midnight, and we must rise betimes, on our way to Ubeda.

TOCHO.

Mass, you muleteers, in the way of pleasant travelling, have a wearisome life of it.

1st. MULETEER.

The grandee, mine host, that sleeps upon down, dreams little of our hardships. Yet we can be merry

merry, too. Let us troll a round, and, then, go stretch on the straw.

GLEE.

MULETEERS.

You high born Spanish noblemen, you dons, and cavaliers!

Ah! little do you think upon the lowly Muleteers!

To earn an honest livelihood, what toils, what cares, we know,

Small our gain, great our pain,

O'er the hill, o'er the plain,

Parch'd with heat, drench'd with rain,

Still the Muleteer must go!

When darkness overtakes us, our mules to droop begin;

Fatigued and spent, what joy we feel to reach the wish'd-for inn!

We drain the wine cag jollily, we tofs it to and fro—

While to sleep as we creep,

Maritornes may weep,

That, when daylight does peep,

Then the Muleteer must go.

(A knocking at the door of the Venta.—A voice calls without, "Soho! within there ho!")

TOCHO.

Travellers, by saint Dominick!—and, by the noise, of authority, Perequillo! *(knocking again)* 'tis ever thus.—I never knew your great man on the wrong side of the House that ceased his clamour till he got in!

F

Enter

Enter PEREQUILLO.

Perequillo, look to the gate. Signiors, a good rest. That way to your straw-chamber gentlemen. (*pointing to the stable-door.*)

Ist. MULETEER.

'Tis fit we be called by times, mine host.

TOCHO.

Perequillo, knocks at the Gentlemens stable door by day-break.

(*Knocking still—Muleteers go into the stable.*)
Out, you gaping rogue, run to the gate!

PEREQUILLO.

These travellers rob a good fellow of more sleep than the Musquitos. [*Exit.*]

TOCHO.

I fear me, the tough old cock will never grow "day light" again. Six years has he serv'd me for a dial; and now must I twist his neck, to give these gallants a supper. Truth is, we are marvelously scant of provisions.

Enter FLORANTHE, dressed as a Cavalier, leaning on ROQUE.

ROQUE.

So—cheerly I warrant!—Come, a seat, now, quickly. Bestir, bestir!

TOCHO.

Is not his worship well?

ROQUE.

Cannot your worship see?—a chair *yes*—
(*Tocho brings a chair.*) So!

FLORANTHE

FLORANTHE (*sitting down.*)

I faint, almost, with weariness.

ROQUE.

Plague on your dark nights, and foul ways!—
why dost not mend them?

TOCHO.

Truly, Gentlemen, there be those, in this quarter, that might better the foul ways—but, for mending the dark nights, we are, I do confess, ill furnish'd with work-men.

ROQUE.

Art furnished with a good bed, friend?

TOCHO.

The best in Spain. We are much, and nobly frequented here, Signior—we have, this night, a company of some twenty.

ROQUE.

A murrain-light on 'em! then they have occupied the bed-chamber.

TOCHO.

Why, as luck would have it, they repose in the stable. Each traveller, signior, to his fancy.

FLORANTHE.

I would to rest, friend.—We have journey'd far:

At sun rise, we must needs set forth again.
I am nigh sinking with fatigue!

F 2

ROQUE.

ROQUE.

No wonder poor heart!—My masters nag, friend, is the roughest pacing beast in Spain. 'Twould tire a devil.

TOCHO.

Would not the Signior Cavalier please to refresh? I have the remains of a kid that is delicious—and we are denoted here for chicken,

FLORANTHE.

Oh, I do loath the very name of food,

TOCHO.

Loath food!—This is a mighty simple youth,

FLORANTHE.

Prepare my chamber, friend, and fear not you, 'Though I betake me supperless to bed, I will content thee (for I know the custom) As I had banqueted.

TOCHO.

The youth is not altogether so simple as I thought him. Signior Hidalgo, your chamber shall be prepared straight. For an excellent supper, if you eat it not, 'tis your loss; which is hard; if you pay for it not, 'tis mine; which is harder—for I am a poor man, sir, that would willingly grow richer.

ROQUE.

Away, you knave! and obey orders: see to the chamber—look to the horses, and return, anon, with some wine: my master is faint with travel.

TOCHO.

TOCHO.

I shall, friend. This now must be a delicate bit of smock-fac'd nobility. Should Providence rain beards, 'twould do no harm to his face if his chin were thrust out in the shower. [*Exit.*]

FLORANTHE.

Now tell me, Roque,—how far is't to the mountain?

ROQUE.

We are nigh the foot on't, lady—we had founder'd by the way else. Heaven rest those tender joints! for they must needs ache, with jolting thus from Seville. My tough bones, though well season'd in camps and marches, are fairly bump'd into a rheumatism.

FLORANTHE.

I care but little for my aching limbs,
Did not my heart ache with them. The encounter
We look will follow this same pilgrimage
Makes me most sad, and heavy.

ROQUE.

'Tis strange, now, the labour some will undergo to encounter melancholy! and truly, I left Don Octavian in poor plight to amend the spirits of those who wish him well. What between love and loneliness, by living in the woods, he is clean an alter'd man. I once was enamoured of a pin-maker's daughter of Segovia, and found solitude did but encrease my pain;—so I e'en cur'd myself on't, in three weeks, by keeping my mistress company.

FLORANTHE.

FLORANTHE.

Was't in the wild part of the mountain, Roque,
Where late you saw Octavian?

ROQUE.

Good faith, in the very bosom, here, of the
Sierra de Ronda. With a full heart, and an empty
bottle, was I trudging from Granada to Seville—
to bring the sad news of my master, Count Vi-
rolet, your ladyship's brother, being taken by the
Moors: when in crossing the mountain, here, among
other game started by the way, I at last put up
a man—(Don Octavian, as your ladyship knows)
who sprung from a thicket, and flew from my
sight like a wild duck.

FLORANTHE.

Alas, for pity! after twelve long months,
To meet him thus again! Now hear me, Roque—
I think thou art attach'd to all our house;
For I have heard my late lost father say,
Ere thou could'st list thy service had begun in't.

ROQUE.

If my mother's word may pass, lady, I held my
first birth-day in't, up four pair of stairs, in the
right hand garret that looks over the fish-pond:
And if ever I prove thankless for being born in
the one, I would I might, that moment, be dragg'd
thro' the other.

FLORANTHE.

Thou didst first trudge an urchin to the field
With my poor father:—lately thou hast follow'd
My brother Virolet. Though train'd to arms,
And a rough soldier, Roque, I think thou can'st
Extend

Extend thy honest love of this our family
E'en to a female of the stock.

ROQUE.

A soldier, lady, can extend his love to the female of any family. But to you, Donna Floranthe, daughter of my old master, and sister of my young one!—What would not I give now to see you beset with a good round dozen of your enemies!—Well, I am getting in years—but they should have a taste of old Roque's skill in the cudgel, yet.

FLORANTHE.

I do believe thee, Roque :—therefore, good fellow,

To-morrow, when we seek this mountain's gloom,
Searching its' caves, and tangled labyrinths,
Where the wolf nightly howls against the moon,
And lawless Plunder, on his hungry watch,
Lurks, meditating murder—then, good Roque,
Should any ill befall,—and heaven knows
What may befall me!—

ROQUE.

What! Donna Floranthe! and I with you?—
They must fight hard, lady, that would harm you.
—An you take the road to dying, Madam, by
your leave, I must go foremost.

FLORANTHE.

I would not have it so, good Roque. Live
thou,
Whate'er betide, to tell my simple story;
Lest slander blot a luckless maiden's fame,
And no one left to clear her memory.

ROQUE.

ROQUE.

Truly, Madam, I am the worst teller of a story of any in Spain. I can only say that my old master, your father, bid you love Don Octavian; but as old Gentlemen will sometimes change their minds, he, after a while, charged you to love another—which ill suiting Don Octavian's humour, he fairly ran his rival through the body; fled in despair; and hadn't been heard of for a twelvemonth—'till I started him here in the woods:—when coming to tell you the news, I found my old master, rest his soul! at peace; you single; the wounded man recovered, and married to a rich one-ey'd widow, of Salamanca.

FLORANTHE.

* 'Twill be a faithful history, old soldier.

ROQUE.

I trust not, Madam: for I shall then proceed to specify that you went forth, in search of your lover, and died by the way; which I hope, saving your presence, will be one of the roundest lies that ever found passage thro' the mouth of a soldier.

Enter LOPE TOCHO—(with a bottle and glass.)

FLORANTHE.

Now, friend, hast thou prepar'd my chamber?

TOCHO.

'Twould ha' done your heart good to see the warming-pan slide between the white sheets; you will sleep in air'd snow, Signior. Would it please you take a whet, ere you creep betwixt 'em?

(Offering the wine),

FLORANTHE.

FLORANTHE.

Not a drop, host; I will to rest: and Roque,
Get thee to bed. We must away at dawn, host.
Refresh thee, Roque—and so good night, good
fellow. *[Exit.]*

TOCHO.

Do you not follow your master, to help him
undress, friend?

ROQUE.

That is *my* business, friend.

TOCHO.

By our lady, I never found a gentleman know
his own business better, and do it worse! what
may thy master be, friend?

ROQUE.

That is *his* business, friend:—but for me, I am
a soldier; and have learnt somewhat in the wars.

TOCHO.

Aye, marry—I would fain know what 'tis.

ROQUE.

'Tis, when I see a knave thrust his nose into the
business of another, to tweak it very lustily.

TOCHO.

Signior, I do reverence a soldier—but I never
much cared to see him go through his manœuvres.

ROQUE.

Follow. I shall to the loft, and turn in, an hour
or two. Bring the bottle after me, and place it
on the hay-truss, where I lay me down.

[Exit, up the ladder into the loft.]

G

TOCHO.

TOCHO.

And, if I carry my countenance near the finger and thumb of such a nose-tweaker again, I would my face might want a handle ever after. Oons! I shall dream of nothing, all night, but the huge paw of a trooper.—Tweak! well—let him but lye one hour in the loft, and he'll be the best flea-bitten bully in Andalusia. [Exit.

SCENE II. *The Sierra de Ronda.*

Enter VIROLET, ZORAYDA, and KILMALLOCK.

VIROLET.

Love, not a word? Good faith, it is no wonder, Thou must be sadly worn, Zorayda! Sleep hangs upon those pretty eyes of thine, And dulls their lustre. Art not wond'rous weary?

ZORAYDA.

The Spirit, Christian, that did prompt my flight, Will give me strength, I warrant, to endure it. 'Twere evil in me to forget my father— But, were he now less heavy on my thoughts, I should be found a stouter traveller.

KILMALLOCK.

What a sweet little Moor it is!—Och! she can never be her father's daughter. By Saint Dominick, Count, this same escaping from fatiguing work is mighty hard labour.

VIROLET.

A few leagues more, and we shall reach the town

That

That skirts this mountain.—There, to horse again;
 And thence to Seville:—to my friends, Zorayda!
 Where the strong power of our holy Church
 Shall seal my title to the sweetest convent
 That ever yet abjured her heresy,
 And shelter'd in it's bosom.

ZORAYDA.

Wou'd we were there! for though I have been
 told

Your duty teaches patience to the sufferer,
 I fear this painful march may make me peevish;
 And that were sinful. Do not mock me, love;
 But I shall prove, I doubt, a sorry Christian.

KILMALLOCK.

Oh, faith, you'll be as good as the best. I never
 knew a young Christian lady, yet, that was not
 impatient when she was going to be married.—
 Well, this mountain is what they call the Sierra
 de Ronda—close to the borders of Andalusia—
 here we are in the middle of it—with as fine a
 prospect of a dark night, as a traveller would
 wish to look round upon.

VIROLET.

Would our companions were come up! 'tis
 strange
 They loiter thus, Zorayda! I tremble in these
 wilds,
 For my poor Agnes.

KILMALLOCK.

And that copper devil, Sadi, too! Certain now,
 our horses founder'd at the foot of the mountain
 that he might stay behind to look after them:—
 and the girl sat down, weeping, by his side, to
 help him.

G 2

ZORAYDA.

ZORAYDA.

Poor wench! her heart is stored with kindness.

KILMALLOCK.

Och, it's brimful. But this is the first time I ever heard squatting down to cry was the way to help a man to pull horses out of the mire.

VIOLET.

Wilt forward, sweet? or shall we tarry for them?

ZORAYDA.

Sooth, I am weary now—Yet I could on—
And yet I could not.—Shall I tell thee, love;—
I could not leave this honest wench behind,
And sleep in quiet. She is humble born;
But trust me, Christian, I do see no cause
Why I should blush in feeling for the lowly.
The peasant, pining on his bed of straw,
Should draw as warm a tear from melting pity,
As when a monarch suffers.

VIOLET.

Lovely excellence!
Virtue, all sweet before, steals o'er thy lip
As the soft breeze that bends the modest rose,
Grown sweeter in it's passage. Thou may'st
preach
When rigid schoolmen fail, and win with gentle-
ness;
Cause even shame to spread the proud man's
cheek,
And make the world in love with charity.
(Drum beats at a distance).
Hark! heard you not a distant drum, Kilmal-
lock?

KILMALLOCK.

KILMALLOCK.

Faith, and it is a drum! It does a soldier's heart good to hear it thump—though to be sure, now, it is not quite so convenient. These Moors, though they are most of 'em pen'd up in Granada, keep skirmishing, and trotting about all over the province. Friends or enemies, it isn't civil in 'em to keep a clatter at this time o'night, and disturb us lodgers in the mountain.

ZORAYDA.

I sink with terror.

KILMALLOCK.

Nay, that you shall not. It never shall be said, that a woman sunk in the hour of distress while a man stands by that can hold up her chin.

ZORAYDA.

Let us not forward now, beseech you, Violet; Trust me, there's danger in't.—Poor Agnes, too! Seek me some covert in this tufted mountain, Where, till the day appears, I may repose, And rest in safety.

VIOLET.

Come, Zorayda!
And the next bank, o'ercanopied with trees,
Must now, perforce, be thy rude lodging, sweet!
I, and my comrade, will watch near thee, cheerly!
So—cheerly!—all will yet be well.

(Exit Violet and Zorayda.)

KILMALLOCK.

I'll hover about here, as an out-post. When a man watches in the dark, by himself, on a mountain,

tain, he's rather apt to be lonesome; but if he chances to be upon duty there, to serve a friend, and guard female innocence, he needs but call in his own thoughts to be in mighty agreeable company. This love makes havock with man, woman, and child! tho', of a truth, the passion is somewhat blunted in me, since I left Tipperary.

S O N G,

KILMALLOCK.

At sixteen years old you could get little good
of me;
Then I saw Norah,—who soon understood of
me,
I was in love—but myself, for the blood of me,
Could not tell what I did ail.
Twas dear, dear! whan can the matter be!
Och! blood an ouns! what can the matter be!
Och, Gramachree! what can the matter be!
Bother'd from head to the tail.

I went to confess me to Father O'Flannagan;
Told him my case—made an end—then began
again:—
Father, says I, make me soon my own man again,
If you find out what I ail.
Dear, dear! says he, what can the matter be!
Och! blood an ouns! can't you tell what the
matter be?
Both cried out, what can the matter be!
Bother'd from head to the tail.

Soon I fell sick—I did bellow and curse again,—
Norah took pity to see me at nurse again:

Gave

Gave me a kifs ;—Och, zounds ! that threw me worse again !

Well, she knew what I did ail :—

But, dear, dear ! says she, what can the matter be !

Och, blood an ouns ! my lasfs, what can the matter be !

Both cried out what can the matter be !

Bother'd from head to the tail.

'Tis long ago now since I left Tiperary.—

How strange, growing older, our nature should vary !

All symptoms are gone of my ancient quandary—

I cannot tell *now* what I ail.

Dear, dear, what can the matter be !

Och, blood an ouns ! what can the matter be !

Och, Gramachree ! what can the matter be !

I'm bother'd from head to the tail. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *Another part of the Sierra de Ronda.*

In one part of the Scene, a cave overgrown with bushes : in another, a rude bank, with stumps of trees. (Day-break.)

Enter two GOATHERDS.

1st. GOATHERD.

See, yonder, where day peeps. Here is the cave, father : hang your wine-cag at the mouth on't, and then away to tend our goats.

2d. GOATHERD.

Poor Gentleman ! a sup on't may cheer his heart. (*Hangs the cag at the mouth of the cave.*)

'Tis

'Tis sorry lodging to be tenant of this cave for a twelvemonth, as he has been; and trust to Providence, and us Goatherds, for board. That a civil, well-favour'd Cavalier, should come to this pass!

1st. GOATHERD.

Civil! plague on him! When a'met me, i'the dusk, as a'straggl'd a league from this, a'snatch'd a brown loaf from my hand, and gave me a shower of thwacks on the shoulders for payment.

2d. GOATHERD.

Alas! boy, that was in his mood;—his melancholy.—'Twill, as thou know'st, trouble him fore at times; but it rarely lasts.

1st. GOATHERD.

Flesh! I know 'twill at times trouble others—and the soreness lasts a week after it. What affairs should call a melancholy Gentleman, like him, to our wild mountains?

2d. GOATHERD.

Diego, I do think I have hit on't.—I do think 'tis love has put him beside himself. Ask thy mother, boy, when she cross'd me in wooing, how I would sometimes start from reason.

1st. GOATHERD.

Troth, father, you have that trick still. I fear me, you have been ill cured.

2d. GOATHERD.

Out graceless!—Hush!—dost not hear him
sir?

1st. GOAT-

1st. GOATHERD.

Nay, then—come away father ; and leave your charity behind you!—an he should be in his mood now, we might as well meet the devil. Run, old man, or Melancholy will cudgel thee.—Away, father ! Away ! *[Exeunt.]*

Enter OCTAVIAN. (from the Cave.)

OCTAVIAN.

I cannot sleep.—The leaves are newly pull'd ;
And, as my burning body presses them,
Their freshness mocks my misery.—That frets
me—

And then I could outwatch the lynx. 'Tis
dawn.—

Thou hot and rolling Sun ! I rise before thee !
For I have twice thy scorching flames within
me,

And am more restless. Now to seek my willow—
That droops his mournful head across the brook ;

He is my calendar ; I'll score his trunk,
With one more long, long day of solitude !
I shall lose count, else, in my wretchedness ;
And that were pity.——Oh, Octavian !

Where are the times thy ardent nature painted,
When fortune smil'd upon thy lusty youth,
And all was sunshine?—Where the look'd-for
years,

Gaily bedeck'd with fancy's imagery,
When the high blood ran frolick through thy
veins,

And boyhood made thee sanguine?—Let them
vanish—

Prosperity's a cheat—Despair is honest ;
And will stick by me, steadily—I'll hug it—

H

Will

Will glut on't—why the greybeard tore her from
me,

Even in my soul's fond dotage. O! tis pastime
To see men, now, tug at each other's hearts:
I fear not—for my strings are crack'd already.
I will go prow!—but look I meet no fathers.
Now, willow!—O, Floranthe! [Exit.

Enter SADI and AGNES.

SADI.

A plague on all horses, mountains, and quag-
mires;—nay, keep a good heart, Agnes! Of all
the roads to Christianity this is the vilest that ever
good fellow travel'd. How fares it, Agnes?

AGNES.

O, Sadi! I shall never live through this moun-
tain.

SADI.

Nay, I warrant we'll do well. Do not flag—Do
not give way, thus, for my sake. Consider I must
support you, Agnes,—and, to see you thus, I can
scarce support myself. I have had my load of vexa-
tion ere now—but this is the first time I ever car-
ried double; and I know not well how to bear it.

AGNES.

Good faith, I do my best, Sadi—and I have one
comfort left me, still.

SADI.

Aye, I warrant—what is it, Agnes.?

AGNES.

Why you are with me, Sadi—should fatigue
wear me, and should I die in these wilds, you
would close yes of your poor Agnes;—
and

and I should go in peace, with one near me who has been so faithful to me.

SADI.

No, truly, Agnes, I could never do thee that office.] Close thy eyes!—I should have so much need to lift the napkin to my own, I could never see to perform it. What, thou art not faint, Agnes?

AGNES.

Trust me, very faint, Sadi:—and sick—sick at heart.

SADI.

With fasting, poor soul! These mountains would tease hunger into a fever; there are eatables perch'd upon every bush, but not a morsel that is'n't alive.

AGNES.

Fainter, and fainter!

SADI.

Rest you on this clump, Agnes—and if any thing may be found near us, to comfort thee, I'll fight for it through a—eh! a Cave! and a cag hung at the mouth on't. (*takes it down*). Wine, by the Koran! To see what Providence will do for a Christian! Were a Musselman fainting to death, this is the first thing Mahomet would kick out of his way. Drink, drink, Agnes! and much good may it do thy little heart! (*holds the cag to her mouth.*) How dost now?

AGNES.

Sooth it has cheered me;—but—

H 2

SADI

SADI.

Well?

AGNES.

Will not you drink, too, Sadi?

SADI.

Now does conscience make a stir within me, to know whether I am qualified to sup this liquor, or not. Dost think, Agnes, I am Christian enough, yet to venture? I travel in a gap here, between two persuasions, till I shall shortly fall to the ground.

AGNES.

Go to, man, thou need'st it; and there is much virtue in good wine.

SADI.

Nay, an there be virtue in't—(*drinks*) by Saint Francis, Agnes, thy religion is marvellous comfortable! Would we were safe settled in Andalusia! I shall make as chopping a subject for a christening as ever nurse put into the hands of a Friar. Can'st journey onward think you, Agnes?

AGNES.

Shall we overtake the Lady Zorayda?

SADI.

Nay, that's hopeless. We are bewildered here, in the woods;—and must e'en give up thoughts of seeing her, till we reach Seville.

AGNES.

Heaven send the dear lady be safe! I would
fain

Iain then rest me, Sadi : for in sooth, my legs fail me sadly.

SADI.

And here stands a cave, yawning as it would invite sleep. In, Agnes, and I'll keep guard. Truly, though the sheets be leaves, they promise to be well air'd ; for they bear the print of one who has lately slept in them.

AGNES.

You will not quit me, now ?

SADI.

I would quit life first. Should any venture to harm thee, they must taste what a Moor's dagger be made of. *(Puts Agnes into the cave.)*

Enter OCTAVIAN.

OCTAVIAN,

How now !

SADI.

Here is one willing to taste already. This, now, by the costliness of his robes, must be lord of this mansion. What would you ?

OCTAVIAN.

I would pass——
Deep in yon cave, to hide me from the sun :
His rising beams have tipt the trees with gold—
He gladdens men—but I do bask in sorrow.
Give way !——

SADI.

Mark you—I do respect sorrow too much to do it wilful injury. I am a Moor 'tis true—that is,

is, I am not quite a Christian—but I never yet saw man bending under misfortune, that I did not think it pleasure to lighten his load. Strive to pass here, and I must add blows to *your* burthen;—and that might haply break your back:—for, to say truth, I have now a treasure in this cave, that, while I can hinder it, sorrow shall never come nigh.

OCTAVIAN.

Death! must I burrow here with brutes, and find

My haunts broke in upon! my cares disturb'd!
Reptile! I'll dash thy body o'er the rocks,
And leave thee to the vultures.

SADI.

Friend, you'll find me too tough to be serv'd up to 'em. An they must dine upon one of us, we will see which will afford them a picking.

(They struggle—Agnes rushes from the cave between them.)

AGNES.

O, Sadi;—for my sake!—Gentleman!—hold!

OCTAVIAN.

Woman!

SADI.

Aye; and touch her at your peril.

OCTAVIAN.

Not for the worth of worlds. Thou lovest her?—
Mark—

He who would cut the knot that does entwine,
And link two loving hearts in unison,

May

May have man's form ;—but at his birth,—be
 sure on't—

Some devil thrust sweet Nature's hand aside,
 Ere she had pour'd her balm within his breast,
 To warm his gross and earthy mould with pity.

SADI.

This fellow now is like a great melon :—with
 a rough outside, and much sweetness under it. It
 seems as thou wert sent ragged Embassador, here,
 from a strange nation, to treat with the four-foot
 citizens of this mountain :—and as we are un-
 known in these parts, we will e'en throw our-
 selves on thy protection.

OCTAVIAN.

Some paces hence, there is a goatherd's cot,
 Begirt with brake, and bush—and weather-proof—

AGNES.

Let us thither, Sadi.

SADI,

Content.

OCTAVIAN.

I'll lead thee to't : for I am high in office
 In Cupid's cabinet :—I bear the torch
 Before the little god ; and 'tis my care
 To shield from peril true love's votaries,

SADI.

I knew he was a great man—but I never heard
 mention before of such a place of dignity. Along,
 good fellow ! and we'll follow thee.

OCTAVIAN.

OCTAVIAN.

They shall not part you:—for I know what 'tis
 When worldly knaves step in, with silver beards,
 To poison blifs, and pluck young souls afunder.—
 O! wander, boundless love, across the wild!
 Give thy free passion scope, and range the wilderness!

Crib not thyself in cities—for 'tis there
 The thrifty, grey philosopher inhabits,
 To check thy glowing impulse in his child.
 Gain is the old man's god; he offers up
 His issue to't;—and mercenary wedlock
 Murders his offspring's peace.—they murdered mine—

They tore it from my bosom by the roots,
 And with it, pluck'd out hope! Well, well, no matter—

Despair burns high within me, and it's fire
 Serves me for heart, to keep my clay in motion.—
 Follow my footsteps.

AGNES.

Out, alas! his wits are turn'd. Do not venture with him, Sadi; he will do us a mischief.

SADI.

Truly the tenement of his brain seems somewhat out of repair; yet, if he brings you to a place of safety, Agnes—I know not whether we should take this crazy Gentleman as a guide, or trust to reason;—which, indeed, is but a poor director of the road when a man has lost his way. Wilt lead us safe, now?

OCTAVIAN.

Be sure on't.

SADI.

SADI.

Tuck thyself under my arm, Agnes. Now out scymetar!—Bring us to this same Goatherd's, and thou shalt have the best acknowledgments gratitude can give thee. If thou ventur'est to harm *her* (*pointing to Agnes*) I'll quickly stir the fire in thy bosom thou talkest of, and this shall serve for the poker. (*showing his scymetar.*)

OCTAVIAN.

Should the gaunt wolf cross lovers in their path,
I'd rend his rugged jaws; and he should bay
The moon no more, with howling. Thread the
thicket—
Follow love's messenger. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Goatherds, and Spanish pastoral characters,
male and female.*

3rd GOATHERD.

On brother Goatherds! by the mass, 'tis broad
day! and the blazing sun cries sluggard upon us.
Up to the pens, our goats will cheek else—they
have needed drink an hour ago.

4th GOATHERD.

Troth, brother, and so have we. When man
has a call for refreshment, 'tis but fit beast should
tarry 'till his better be serv'd before him. We
have walk'd a good half league from home—let
us wet our whistles, and then we will think on
the horns and long beards of our old cuckoldy
cattle.

I

SONG

SONG *and* CHORUS of GOATHERDS.

1st MAN.

Brother Goatherd, mark you me?
 Pledge me, when I drink to thee.
 Let us drain the skins of wine,
 Till our ruby noses shine.
 Mountain grapes, and mountain cheer,
 Warm the merry Mountaineer.

2nd MAN.

Let us push the wine about,
 Till the last, last drop is out:
 Then each Spanish man go
 And dance the Fandango,
 When jigging with lasses,
 How sweet the time passes,
 When mountain grapes, and mountain cheer,
 Have warm'd the merry Mountaineer!

WOMAN.

Sluggish Goatherds, haste away!
 The drooping cattle mourn your stay.
 Labour, till the sloping sun
 Tells you that your work is done;
 Then your rough brows with chaplets
 deck,
 And trimly dance to the rebeck:
 Then each Spanish man go
 And move the Fandango—
 When jigging with lasses,
 How sweet the time passes!
 When work is done, and mountain cheer,
 Warms the merry Mountaineer! [Exeunt.]

END OF ACT II.

A C T III.

SCENE I. *The Sierra de Ronda.*

Enter BULCAZIN MULEY, GANEM, and *Moorish*
Soldiers.

GANEM.

IN truth the men must rest, Sir.

BULCAZIN.

Must!

GANEM.

Perforce.

This long, and hurried march, has made them faint.
We are all nigh to drop.

BULCAZIN.

Here sink and rot, then—I will on alone—
Sluggard! the blisters, now, that gall thy feet,
Work upward to thy heart, and fester there—
Then thou wilt feel some touch of anguish in't,
Like that which thou hast fixed in mine. Thou
base,
Unmindful slave! who, in thy master's absence,
Should'st mark each fly that buzzes through his
portal,
Thy vigilance must nod upon its post,
While a vile Christian steals away my daughter.

I 2

GANEM.

GANEM.

Believe me, Sir—

BULCAZIN.

I will not, wretch, believe thee.
 Thou art—Yes, Ganem, yes I will believe thee.
 'Twas all my daughter's doing—'twas her nature;
 Her sex's wicked, wanton, subtle nature.
 Sure our wise Prophet thought his followers fools,
 When he first promis'd Woman for their paradise.
 Collect the wide world's womanhood together,
 And the huge zone that does encompass them
 Will bind up half the plagues that vex mankind:
 Heap them into a bulk, their airy falsehood
 Would poise a solid universe. To fly me!
 To fly her father—and so kind a father!
 If somewhat rough—that was the trick of battles
 Where I was bred—She knew I doated on her—
 When I have thought on what would charm the
 sense,
 Till it would almost ache with tenderness!
 Great Alla knows, I have named thee Zorayda!
 Then leave me thus—and break my poor old
 heart!
 And with a Christian too—Oh death and flame!
 Should she now cross me, though she smil'd upon
 me
 Like twenty dimpled Cherubims, my rage
 Would tear her limb from limb, and her sweet
 form
 Should scatter piece-meal thro' the desert.

GANEM.

Sir,
 I pray you be advised: think what is best
 To cheer your fainting people on the march.—
 Your

Your pardon, Sir, but this same flow of passion,
Unnerving you, and harassing your men,
Defeats the purpose of your enterprise.

BULCAZIN.

Check my full passion ! happy, happy fool !
Thou knowest not a fond parent's agony,
Deserted by his loved, ungrateful child.
O, my Zorayda ! dear, shameless girl !
Thou art delicious poison to my sense,
Most sweet, and yet most deadly. Out upon
thee !

To wind thee, like a snake, about my heart,
And sting as thou dost twine there. I could stab
thee,

In stern and rugged justice ; and affection
Would throw the weeping father on his knees,
To kiss the wound the much wrong'd judge had
made.

GANEM.

Beseech you, Sir, give order for your soldiery.

BULCAZIN.

A pestilence upon thee ! thou'rt a fiend
That grudgest me my sorrow's luxury,
And goad'st me when I would indulge on torture.
Tell me, again, of what these filth endure,
I'll cleave thy body, downward, from thy head,
To teach them how to labour, and be silent.

GANEM.

Think, Sir, it is in care alone for you
I pour unpleasing truth into your ear ;
Which, like a nauseous drug to the diseased,
Is given to work your welfare. 'Tis my duty—
Sooth, Sir, they cannot on.

BULCAZIN.

BULCAZIN.

Mad, senseless liar !
 Thou gallest me past endurance ; and hast pulled
 Thy death upon thee. *(Draws his scymetar.)*

GANEM.—*(Kneeling)*.

O, Sir, take my life !
 It is not worth the keeping—I have follow'd you,
 From infancy till now, in honest zeal—
 'Twould grieve me, Sir, to seek another master ;
 And, as my truth is grown displeasing to you,
 'Twere best you bring my service to a close,
 And e'en dispatch me here, at once.

BULCAZIN.—*(Softened)*.

Why, Ganem—
 I tell thee Ganem—Pshaw ! when we are form'd
 So much of mother marks our composition,
 It mars our manly resolution.—Ganem,
 I have a daughter—think on that, good Ganem ?
 And she has fled me—I do think thy counsel
 Is kindly meant—but spare it now, good fellow,
 My passions cannot brook it.—Have we stray'd ?
 Do we pursue their track ?

GANEM.

The peasant, Sir,
 Whom we did question, at the mountain's foot ;
 Pointed this path to Ronda. Thitherward
 Your daughter, as we trace it, must have
 journey'd.

BULCAZIN.

They shall not rest. Have I not shared their
 labour ?
 He who first murmurs on his march, dies for it.
 By Mahomet, I swear ! if I do hear

A single

A single Moor bewailing the fatigue
 His coward body suffers, on the instant,
 My scymetar shall search his body through!
 March slaves! away!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The outside of a Goatherd's cottage.*

SADI and AGNES discovered before the door at a
table, eating and drinking.

SADI.

Truly, eating is a mighty refreshing invention!
 This Olla Podrida of our friend the goatherd's,
 here, has a strange quality in't of raising the spirits.
 What is the reason on't Agnes? I never swallow-
 ed a meal before that made me so merry.

AGNES.

Out, you goose! 'tis the wine that thou hast
 drank. Wine thou knowest comforts man, and
 makes him light of heart, Sadi.

SADI.

What an advantage 'tis to a Catholic to be
 able thus to cork up comfort, and carry his hap-
 piness about with him, under his arm in a flaggon.
 —Pour some of this light-heartedness down thy
 sweet throat, Agnes. Had I a hundred vintages
 of welfare, I would leave them all untapped, if
 thou wert not by to share them with me.

(*Fill and drink.*)

AGNES.

AGNES.

'Tis sufficient, Sadi. (*rise.*) Thou knowest not the strength of liquor—too much on't would work to thy brain, and weaken reason.

SADI.

That must be because my skull is not, yet, altogether Christian. It could never happen to a regular head to grow weak with having strength cram'd into it.—Did'st repose well here, at the Goatherd's, Agnes?

AGNES.

Trust me, did I—but it had better pleased me had not you sat and watch'd, in the corner of the hut, while I rested:

SADI.

I could watch twenty years like a cat, to see you sleep so sweetly. What a pretty thing it is to be near the woman one loves when she's taking a nap! and check one's inclinations of kissing her eyelids, for fear of awaking her!—Should'st thou ever slumber at night with thy head upon my shoulder, Agnes, I wouldn't stir to disturb thee, though I were bit all over by a million of musquitos.

AGNES.

Away, you giddy pate!—Thou wilt be a right follower of the bottle shortly—when the liquor mounts, then thou wilt flatter me—and prate nonsense, like the best Christian toper of them all.

SADI.

Why look thee, sweet! Ere I loved a bottle—
I loved a woman.—And I am told he that sticks
fairly

fairly to the one, seldom behaves like a knave to the other.—My love for wine is but of a few hours growth—yet though I was enamour'd at first taste, I mean to stick by it with true Christian constancy—for it has let me into a secret, Agnes,—ev'ry drop I take of it, makes me find out how much delight I have in thy company—I grow fonder and fonder at every tipple.

AGNES.

Aye; so it would happen were any present but I.

SADI.

No, by Mahom——pish, that's a Musselman oath---and disgraces a mouth that has been wash'd with wine---by Saint Dominick! then, sweet Agnes,---should all the beauties of Spain be collected together like a huge row of filberts, I would pick thee from the cluster, nor think another nut in the whole grove worth the cracking.

AGNES.

Will thy love hold fast, now, after we are married, Sadi?

SADI.

Aye, marry, will it, and never let go. 'Tis in my nature, wench. You might as soon think to scour me white as scrub my love out of me. 'Tis of the lasting kind, Agnes, like my countenance. Mine is your true passion in grain—and will stand its colour at all seasons.

AGNES.

And, if thy skin grows dusky as thy love strengthens, Sadi, I should think thee pretty, though thy cheeks were as dark as a raven.

K

SADI.

SADI.

There is no accounting for the taste of a female. Were all women of thy mind, Agnes, what a number of vain, copper-faced gentlemen would strut about among the girls in Christian countries. We should frisk it through the towns, as merry as dogs in a market—and dingy puppies would be as plenty as those of a lighter complexion.—Shall we into the hut, and look to our poor crazy guide here?

AGNES.

O, Sadi, my heart bleeds for him! He will sit awhile, and look stedfastly on nothing—and then groan as piteous, as though 'twould rive his very body. Would we could comfort him!

SADI.

I will pour a flask of wine down his throat—an' that comfort him not, he is past cure in this world, and must look elsewhere for consolation.

DUET.

SADI and AGNES.

I.

Faint, and wearily, the way-worn traveller
 Plods, uncheerily, afraid to stop!
 Wand'ring, drearily, a sad unraveller
 Of the mazes tow'rd the mountain's top!
 Doubting, fearing,
 While his course he's steering—
 Cottages appearing,
 When he's nigh to drop—
 O! how briskly, then, the way-worn traveller
 Threads the mazes tow'rd the mountain's top!

II. Though

II.

Though so melancholy day has past by,
 'Twould be folly, now, to think on't more:—
 Blythe, and jolly, he the keg holds fast by,
 As he's fitting at the goatherd's door;

Eating, quaffing,
 At past labour laughing!
 Better, far, by half, in
 Spirits than before—

O! how merry, then, the rested traveller
 Seems, while sitting at the goatherd's door!

SADI.

Who comes here?

(Enter FLORANTHE and ROQUE.)

ROQUE.

Stand.

SADI.

Not the sooner for thy bidding—But when a
 blustering knave cries, Stand! I hold him to be
 little better than a cowardly fool that thinks of
 running away.

ROQUE.

Art not a Moor, and an enemy?

SADI.

I have now near two full flagons of Christianity
 within me, but I am somewhat Moorish as to
 impatience—therefore parley courteously, lest you
 get nothing but dry blows in exchange.

FLORANTHE.

Peace, peace, good Roque—and let me question
 him.

K 2

Tell

Tell me, beseech you, as you journeyed on,
Has it so chanc'd that there should cross your path
A man—good faith, it cuts my heart in twain
How to describe him.

SADI.

What kind of man?

FLORANTHE.

Lovely as day he was—but envious clouds
Have dim'd his lustre. He is as a rock,
Oppos'd to the rude sea that beats against it;
Worn by the waves, yet, still o'ertopping them,
In sullen majesty.—Rugged, now, his look—
For out, alas! Calamity has blur'd
The fairest pile of manly comeliness,
That ever rear'd its lofty head to heaven!
'Tis not of late that I have heard his voice;
But if it be not changed—I think it cannot—
There is a melody, in ev'ry tone,
Would charm the towering eagle in her flight,
And tame a hungry lion.

AGNES.

Never trust me, Sadi, if he means not our guide.

SADI.

Answer me to one point, and I can satisfy you.—
Will he fly at a man that keeps him three seconds
out of an ill-made bed?—Is he crazy?

ROQUE.

Crazy!—Now do my fingers itch to beat this
unmannerly morsel of dinginess.

SADI.

Hark ye, rough Sir—Should occasion serve, I
can go to cuffs with as good will as another.

FLO-

FLORANTHE.

Prithee be calm, Roque—Now to answer thee—
 He whom we seek—thro' wayward circumstance,
 And crosses of the time,—tho', in the main,
 His reason is most clear—will in some sort—
 (We learn it on the skirts here of the mountain)
 Start into passion—and his matter, then,—
 Tho' method ever tempers his discourse,—
 May seem, I fear, to those who know him not,
 Like idle phantasy.

SADI.

Truly, such a description might suit this fiery
 gentleman, your follower,—who starts into pas-
 sion with little or no cause—But such a man have
 I seen—such a man, in pure kindness, has con-
 ducted us hither—and such a man is now within,
 in the hut here.

FLORANTHE.

Here!—Mercy, heaven!

ROQUE.

Nay, nay, bear up, lady! Our labour now
 will soon have an end—All will be well, I war-
 rant; lead us in, my good fellow!

SADI.

Good fellow! This is one of your weathercock
 knaves, now, that point always as the wind veers.
 A sudden puff of my information has blown him
 round to civility. (*Aside*).—In, and I'll conduct
 you.—We must wait awhile, however, in the
 outward nook of the hovel;—for to thrust our-
 selves suddenly into the presence of so moody a
 gentleman, might haply offend his dignity. Come,
 Agnes.

AGNES.

AGNES.

Have with you, Sadi.

SADI.

Nay, I would not budge an inch without thee,
sweet!—In, young Sir, and I'll shew thee.

FLORANTHE.

Lead—and we'll follow.

ROQUE.

Pray ye, be of good heart.

FLORANTHE.

Well, well—I tremble sadly!

[*Exeunt.*]SCENE III. *Inside of a Goatherd's cottage.**Enter OCTAVIAN and a GOATHERD.*

GOATHERD.

Neither food nor repose! well, 'tis strange!
will nothing persuade you to take refreshment,
gentle Sir?

OCTAVIAN.

Nothing that thou can'st say.—Why thou art
old:
And 'tis the trick of age to proffer gifts,
Merely to teize the wretch that would accept
them.

GOATHERD.

Nay, by our lady!

OCTAVIAN.

OCTAVIAN.

Hark ye—ere now, there came a hoary cheat,
 And placed before my eyes the richest fare
 That ever tempted glutton :—What do'st think ?
 When I would taste, he whipt it from the board,
 And thrust me forth to starve :—but he was
 fool'd :
 For then I drank huge draughts of sorrow down,
 And banqueted on tears.

GOATHERD.

Mass ! 'twas a sorry method of regaling ! were
 I given to revelry, I would look for liquor of
 another brewage.

OCTAVIAN.

Thou'dst look for any thing to swell thy store,
 Tho' thy full bags were bursting. Were the road
 To one poor ducat paved with youthful hearts,
 Sprinkle grey hairs upon a fellow's pate,
 He'd trample o'er them all, to catch at it.
 Where are thy children ?

GOATHERD.

I have but one—one only daughter—and alas !
 she has gone I know not whither ! Pedro had had
 my consent to woo her, had he not been altogether
 poor ; and now she has stray'd away in despair,
 because I would not see her wed unhappily.

OCTAVIAN.

Why 'twas well done.—'Twas justice on thy
 avarice,
 To doom thyself to living purgatory ;
 And fix without thy breast the gnawing thought
 That

That thou hast driven forth thy innocent child,
Through the wide globe, a friendless wanderer.
O, thou wilt thrive, now, in the shuffling croud
Of this world's traffick!—When the drover comes,
Sell him thy rotten goats, and rate them found
As those of highest market.—Cheat thy neighbour ;

Fleece him, and fear not ;—glut thyself on plunder ;
For thou art sunk so low in hell, for this,
There is no guilt in vice's catalogue,
Can plunge thee deeper.
See who 'tis that knocks. (*A knocking without.*)

GOATHERD

I will, Sir ;—but I am not as you would picture me, for all your saying. I have not lived forty years, on the credit of my cattle, to offer rotten rams for sale, at this time of day, and pass them current.—I shall to the door, Sir. [*Exit.*]

OCTAVIAN. (*pulls a portrait from his bosom.*)

Out bauble !—let me kiss thee !—sweet Floranthe !

When the cold Limner drew thy semblance here,
How charm'd I sat, to mark the modest flush
That virgin nature threw into thy face,
As the dull clod unmoved did stare upon thee,
To pencil out thy features' character !
Those times are past, Floranthe !—yet 'tis comfort
To bring remembrance full upon the eye :—
'Tis soothing, to a fond, and care-worn heart,
To drop a tear on the loved lineaments
Of her it ne'er must hope to meet again !

Enter ROQUE.

ROQUE.

Now know not I how to accost him. Poor gentleman !

gentleman! Times are sadly changed with him, since I saw him fresh, and well caparisoned, gazing on my young lady, in my old master's mansion, at Seville. I do not, altogether think my heart is tough enough for my trade:—it has too many soft places in it, and the misfortunes of another are apt to take the advantage of them; and disable me from fighting through the rough work of the world with firmness.—Signior! do you not remember my countenance?

OCTAVIAN.

No—Providence has flubber'd it in haste.
'Tis one of her unmeaning compositions
She manufactures when she makes a gross.
She'll form a million such—and all alike—
Then send them forth, ashamed of her own work,
And set no mark upon them. Get thee gone.

ROQUE.

Get me gone!—Ah! Signior! the time has been when you would question old Roque kindly after his health, as he lifted up the latch to give you admittance to poor Donna Floranthe.

OCTAVIAN.

Thou hast shot lightning through me!—Art thou—stay!
That sound was thrilling music! O, Floranthe!
I thought not e'en the magick of thy name
Could make a heart, so long benumb'd with misery,
Leap as 'twould burst its prison.--Do not mock me;
If thou dost juggle, now, I'll tear thee----Hold!
Aye, I remember;—and as I peruse thee,
Past times rush in upon me, with thy face;

L

And

And many a thought of happiness, gone by,
Does flash across my brain. Let me not wander.
Give me thy hand, Roque.—I do know thy
errand :

And 'tis of import, when thou journey'st, thus,
The trackless desert to seek sorrow out.
Thou comest to tell me my Floranthe's dead :—
But we will meet again, sweet !—I will back,
With thee, old honesty ; and lay me down,
Heart-broke, at last, beside her shrouded corse,
Kiss her cold cheek, then fly to her in heaven !

ROQUE.

I would I were in the midst of a battle—I
know not how 'tis—I have faced many a man in
the field ; but this is an engagement that makes
my spirits sink down to my very heels, I do verily
believe my courage, in my old age, begins to
dwindle.

OCTAVIAN.

Tell me, old Roque ! tell me Floranthe's fol-
lower !
Shall we not, when the midnight bell has toll'd,
Beguile the drunken sacrist of his key ?
Then steal in silence, up the church's aisle,
To sprinkle Cypress on her monument.

ROQUE.

An this hold, I shall blubber outright, like a
female baby. I must muster my own resolution
that I may rally his.—Why, how now, Signior,
shame on this weakness !—were all to bend like
you, when they meet disappointment, I know
not who in this juggling life would walk upright.
Pluck

Pluck up your manly spirits, Signior! your Floranthe lives—aye, and is true to you—now, by Saint Dominick I bring tidings that will glad you.

OCTAVIAN.

I pray you, do not sport with me, old man—
Jeer not the wretched—I have worn away
Twelve weary months in anguish: I have sat,
Darkling, by day in caverns—and, at night,
Have fix'd my eyes so long upon the moon,
That I do fear my senses are, in part,
Sway'd by her influence. I'm past jesting with.

ROQUE.

I never, Signior, was much given to jesting—
and he who sports with the misfortunes of another,
though he may bring his head into repute
for fancy, does his heart little credit for feeling.
I had rather be accounted a well-disposed dullard,
than an excellent-witted knave. Rest you quiet,
Signior!—Here is one waiting without, that I
have brought along with me, who will comfort
you. Nay, I pray you, now, be patient—If this
be the work of bringing lovers together, heaven
give him joy who makes a trade on't! for in fifty
years that Time has clapp'd his saddle on my
back, he never so sorely gall'd my old withers as
now. [Exit.

OCTAVIAN.

Habit does much—I do begin to think,
Since Grief has been so close an inmate with me,
That I have strain'd her nearer to my bosom
Than I *had* press'd her, had the chequer'd scene,
Which rouses man, who mixes with his kind,
Kept me from dotage on her.—Our affections

L 2

Must

Must have a rest—and sorrow, when secluded,
 Grows strong in weakness.—Pen the body up
 In solitary durance, and, in time,
 The human soul will idly fix its fancy
 E'en on some peg, stuck in the prison's wall,
 And sigh to quit it.—Sure I am not mad!—
 Floranthe's lost—and since my stubborn frame
 Will stand the tug—I'll to the heated world—
 Fit mingler in the throng, miscall'd Society.

(Enter FLORANTHE).

(A pause—He gazes on her for some time).

What art thou?—speak—that face—yet this
 attire—

Floranthe!—No—It cannot—Oh! good heaven!
 Vex not a poor weak creature thus! Floranthe?
 How my sight thickens—Speak—

FLORANTHE.

Octavian!

OCTAVIAN.

That voice!—It is—So long too!—Let me
 clasp thee—

(Runs to meet her—staggers—and falls on his face).

FLORANTHE.

O, I did fear this—my Octavian—
 To see thee thus!—Why, Roque—Alas, Octa-
 vian,
 Revive, or thou wilt kill me—'Tis Floranthe,
 Thy own Floranthe—

Enter ROQUE, (who assists OCTAVIAN.)

OCTAVIAN *(recovering).*

It has chanced, before,
 That I have dreamt this—and, when I awoke,
 Big

Big drops did stand upon my clay-cold front,
 As they do now, the vision did so shake me.
 'Tis there again—Brain! brain!—Why, aye, that
 hand—

Pray let me kiss it—O, 'tis she!—'Tis real—
 For my strong pulse is still so sensible
 To ev'ry touch of thine, that the sweet contact
 'Strikes certain to it; and now it throbs intelli-
 gence.

How comes this?—are you here to scoff me, lady?
 Alas, Floranthe, I am sadly chang'd
 Since last we parted!

FLORANTHE.

Look not so wildly,
 Scoff thee, Octavian! Ah, thou little know'st
 How often I have wept away the night
 With thinking on thy fortunes—but, alas!
 I ne'er thought this!—O! what hast thou endur'd!
 Wand'ring, expos'd, unshelter'd!

OCTAVIAN.

Pish, that's nothing—
 I heeded not the storm:—Why, I remember,
 When last the forked lightning struck me down,
 I lay upon the rock, and smil'd to see
 The feeble malice of the elements.
 'Tis here,—here only, I am vulnerable.

(Pointing to his breast.)

I have been gall'd too deep within, Floranthe,
 To think upon the petty sufferance
 Felt by a holiday and silken fool,
 When the rough tempest beats against his body.

FLORANTHE.

You cut my heart across. Pray you, be com-
 forted;

I will

I will pour balm into thy bleeding wounds,
And heal them up for ever.

OCTAVIAN.

Get thee back—

He who would snatch thee from me, tho' he fell,
(Fell by this arm)—met not his death by me:
(I had not fled three days ere I did learn it)
And sure thy father, whose delight it is
To torture faithful love, has giv'n thee to him.
The thought does mad me; get thee to thy husband.

FLORANTHE.

Then let me greet him here—for here, Octavian,
In firm and maiden holiness, I swear,
If *thou* dost never lead me to the altar,
My life shall waste in cloister'd solitude;
And when the passing-bell proclaims me dead,
Our convent's votarists will chaunt their dirge,
To grace a virgin sister's funeral.

OCTAVIAN.

How's this?—What has thy father then—impossible!—
Does he relent?

FLORANTHE.

Alas! he is no more;
(I needs must grieve, for still he was my father)
And he who stood between thy love and thee,
Is wedded to another.

OCTAVIAN.

Art thou mine, then!

(*Bursts into hysterical laughter*).

Faith, I am very weak:—pray pardon me,
'Tis somewhat sudden this—I am unused

To

To any touch of joy, and it o'ercomes me.
I shall weep soon, and then I shall be better.

FLORANTHE.

Nay, calm thy spirits—prithee now—

OCTAVIAN.

Well, well.—

Look on me, sweet! my own beloved Floranthe!
O! many a time, in anguish, have I brought
That angel form before my fancy's eye,
'Till my hot brain has driv'n me thro' the wild,
Daring, by night, the precipice's edge,
To clasp thy airy phantom. This repays me.
O! plunge me, deep, in Ætna's smoky gulph,
And I could wallow, calmly, in her fires,
Like lazy shepherds basking in the sun,
To hold thee thus at last!

FLORANTHE.

Restrain this passion.
These starts do wear thee sadly.

OCTAVIAN.

Let us on.

As I do cool, I shudder at myself;
And look, with horror, back, upon this waste,
Where, cheerless, I have stray'd, shut out from
man,
A solitary wild inhabitant.
Have with thee, sweet! I know each turn and
thicket.

Already I have felt what 'tis to lose thee:
'They take my life who tear thee from me now;
For death alone shall part us. Come Floranthe!
[Exeunt.]

SCENE

SCENE IV. *The Sierra de Ronda.*

Enter VIROLET, ZORAYDA, and KILMALLOCK.

VIROLET.

I tell thee, thou dost lead us wrong, Kilmallock,
See, here,—we measure back the self same steps
That we have trod before.

KILMALLOCK.

Faith, Count, then this falls out according to
my old luck. How hard it is upon industrious
travellers who follow their noses on a journey, to
find out they have only been walking backwards
after all.—If the world do go round, as they say,
certain it has taken a twist extraordinary in the
night; else, the two sides of the mountain could
never have fairly changed places.

VIROLET.

Droop not, Zorayda—let not the crosses
We meet with, on our way, dishearten thee.
These difficulties, ever make the sweets
We labour for, when once attain'd, seem sweeter.
I prithee be of comfort.

ZORAYDA.

I will strive
To keep my heart from sinking: yet these perils
Might shake a firmer spirit. As I slept,
I dream't my father came to me in wrath,
And held a dagger o'er me.

KILMALLOCK.

KILMALLOCK.

I seldom knew a woman go to sleep that she did not dream upon mischief. Of a truth, though, when a grim fellow flourishes his dagger before the closed eyes of a lady, it must make her lye a little uneasy.—Well, 'tis no wonder we have, at last, lost our road; for the devil of any thing like one is there in this whole abominable Sierra de Ronda.

VIROLET.

Yon rock, which rises in a rugged spire,
O'er topping his bleak fellows, does appear
The mountain's utmost summit. Could we
climb it,
Perchance, we might descry some distant town,
To serve us, as a beacon, on our way.

KILMALLOCK.

By my foul, now, you have hit on't. What an advantage it is to a head to be gifted with brains. I had ponder'd all day ere I had stumbled on such an expedient—which carries with it only one small objection.

VIROLET.

What is't, Kilmallock?

KILMALLOCK.

'Tis so steep and perpendicular, that old Satan himself could never get up.

VIROLET.

Tut, man, I warrant—we'll assist each other.

KILMALLOCK.

Faith, and that's true again:—but I defy any human creature living to master it alone, but a cat or a monkey.

M

VIROLET.

VIROLET.

Sure nought can harm her here—sweet, rest
awhile:

Straight we will both return ;—and bring, I trust,
The clue to wind thee (ere the sun has set)
From this same briary labyrinth.

ZORAYDA.

I pray you,
Wander not far, now,—when I am alone,
I shall turn toward here.

VIROLET.

Nay, nay, be patient.
'Tis for thy good, or sooth I would not leave thee.
Come honest comrade, and I swear to thee,
On a rough soldier's word, I know not how
E'er to requite thy friendship.

KILMALLOCK.

Pish, Count! what for scrambling up a rock!
—when I was a green-horn I would have gone
as far after a bird's nest.—O! Saint Iago! may
the man that falters to risk his neck for a friend,
and a female, in a mountain, break it while he's
a boy climbing for eggs in an orchard!

(Exeunt Virolet and Kilmallock.)

ZORAYDA.

I know not why it is, at this our parting,
My blood should flow so chilly thro' my veins!
'Tis not fatigue ;—for I have slept.—Is't fear?
Sure no—for I do now most firmly trust
There is a Power to throw its sacred shield
Before the zealous follower of its laws,
And ward off every danger.—I will rest me

Till

'Till they come back again—for there is something,

Strange and unwonted, weighs upon my spirit,
'Till my weak body totters. (*Rests on a bank.*)

Enter BULCAZIN MULEY.

BULCAZIN.

Curfes on them——

Fortune has pour'd her dregs of malice on me,
And pack'd these weak and halting knaves together

To check my expedition.—Ev'ry Moor.

Measures his swarthy length upon the ground:

Beneath each bush there lies a fainting soldier.

That Ganem too should drop!—O! could I blow

One spark of a wrong'd father's rage among them,

The lusty band would march the world about,

As vigorously as the mountain deer

Will bound away a league. Still I will forward.

Should I o'ertake the changeling plodding, now,

Her way, with this same Christian runagate,

Were every limb unstrung with lassitude,

I think the loathsome fight would nerve my arm

To strike her dead before me. Soft! by Ma-

homet!

'Tis she!—Alone too—she seems weak and sinking.

O, my poor child!—my stubborn, wayward child!

Shame on't!—I shall forget my injuries——

Zorayda!——

ZORAYDA (*rising.*)

O heaven and earth!—my father!

BULCAZIN.

Aye—look on me—thou can'st not—well that's something—

M 2

There

There still is left some touch of shame within thee—

Tell me, thou viper—what is't choaks me thus?
Oh! thou hast broke thy poor old father's heart!
My curses on thee! thy ingratitude,
Thy infamy—what made thee fly me?

ZORAYDA.

Conscience——

The holy zeal that led me from thy house
Burns high within me, now:—that frown, my
father,

Would kill me else.—'Tis true I am your child!—
Stab me—I'll kiss the hand that gives me death—
But I would languish ages out in torture,
Ere I would quit that heaven-directed path,
The strong resistless movements of my soul
Do bid me follow.

BULCAZIN.

Why 'tis bravely said.——

Down passion, down—our parley shall be brief—
One point, and I have done. Tell me, Zorayda:—
I'd have it from thy lips—for circumstance
May hang a doubt upon't—and tell me true—
Is there a —— pshaw! I cannot utter it:—
Hast a companion in thy flight?

ZORAYDA.

My father,
I should disgrace the faith I follow now,
To utter falsehood to thee. There is one
Whose form and gallant bearing I confess,
Captur'd my maiden fancy; he has stray'd
Across this mountain with me: Yet, I swear,
My thought is not so loose and idly bent
To dwell on outward show. I had ne'er follow'd
him,

Had

Had he not prov'd himself well-school'd in honour,
And a right Christian.

BULCAZIN.

Pestilence and torture !
Dost own it, wretch ? Thou hast disgrac'd in thee
Thy father's blood ; and justice, which has slept,
Now rouses, and will shed it.
{Offers to kill her.}

Enter OCTAVIAN, FLORANTHE, and ROQUE.

OCTAVIAN.

Ruffian, hold !
Advance thy arm the tythe part of an hair
To injure helpless woman, by my soul,
(Prove but my weapon true) thy turban'd head
Shall roll a trunkless ball upon the ground,
For crows to peck at.

BULCAZIN.

Busy fools, begone !
Ye do seem Christian—and it shocks my sight
To look on any of your tribe—get hence—
Nor cross a father's vengeance on his child.
I could have pardon'd her, had she not stoop'd
To mingle with thy herd—but she has fled
Our holy prophet's laws—fled, like a wanton,
To wander with a dog of thy persuasion.

OCTAVIAN.

Love and religion mingled ! brighter flames
Ne'er glow'd within a virgin beauty's bosom :
And thou would'st smother them.—Thou'rt a
true father !
Wretch !—Should the savage spirit that gives
strength

To

To twenty thousand Moors now brace thy sinews,
 I'd grapple with thee, thus, nor quit my hold
 'Till I had offer'd thee a sacrifice
 On injur'd Love's pure altar.

*(They grapple — Octavian overthrows
 Bulcazin Muley.)*

ZORAYDA.

O heaven! my father--my dear father, save
 him.—

Enter VIROLET and KILMALLOCK.

VIROLET.

Zorayda—her father—stop thy hand—
 'Twere better thou didst plunge thy weapon here,
 Home to my very heart, than let it fall
 On him thou hast o'erthrown.—By heav'n, it is
 The lost Octavian!

OCTAVIAN,

Thy word can charm me.
 Thou art Floranthe's brother—and I swear
 For no man else could I restrain the transport
 That gushes on my soul, when I have pull'd,
 At last, one flinty father to my feet,
 Who tears the bands of virtuous love asunder,
 And strews his children's path with thorns.
(Gives the scymetar to Virolet.)

VIROLET *(to Bulcazin)*.

Sir, this which I restore into your hand,
 I fear me, in my absence, has been rais'd
(Receive it now) against a daughter's life:
 He for whose sake you would bereave her of it
 Is bred in Christian faith—and it does teach him
 To shelter yours; and, in the hour of anguish,
 To offer succour to his enemy.

KILMALL.

KILMALL.

Spoke, Count, like a noble gentleman. O, let a Christian alone for a good action—he'll do you twenty in a breath without preaching—when a Musselman will shut up his Koran to go kick his fellow-creatures about like a parcel of foot-balls.

BULCAZIN.

Christian, it seems I owe my life to thee ;
 'Tis a vast debt that thou hast heap'd upon me,
 And I have now a something working here
 Does urge me to requite thee—Trust me, Christian,
 The rough and dusky bosom of a Moor
 Does carry feeling in it.—My Zorayda,
 My child, come hither to me—O this struggle !
 Zorayda, thy mother once was Catholick—
 Her nature haply rises in thee—Well,
 I see 'twere vain to check it.—Take her, Christian,
 But speak not to me now—my heart is full.
 I will as far as Ronda with thee—there
 We may confer more calmly.

ZORAYDA.

O, my father !

VIROLET.

This is a gift indeed !

KILMALL.

O, it does a man good to see kindness stealing into the breast of a Musselman ! I fancy a Moor's heart isn't much prone to melting—but when once it begins, faith it keeps giving way by degrees, like a cold thaw.

FLORANTHE.

And now our tossing passions have a pause ;
 Here let me greet a brother.

VIROLET.

VIROLET.

Can it be!
Floranthé here, and thus too!

ROQUE.

Aye, by my faith, my young master, we are all met—and a cross dance we have had on't to bring us together—but my old heart bounds at the meeting.

VIROLET.

My sister, and Octavian too!—'tis strange!
How comes this?

FLORANTHE.

By your patience, gentle brother:
'Tis a long tale we must deliver thee.
Yours we would know too—as we journey on,
We will discourse upon't—Mean time, be sure
Our travel ends in peace and honour.

VIROLET.

Prove
But this, Floranthé, ev'ry way I'm blest.

FLORANTHE.

Rest satisfied.

(Enter SADI and AGNES).

SADI.

Nay, come on, Agnes—With thee under one arm, and a flagon under t'other, a fig for mountains, and let the world wag.

AGNES.

Mercy, here's a goodly company!—The Lady Zorayda—O happy day!

SADI.

SADI.

And my old master, the Moor, by all the fairs
in Christendom!

VIROLET.

Peace, honest fellow, now thou meet'st all
friends;
Let that content you.

SADI.

An' a man be not content when he meets
all friends, I know not what will satisfy him—
and that friends may not sunder again, here come
a whole posse of goatherds at' our heels going
our road towards the foot of the mountain.

OCTAVIAN.

Then let us on; and when the shepherd tunes
His rustick pipe along the mountain's side,
We will beguile the way as we recount
Each turn that Fortune in her sport has mark'd,
As she has led us thro' Love's labyrinth.

*(Enter Goatherds and other Pastoral Characters,
male and female).*

FINALE.

As we Goatherds trudge along,
O'er the mountain bleak and brown,
Merrily we troll the song,
Till we reach the distant town;
With scrip, and wine that sparkling smiles,
The dreary journey each beguiles;
Thro' cold and heat, thro' sun, thro' snow,
We sing, to market as we go.

CHORUS.

As we goatherds, &c.

N

And

And each, a female by his side,
(Wedded wife, or wish'd-for bride,)
Cheerily descends the dale,
Whisp'ring soft a true-love tale.

CHORUS,

As we goatherds, &c.

Blest be ev'ry faithful pair!
May no rigid fires controul
In the bosoms of the fair
The pure emotions of the soul!

CHORUS.

Thus we goatherds, &c.

THE END.

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CABAL AND LOVE.

22. 1. 1908



THE
CAPTIVE MONARCH.

A
T R A G E D Y.

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY
RICHARD HEY,
OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE, ESQ.

LL.D. AND FELLOW OF MAGDALEN COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR VERNOR AND HOOD, NO. 10, BIRCHIN-LANE, CORNHILL;
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1794.

Entered at Stationers Hall.

TO
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
WILLIAM PITT,
CHANCELLOR OF HIS MAJESTY'S EXCHEQUER,
HIGH STEWARD OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE,
AND
MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT FOR THE SAME UNIVERSITY,

THIS 'DRAMA,
IN TESTIMONY OF
HIGH ESTEEM AND RESPECT,
FOR THE SERVICES RENDERED TO HIS COUNTRY
AT THIS INTERESTING PERIOD,
IS HUMBLY INSCRIBED

BY

THE AUTHOR.

FEBRUARY 1794.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Piece is intended to exhibit something of those Principles and Proceedings, which have of late desolated a neighbouring Nation. But it was, on the whole, thought better, to attempt rather that Imitation which arises from a general view of those Principles and Proceedings, than such as traces the *actual* Events : and thus, by indulging somewhat in such *Fiction* as offered itself, to pursue the mode usually adopted in composition whose aim is dramatic effect. To assist this effect, it has also been thought better to make use of *Names* different from those of the late King of France, his Queen, Daughter, and Sister. The Personages of the King and his Family, in this Piece, have indeed a reference to the late King of France and his Family : but, in point of Character, they are not offered as exact representations. All the other Characters of the Drama are intirely fictitious : taken from the general spirit of the times, and not from Individuals.

The Author wishes to add, that this Piece was (in a great measure) written so long ago as last May ; and before he had any intimation of another Tragedy relating to the same affairs. He felt a diffidence in presenting to the Public such a Part as that of the Queen in this Drama, while the late Queen of France was yet living. Of the propriety of this reason for delay, the Reader will form his own judgment ; after perusing the Piece. What has further delayed the publication, is of too trifling a nature to ask the attention of the Reader.

Feb. 1794.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

FRANCIS ; King of France.

LOUIS ; his Son ; eight years of age.

LA PORTE ; Friend to the King.

DALENTOUR ; Member of a Republican Assembly, who has
dethroned and imprisoned the King.

RIMBARD ; another Member.

MANTON ; another.

The President of the Assembly.

GAZELLE ; Commander of the troops.

BRANTERRE ; Jailer.

ISIDORE ; Under-jailer.

CLARE, Earl of Persefield ; an Englishman.

ISABELLA ; the Queen.

ANNE ; daughter of the King and Queen ; fourteen years of
age.

CONSTANCE ; the King's sister.

CAROLINE ; daughter of Dalentour,

Members of the Assembly, and Messenger.

SCENE, *Paris*,

THE
CAPTIVE MONARCH.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Dalentour's House.*

DALENTOUR, LORD PERSEFIELD.

DALENTOUR.

THE courier who announc'd thy coming, Clare,
Reviv'd us. Gallant land ! Five thousand names,
Of Britons leagu'd with us, delight mine ear.
Double them, Clare. I'll thank thee on the ground;
In humblest posture, which for Liberty
Alone, and for no earthly Pow'r, I'd brook.

LORD PERSEFIELD.

Five thousand are the names inroll'd. No more.
But each will bring his five, or ten, or twenty.
The brave patriotic list shall swell apace.

DALENTOUR.

While Kings look pale upon their tott'ring thrones.—
Time

Time was, that Britons, at a Tyrant's word,
Spent blood and treasure, to confront *our* Tyrant.

LORD PERSEFIELD.

Time was, that France was call'd our natural Foe;
And Slaves in Office, at a small expense
Of craft, sharpen'd the minds of men (*base metal*,
Not temper'd yet in Freedom's potent furnace,)
To mutual massacre.

DALENTOUR.

Accursed contest,
Which host with richer plumes could deck its Tyrant.

LORD PERSEFIELD.

But now we offer you the hand of Friendship.

DALENTOUR.

Let him who can reject it suffer death!
This penalty, forthwith, I shall propose
In our august Assembly. Do thou lead,
With British hands, applauses that may fetch
From echoing Heav'n loud approbation down.

LORD PERSEFIELD.

Are not all Brothers? The Atlantic bars not
Fraternity's embrace:—and shall this Creek,
Eight paltry leagues, make schism between two nations
Whom Nature meant one Family of love
And mutual aid, joint patrons of the Rights
All Men are born to, of Philanthropy
Which reck's not clime, or age, or sex, or colour?

DALENTOUR.

Joint haters too, my Clare, of crowns and sceptres,

Warriors 'gainst all who war with Liberty,
Fell foes to boasters of their ancient Forms,
Their Shadows of pretended government.

LORD PERSEFIELD.

Beloved Dalentour, where hatred, war,
And enmity, are fruits of Love, or means,
The only means, to spread Philanthropy,
I must respect them for their source or purpose;
But eagerly shall watch the time, when Means
So much unlike their End shall cease,—when we,
Dismissing violence, shall no more appear
To ambiguous beings, who, arm'd for war, preach
Peace,
And from the Cannon's mouth promulgate Love.

DALENTOUR.

Be ware of treason, Clare. Treason 'gainst Kings
(or Tyrants all) is music to mine ears.
But treason 'gainst the native Rights of Man,
Now bursting on th' astonish'd world with blaze
Of lights, or against th' enlighten'd men
Oppressing those Rights by rigours which the eye
Of Prejudice may misdeem Tyranny,—
This, Clare, 'gainst Nature's self is treas'n.

LORD PERSEFIELD.

Most sweet
The name of Liberty. The simple Sound
Instant will give my nerves a thrilling rapture,
And throw delicious motion through my blood.
And, whence is this? Thou know'st.

B

DALENTOUR.

DALENTOUR.

Thou-art a Man.

LORD PERSEFIELD.

I am a Briton.—Born an Eastern Vassal,
I had wonder'd at this active warmth within
My veins. But I'm a Briton born:—enough.

DALENTOUR.

Are we not all born *Men*?

LORD PERSEFIELD.

Yes. The full board
Of Freedom's richest viands, daily spread
To feast a Briton, he most freely shares
With all who have a palate and a soul.
Upon the root of Liberty's fair tree,
Planted by you, I'd freely pour my blood:
And, fed by British blood, 'twill cleave the skies.

DALENTOUR.

It shall, my Clare.—But, grant me leave of absence.
My guest should claim me; Pleasure would reward
The Duty it attends: but higher claims,
Of fellow-citizens and fellow-men,
Cut off alike the duties and the pleasures
Of our domestic fellowship. Excuse me:
And, in exchange, accept my daughter's preference.

[Exit.]

SCENE

SCENE II.

LORD PERSEFIELD *solus*.

Success to Freedom!—But, in Dalentour,
Glow there a pure patriotic fire? No sparks
Of persecuting rage, vindictive fierceness?—
When universal Love, Humanity,
And Peace, flow from his mouth, methinks no length
Of time can pall my appetite of hearing.
Sudden some savage treach'rous plot destroys
The charm :—the generous Lover of Mankind,
Pattern of virtue, Dalentour, stands forth
The base Assassin of some Prince below'd,
But blinded, or the framer of some law
Fiercely enjoining, upon pain of death,
Not to dissent from *him*, in act or speech.

[*Enter Caroline.*

SCENE III.

LORD PERSEFIELD, CAROLINE.

CAROLINE.

Sir, in the name of Infant Liberty,
I make you welcome to this land;—most welcome.

LORD PERSEFIELD.

Thanks. On swift wings of wishes I have flown.

CAROLINE.

Has not your swiftness brought your health in danger?

LORD PERSEFIELD.

The air within this mansion soon restores me;

B 2

Unless

Unless some frown from Caroline should blast
Its powers, and bid me languish.

CAROLINE.

To such words

Once could I listen. They became the times
When Europe, in th' abyfs of Slav'ry sunk,
Endur'd both insolence and adulation,
Our Sex were painted playthings to the gay,
Contempt and ridicule to men of science,
To all an humble animal unfit
For mental excellence, incapable,
By nature, of the deeds and thoughts that reach
A Nation's welfare and a Nation's woes.

LORD PERSEFIELD.

Forgive me, if I err'd. But 'twas a truth
I spoke. I'll speak a bolder. Your lov'd Sex
Has faults. Ev'n those who might have shone con-
spicuous,
Can sink their worth in frivolous feebleness.
Yet, if, deserting character of Sex,
You rise, or fall, to simple human Being,
If you discard what in you blunts our woes,
And, soothing, humanizes rigid hearts,
If you suppress each undescrib'd emotion
Of female bosoms, as 'twere Weakness simply,
Disgrace unmix'd, I needs must dread the change,
Whatever be the gain, the loss comes home;
I feel it here, in this poor breast, already.

CAROLINE.

CAROLINE.

Great Patriot, you who with disdain renounce
Nobility, the empty boast of birth,
Who, from your higher rank, of Man, look down
Contemptuously on all fictitious rank,
Grudge you, that we at length should break the chains
In which stern Prejudice, the jealous fiend,
Has held our sex?—Have we not human rank?
Why act we not, and speak, as human creatures?

LORD PERSEFIELD.

Nothing I grudge, nothing, my Caroline,
To you. Be but yourself.—Are you yourself,
If once you banish female character?—
Who comes?

CAROLINE.

I hear my father. And he brings,
Perchance, his inmost friends, for private conference,
Ere our great nation's Deputies assemble.

LORD PERSEFIELD.

I break not their retirement. [Going.]

CAROLINE.

Stop an instant.

SCENE IV.

DALENTOUR, RIMBARD, MANTON, LORD PERSEFIELD,
CAROLINE.

DALENTOUR.

Thou seest me soon return'd:—this pair of friends
Attending, (dear to me, as to their country,)

Eager

Eager to welcome him whose heart is one
 With ours, to learn of him and to impart
 All that concerns the common cause,—the cause
 Of France, of Britain, and of human kind.

LORD PERSEFIELD.

[*To Manton and Rimbard.*] Most worthy Citizens, you
 got from us
 The Plant of Liberty: let us from you
 Learn to mature its growth.

MANTON.

The wat'ry straits
 Which parted us are vanish'd; the dire Hatred,
 Urging our ancestors to mutual slaughter
 And ev'ry woe of war, is chang'd to Friendship.

RIMBARD.

It grew not in us. 'Twas a bandage, bound,
 By despots, o'er our eyes; with which they led
 Us on to battle.—Hatred now consume them!

DALENTOUR.

Wonder not, gen'rous Briton, in our counsels
 To see a Woman:—fear not to speak freely.
 We've learnt, a female head, or female heart,
 Can aid a Nation's cause,—giving the lie
 To ancient prejudice against the Sex.

LORD PERSEFIELD.

He knows not Clare, who flies to Reason's pow'r
 To inforce on him the presence of your daughter.
 Yet, should my varying thoughts divide my mind,
 Forgive and call me Novice;—not prepared,

By

By use, to mix th' impression of her eye
With business of a Nation.

CAROLINE.

Nation, Clare?

Shall public virtue, shall solicitude
For human rights, give dignity, respect,
And ornament, to Man? And shall the eye
Of Woman be discordant to those feelings?

RIMBARD.

Divine! This vigour pour'd into each limb
Of our Republic, where's the Pow'r we crush not?
Thus arm'd, inspir'd, and marshall'd, will our Freemen
The slavish hosts, led on by Slaves, drive headlong.

DALENTOUR.

But, to our business.—This our British friend,
Incumber'd once with titles, shook them off;
Rising from Earl to Man. Wait we more proof,
Ere we admit him to our confidence?

RIMBARD.

Superfluous caution.

CAROLINE.

Clare will not betray

The cause of virtue: else I know him not.

LORD PERSEFIELD.

My thanks.

CAROLINE.

Admitted, too, a Citizen

Of our Republic.

MANTON.

Being of that large virtue

8

Which

Which can embrace whole nations, nay the globe,
 He knows discretion, and can suffer it
 In others; who plan vast designs, o'er th' earth
 To burst, with splendour yet unknown to mortals,
 And give it new creation.

LORD PERSEFIELD.

Trust me not.

My faith bring straight to the one test of Deeds:
 And, as I prove me, so hereafter treat me.

MANTON.

Methinks those words were from thy heart. I trust thee:
 Known, too, of Dalentour.—Proceed we, Rimbard.

RIMBARD.

Shall Treachery be punish'd, or escape?
 There lies the question.

DALENTOUR.

Traitors perish all!

No softer suffrage knows the breast inflam'd
 With patriotism.

CAROLINE.

Nor shall our feeble Sex,
 (So call'd) ask mercy for the wretch perfidious,
 Who saps the rising edifice of Freedom,
 Which though he curs'd, he gave his hand to rear.

LORD PERSEFIELD.

[*Aside.*] How sternly just!—Yet, just. Why sound
 so harsh?

I like

I like, and like it not.

RIMBARD.

Francis the King,
Francis the Traitor, dies.

MANTON.

Shall we not first,
By solemn trial, prove his guilt ?

RIMBARD.

Yes: prove
The sun to shine; prove that—

MANTON.

Yet Rimbard, Forms—
Forms are the guides of pure substantial justice ;
And clear the judges to the judging world.

RIMBARD.

Be it. To stomachs which digest not substance,
Serve up your forms to feed on. I, mean time,
Ill brook delay ; feeling within me that,
May excuse all forms.

DALENTOUR.

The public proofs, with facts
Produc'd in private since, might shake a throne,—
Its base coeval with the earth, its top
In loftiest clouds,—and hurl a tyrant from it.
My friends, urge we the tardy hand of vengeance :
Till, the great debt of death discharg'd, all claims
Are satisfied, all future crimes cut off.

C

RIMBARD.

RIMBARD.

This only method now remains, to place
Our infant State in safety.

MANTON.

What's required
For that high end, (in concord with mine honour,)
Commands my voice, my all, while breath remains.—
And, how speaks Britain of our awful process
That all must gaze at ?

LORD PERSEFIELD.

It creates a pause;
Arresting ev'ry thought, till some great mind,
Vent'ring abroad, draw puny thinkers on,
And thus be beaten a path-way, where Opinion
May dare appear in daylight.

CAROLINE.

Say you, Clare ?
Does Treach'ry strike an ear in Britain's isle,
And leave a doubt of vengeance ?

LORD PERSEFIELD.

British ears
Shrink from a Traitor's name : but British hearts,
And British heads, ask *proof* of crimes. And France
I bid not hope, she shall behold my country
Drive with the torrent 'gainst all regal sway.
A Briton loves his King.

DALENTOUR.

Make not a Briton
To be my hatred. Once I did adore him ;

5

Thence,

Thence, copied; rivall'd, next: now we look down
 With pity on the lean and pigmy size
 Of mongrel Freedom that your countrymen
 Still hug with fond embrace.—But, pardon, Citizen:
 'Tis us you now call countrymen.

LORD PERSEFIELD.

'Tis true
 We follow now whom we have led. Yet, Friends,
 Yet cease I not, wholly, to love that mansion,
 Under whose ancient roof for years I lived
 In plenty, peace, content, and happiness.

RIMBARD.

Say, penury, tumult, and a murmuring mis'ry.
 Such is your system, view'd with ours.

CAROLINE.

Base, narrow;
 Suits not a gen'rous heart, binds up ignobly
 Th' expansive springs of warm Philanthropy,
 Limits Fraternity, checks equal Rights,
 Which spurn at all that Privilege is named.

RIMBARD.

Such eloquence hears Britain?

LORD PERSEFIELD.

From the Sex
 I never heard it.

Call I this, Delight? [*Aside.*
 Or Pain? 'Twill fan my passion, or will quench it.

C 2

Caroline!

Caroline ! [To Caroline.]

CAROLINE.

Clare !—What say you ?

DALENTOUR.

Patriotism

In female form, confounds him.—But, to business.
And, if we fail, I fly. No more I dwell
Where royal Puppets, mov'd by secret agents
Of Pow'rs infernal, deadly foes to man,
Stalk with gigantic cruelty o'er Rights
Of millions.

RIMBARD.

Fly we, Dalentour, together !
Be it to frigid or to torrid climes.
There Freedom's breath and Rights diffus'd to all
Shall thaw the ice, or cool the scorching beams.

LORD PERSEFIELD.

Fix me those blessings, beyond human outrage,
Crown them with sober and secure enjoyment,
To each man, of the hut his hands can build,
The grain he raises, and the ore he digs ;
Then will I gladly meet all Ills that sea
Or clime inflicts. Be your lot mine.

MANTON.

And mine.

Briton, what secret converse with my soul
Has thine maintain'd ? Thou speak'st its inmost
thoughts.

Insur'd those Blessings, cheerily we'll face

The

The Ills ; nor yield the palm of patient courage
To those who hunt with keenest appetite
The blood of Francis.

RIMBARD.

Rule thy tongue : lest Treason,
Against the Lights of this our land, escape thee.
If Treason's voice assault the ear of Rimbard,
Can Accusation sleep upon his tongue ?

MANTON.

Mean'st thou to threaten ?

DALENTOUR.

Compel not accusation,
My hitherto respected friend.

MANTON.

Nor, you,
Think to repress what from yourselves I learnt,
Speech unreserv'd. The Freedom is a mock'ry,
Which frees my tongue to assail with rancour whom
We once obey'd, but, if a censure touch
The Pow'rs that now have sway, straight cries out,
Treason.

[Enter a Messenger.

MESSSENGER.

Th' Assembly of the nation meets, and calls
Your aid.

DALENTOUR.

We come. Do you conduct this stranger
Where he may hear each word pronounc'd this day.

MESSSENGER.

MESSENGER.

I will attend him.

CAROLINE.

Father, hear.—One moment.

DALENTOUR.

Follow.

[*Exeunt all but Lord Persefield.*]

SCENE V.

LORD PERSEFIELD *solus*.

Sweet Spirit of Love, who bad'st me hope
 That her soft mind, in years to come, would smooth
 My brow from wrinkling furrows, plough'd by cares
 And toils of Manhood, is it thou hast wrought
 The change?—For—she is chang'd.—Spoke she not
 justly?

Then, what offends me? Should not heav'nly Freedom
 Issue with richest grace from heav'nly lips?—

'Tis strange.—I'll think no more on't, now. I go.

The fate of Nations and the World invite
 Mine ear. What is the life of *one*? Yet, should
 That one bear in his fate the fate of millions,—
 But I attend.—Live Liberty! And Francis!

[*Exit.*]

END OF ACT I.

ACT

A C T II.

SCENE I. *A Prison.*THE KING *solus.*

AM I a Monarch? France my vast domain?
Have Europe's Pow'rs shrunk at an angry nod
Of my high ancestors? Has this my Person
Receiv'd from crowds of courtiers pressing homage,
This Voice sent willing hosts to both the Indies?
And, now, a pris'n my palace! Now my guards
Command me, not obey;—a hostile band,
Who cry for Liberty, but grant it not.—
My Subjects? Were it Britain punish'd me,
Or were I to those Beings a prey, whose woes
I did o'erlook when pow'r was in this arm,
Whose harass'd limbs raise in our western isles
What we consume in pamper'd indolence,—
Had these most injur'd mortals been my scourges,
Then had I bow'd my conscious head in silence.
But, they! My Subjects! Whom I lov'd as doth
A father love his offspring!—Death may soon
Kindly relieve this head. Else, madness must.
Could I send out this bosom 'midst my people,
Legibly grav'd with ev'ry thought there harbour'd

Sinc:

Since I've had subjects, many a head might drop
 Instant from off its trunk, which has belied me.
 But, live ye, my worst foes! Live, and repent!
 I have repented, and to Heaven's wrath
 I bow;—my crimes against the innocent
 Thus punish'd through the guilty. Should my death
 Deluge my land with blood,—Hold! that's not mine
 To think of. Fitter for th' all-seeing Eye,
 That guides an all-controuling Hand.—Who's there?
[Enter Isidore.]

S C E N E II.

THE KING, ISIDORE.

ISIDORE.

One who would not be here, but in the hope
 To soothe your Majesty's condition.

KING.

Hence

With Majesty! Offensive to my ear,
 And dang'rous to thy tongue.

ISIDORE.

My tongue's forgetful,
 Oft as you've caution'd it. But 'tis not, now,
 On me your thoughts should dwell: yourself have need,
 Too great, of all your thoughts.

KING.

Hope for myself
 Has left me, Isidore. In awful leisure
I ponder

I ponder on the lot that waits my friends.
Art not thou one?

ISIDORE.

If he is one who seeks,
By present deeds, to wash out stains of injury;
Which left but this of comfort, that I gained
A station where at length I've learnt to know
Him I had hated,—where I may give proof,
Daily, before his eye, of my repentance.

KING.

Thou canst look sternly. Ent'ring here, thy aspect—
Pardon me, Isidore. Now, not one Look,
Or Word, but glads my soul with sweeter fragrance,
Than all the incense wafted on the wings
Of Butterflies that flutter'd round my throne.

ISIDORE.

Had all your foes, filling, by turns, my office,
Seen what I've seen, you had *now* been on your throne;
To bless who would be blest, and scatter Freedom.

KING.

Branterre, thou seest, relents not.

ISIDORE.

What of him?

Or of some hundred hearts that were not born
Of woman? These may rule my countrymen,
While they can blind them: not a moment longer.

KING.

Tell to my Boy, should he e'er mount the throne,
What thou hast seen and felt;—what 'tis subdued

D

The

The hearts of Enemies. Ifidore, tell him,
His Father bids him in his palace be,
What in this cloudy pris'n has won thy soul.

ISIDORE.

'Tis not for Ifidore, to stand beside
A throne. Should my poor country but return
To sober quietness, I'll seek again
My peaceful nook.

KING.

See now this world. 'Tis thus
Virtue withdraws herself, and leaves her room
To Counterfeits, who, what they lack in merit,
Supply in confidence, in glare, in bustle.
Then comes the outcry, "Fie upon crown'd heads!
"They feed bold Beggars, let meek Merit sleep."
What Prince at ev'ry cottage door can knock,
To wake the wilful sleeper?—Ifidore,
Kings can complain, thou seest.

ISIDORE.

Kings may have cause.
This house has taught me.

KING.

I will bequeath to Louis
A written lesson of my present thoughts.
Should he be crown'd, wilt thou present it to him?

ISIDORE.

If I have life, and find access.

KING.

Enough.

I wish

I wish to see my Queen ;—Wife, Isidore :
I say, my Wife. This comfort's left. How long,
I know not.

ISIDORE.

Is't your pleasure, too, to see ——

KING.

Beware of Titles.—Leave it to herself.

SCENE III.

THE KING *solus*.

Shall Love like Isidore's go unrewarded ?
'Tis not forgott'n above. That clears not me ;—
Might hands so feeble find reward to give.
The writt'n bequest, left to his charge for Louis,
(Should unforeseen events enthrone my Boy,)
Shall not forget my guardian Isidore,
Nor strong injunction to reward his deeds.

SCENE IV.

THE KING, THE QUEEN, ANNE, CONSTANCE, LOUIS.

QUEEN.

Isidore says, you call for me. This train,
Disconsolate, attend if you forbid not.

KING.

I wish'd around me those, into whose hearts
I may th' o'erflowings of my own pour freely.
Such is your train, as far as age permits.

D 2

ANNE.

ANNE.

Love I my father less than daughters older?

KING.

More than your health allows, or happiness;—
I fear it.

ANNE.

Would you have me happy, Sir,
And not love you?

KING.

[*To the Queen.*] No answer can be given
To such a question.

CONSTANCE.

Think you, Anne, arrived
At my age, or your mother's, you should find
More strength to bear your sorrow?

ANNE.

Should I not?

CONSTANCE.

At my age, or your mother's, then, reflect
On this, and put the question to yourself.

ANNE.

As though I were to live! Aunt, think you not
I catch enough, of words that you let fall,
To know my danger; though your caution watches,
Lest I should hear too much? I thank you for it.
Yet, be persuaded Anne has courage.

QUEEN.

Courage?

Why, thou wert born to it. But, yet, too young

To

To invite suspicion. Me misguided wretches
May well attack. The stage of public action
Has known me. And the men who feel a grievance,
Or think they see the Shadow of a grievance,
And, as in midnight terror, paint its form,
To suit their vision, grimly horrible,
Or ghastly 'pale, these men will rush upon
The first great object comes in view.

KING.

Misguided

Surely they are. If I do know this heart,
Its woes are center'd not in Self, nor bounded
Ev'n by the objects plac'd before mine eyes
This instant. No. It wanders through the land,
Bleeds at the ravages of direful Discord,
And smarts at wounds of foes, while their mouths foam
With curses on my head,—the Tyrant Francis.

CONSTANCE.

These words, oh, might they, poison'd by no comment,
Enter the ears of a misjudging people!
With what a flood their loyalty would burst!

QUEEN.

And gloriously o'erwhelm a host of traitors!
But the arch-traitors, barring Truth's approach,
Send their hoarse trumpets forth, of most foul scandal,
To force all ears.

LOUIS.

[*At a distance, speaking to his playthings.*]

Stand up, you ugly Traitor.

You're

You're a good Subject : stand you here, sec.—There.
I'll have you fight.

CONSTANCE.

Hark! Louis makes misfortune
Serve him for play.

KING.

Boys are in vehement earnest,
Play though we call it.

LOUIS.

What, the Royalist down?
O, fie!—Rise. If you let a Rebel beat you,
This captain shoots you dead.

QUEEN.

Go to him, Anne.
You hang upon your father, and myself,
Too much.

ANNE.

Must I be sent away?—I go.
[Goes to Louis, at a distant part of the stage.]

QUEEN.

Go without murmur.—If she tend her parents
With this solicitous ardour unremitting,
'Frail though her aid be, yet the force, reverting
Upon her feeble frame, may shatter it,
And give delight to Fiends,—of hell,—and earth.
This must not be. No. Let her live to blast,
With terror, as with beauty, ev'ry visage
Meagre, and grim, and fiend-like, that, with tongue
Of serpent, hisses at the envied lustre
Of polish'd life it was not born to shine in.

KING.

KING.

Too old to be detach'd from grief by sports,
Too young to effect the succour which most fondly
She does attempt, the sight of her unmans me :
Yet, absent, straight my heart goes forth to seek her.
Suffer this, both. Nor say I slight your woes,
Or the sweet solace I derive each hour
From your great efforts.

CONSTANCE.

'T were a jaundic'd eye,
Could see your love of her, neglect of us.
Nor is our woe so slender, we need call
Invention to increase it.

KING.

'Tis too true.

LOUIS.

[*Goes to the King.*] These men are bad ones.

KING.

What men, Louis ?

LOUIS.

There ;
The wooden men:—do nothing as I'd have them.

KING.

Men made of flesh and blood can be as bad.

LOUIS.

I with my men had feeling.

KING.

Some who mine
Once call'd themselves, can boast not much of that.

LOUIS.

When you get out, Sir, you must hang the rebels;
And make the good men rich.

KING.

When I get out!

Is that to be?

LOUIS.

We'll make them open the doors.

SCENE V.

THE SAME, AND BRANTERRE.

BRANTERRE.

A man would speak with Francis.

QUEEN.

Speak with whom?

KING.

[*To the Queen.*] Do not forget yourself. I'm nothing
more.

Sounds that, on wings of fancy, bore a magic

Of title, rank, and rev'rence, ev'n ourselves

Have banish'd. Look you, then, that he should speak
them,

Who rules where we are captive?

BRANTERRE.

He desired

Admittance to the King. My answer was,

I knew of none;—in pris'n, or in the nation.

QUEEN.

Was that your answer?

BRANTERRE.

BRANTERRE.

Was it not a good one ?

CONSTANCE.

Respect your feelings, Madam ; and my brother's.

KING.

Where shall I see him ?

BRANTERRE.

Here is best. The females

Can leave you.

QUEEN.

Heav'ns ! The Females ! [*Afide.*]

LOUIS.

Open the doors,

Call the King's guards, and let his Majesty
Depart.

BRANTERRE.

Not so, my spawn of royalty.

KING.

Hurt not my Boy.

[*Draws Louis to him.*]

BRANTERRE.

Teach him to know himself.

ANNE.

Are we to leave you, Sir ?

KING.

A person asks

To speak with me.

LOUIS.

Dismiss him soon.

BRANTERRE.

We're tedious.

E

As

As 'twere some Palace ; where each idle motion
Is clogg'd with heavy pomp, and base retinue
Of proudly strutting slaves.

QUEEN.

I pray, was Insult
Injoin'd by those who plac'd you here ?

BRANTERRE.

To Kings
Insult were recompence most meet.—But, haste !
My time's a charge held of the Sov'reign Public.

CONSTANCE.

To endure, is all our lesson.

QUEEN.

Children, come.

[*Exeunt Queen, Constance, Anne, and Louis. Enter*
La Porte, by another door.]

LA PORTE.

But, you can leave us.

BRANTERRE.

How ?—Some plotting Courtier !

LA PORTE.

In his meridian rays I ne'er did bask.

[*Delivers a letter to Branterre ; which he reads.*]

BRANTERRE.

This is my warrant. But, Dispatch, remember.

KING.

[*Aside.*] A stranger !

[*Exit Branterre.*]

Branterre, quit us not. A stranger
Has nothing for my private ear.

SCENE VI.

THE KING, LA PORTE.

KING.

Mine eye
Recalls not, Sir, th' impressiion of your face.
Why are we left alone?

LA PORTE.

If, 'gainst my purpose,
Alarm seizes your royal breast, read this. [*Gives a letter.*]

KING.

[*Having read it.*] Enough. Your bus'ness!

LA PORTE.

Please your Majesty,
I come——

KING.

Majesty? Where? This is a prison.
Nay, Majesty, I'm told, is known no more
In the vast realm of Francis. Speak not now
Of Majesty.

LA PORTE.

In this as other points
Of duty, will La Porte obey.

KING.

The bus'ness!

LA PORTE.

My wishes for your safety bring me here.

KING.

Have you forgot your own? A monarch fallen

E 2

Is

Is an infected creature : from whose touch,
Or fight, prudence draws back.

LA PORTE.

Prudence is virtue,
In time and place. And these a Coward's brain
Fertile creates, when mischief is abroad.

KING.

'Tis erring friendship flies in danger's face,
Hopeless of giving aid.

LA PORTE.

'Tis a cold friendship
That hides itself, to wait for certainty.
Nor does your fate stand single. Man's dim vision
Reaches not through the compass of events
Tied by the thread of one frail life. My Country,
And not my injur'd King alone, inspires me.

KING.

But what can friendship, wisdom, courage, now,
For me ?

LA PORTE.

They may to Reas'n and Truth give voice.

KING.

The voice these love, temp'rate and calm, would speak
In vain 'mid Discord's din and fiery Tumult.
But, to your special purpose.

LA PORTE.

A Tribunal—

Have you not heard ?

KING.

I'm warn'd to be prepared.

LA PORTE.

LA PORTE.

Can you be aided?—There my errand lies.

KING.

'Tis adding one more pang to what I suffer.
Men, treading down the highest human Power
They had learnt to rev'rence, trampling on all Law,
Save the wild Fancies of the hour,—these men
Would all who to that Pow'r, or stablish'd Law,
Adhere, in one vast ruin sweep.—But, where
Your hopes? Your means of help?

LA PORTE.

In my profession.

The even-handed Justice is my study.
I've liv'd to hear a blessing on my head
From Innocence my tongue had sav'd. The hands,
Which once in doleful dungeons shriveling pined,
Gratefully, since, have paid, by healthful toil,
Rewards I did not ask,—therefore most sweet.
To plead your cause, would be its own reward.

KING.

'Twere lighting firebrands to consume yourself.
Self-murder.—Think, what Judges. Whom incensing,
You, for reward, may share the fate of Francis.

LA PORTE.

By Heav'n's permission should th' event I name not
Dissolve throughout this land the bands of union,
Who, that for helpless misery feels a pang,
Who, that detests Rebellion's hideous visage,
Could joy to find himself in life?

KING.

KING.

Great Soul,
The safety thou disdainest, here pursues thee.
Th' Assembly thy petition will reject.

LA PORTE.

Grant your part.

KING.

'Tis mere form. 'Twere safely granted.
But, wherefore urge me to a needless promise?

LA PORTE.

Needless?—To save whom long I've lov'd in private,
To rescue from abhorred guilt my Country,
La Porte would rival ev'n the ancient Roman,
Who plung'd into the gaping gulph of death.

KING.

Who now says, Public Virtue is a phantom?
Who but the reptile, that on earth trails basely
Its groveling length, and sees not forms erect?

LA PORTE.

Or, if I speed not, death is all I wait for.
I court not death. Though sweet, when such the Cause
We die in, yet the Cause removes all stain
Of rash and weak self-murder.—Give your promise.

KING.

Take it;—on faith of him who was a King.

LA PORTE.

Already your tribunal has assented.

[The King covers his face, in silence.]

[Enter Isidore.]

SCENE

SCENE VII.

THE KING, LA PORTE, ISIDORE.

ISIDORE.

My orders—

Ha! What deeds are doing here?

[To La Porte.

KING.

If thou didst know him, gentle Ifidore,
Thou'dst wave the tone of fierce inquiry.

ISIDORE.

How?

KING.

But, do thy duty.

ISIDORE.

To dismiss the stranger,
Branterre has sent me.

KING.

Branterre, had he known
The stranger's errand, had long since abridg'd it.—
I would you knew each other. Time may come,
These deeds of old you shall talk o'er, and plan,
In some new form, my desolate kingdom's welfare.—
But, break we not your orders; lest I lose you.

[To Ifidore.

ISIDORE.

'Tis, then, some Friend, has pierc'd these walls.

KING.

Join hands.

[Lays his hand upon theirs.]

Reih

Rich Loyalty ! Wafting, through prifon walls,
 And a rebellious atmofphere, fweet fragrance ;
 Which, fearless of contagion's pow'r, can reach
 The fkyes, and float around the throne of mercy !—
 Ifidore, 'tis La Porte his own head risks,
 To fave a head condemn'd, perhaps, already :—
 My Advocate on the approaching day.

ISIDORE.

I thank thee, gracious Heav'n.

KING.

La Porte, you here
 Behold a demon's deputy, himfelf
 A fpirit caft in fome celestial mould,
 And hither fent to fmoother my dungeon's horrors.

LA PORTE.

And may the Pow'r, which, as thro' palaces,
 Can fee through dungeons, there reward him where
 All entrance is on demons and their flaves
 For ever clos'd !

KING.

Amen!—But, you muft go.
 How fares the city;—once my boafed capital?
 Answer me briefly.

LA PORTE.

As its King. Fallen! Fallen!

ISIDORE.

What read you in men's faces, as you pafs ?

LA PORTE.

More than would afk an hour's full fpace, to tell.
 I read all forms of wickednefs and woe.

Men

Men in whom stood the bulwark of the State,
 The peaceable, industrious, loyal, virtuous,
 Are aw'd by impudence of scarecrow villains,
 And shew as scatter'd Limbs without a Head.
 While unfledg'd Officers, with raw authority,
 Mouthing the Rights of Men, beat down all Law
 That men were us'd to follow;—preach up Freedom
 Of speech licentious, but the tongue that dares
 Approach the old allegiance threaten with death.
 Wives at their doors I see, with famine pinched,
 Watching return of husbands arm'd with pike,
 That on its point carries some Citizen's murder:
 Or, if a feast they bring, 'tis thievish plunder,
 Not honest earnings.—Confidence is banish'd.
 Anxious Suspense, wild Thoughts, possess each count'-
 nance.

The man that meets his Brother, takes, the moment,
 A posture of defence. The Friend who shakes
 His Friend's right hand, looks in the left to spy
 A Dagger.

KING.

My poor Kingdom!—Then, to Francis
 Must all be charg'd.—But we forget. Hie hence,
 My dauntless Patron.

LA PORTE.

Soon we must consult.
 I'll search advice, and bring it to your ear.

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF ACT II.

F

ACT

A C T III.

SCENE I. *The Assembly.*

DALENTOUR, RIMBARD, MANTON; WITH THE PRESIDENT, AND OTHER MEMBERS: ALSO LORD PERSEFIELD.

MANTON.

WE waste our time. The hour's at hand, that brings
Our solemn scene,—a People o'er its King
In judgment seated.

RIMBARD.

King has, here, no meaning.
A foreign term: which, crosses the Pyrenees,
The Alps, or Ocean, may awhile exist;
But, in the space of one poor century,
Shall wear the rust wherewith hoar Time first covers,
Then silently devours, the monuments
Of earthly grandeur.

MANTON.

Yet, in this bold scene,
Must freezing awe seize on the cold blood's current;
Though Law pronounces, "Monarchy is dead."

DALENTOUR.

Be some dire punishment for treas'nous eyes,
Daring to melt with pity. [*Applauses.*]

LORD PERSEFIELD.

Heav'ns! Where am I? [*Aside.*]

MANTON.

MANTON.

Dispatch we business. Left, th' accus'd arriving,
Delay give needful pain.

[*Enter Branterre.*

BRANTERRE.

Francis attends.

We wait the sov'reign will.

[*Exit.*

RIMBARD.

No headlong haste.

Let him be held prepar'd. This high Assembly,
The People's Image, bids him here when fitting.
Thus are we frugal of the public Time.

MANTON.

These lighter matters we can well postpone;
In truth, already wantonly deserted.

DALENTOUR.

Let Francis feel himself a *Man*. His thoughts
Can wander back to pomp and pageantry
Of old, encompassing his giddy head,
And in expectant weary penance holding
The tame, starv'd, suitor, unenlighten'd yet,
Nor knowing, that, with flesh and blood like Francis,
He had equal rights.

MANTON.

Be not Revenge the praise
Of those who mark for others' steps the paths
To tread! The Public Weal be all our guide!

RIMBARD.

Against a Tyrant sweet is our Revenge.
'Tis on his head we break our chains.

F 2

LORD

LORD PERSEFIELD.

Boast these [Aside.
Humanity and universal Love?

RIMBARD.

To gazing Nations widely we display
The Right supreme, which *Man*, by Nature's charter,
Claims over sceptred Puppets and their foolery.

MANTON.

In prying Nations we awake suspicion,
That they who part with Kings can keep the Faults
Of Kings. Will this win Confidence?
[Enter Branterre.

BRANTERRE.

The hour
Is come. Francis requests to meet his Trial.

PRESIDENT.

Bring in your Pris'ner. [Exit Branterre.
This august Assembly,
What yesterday in full decree it promis'd,
Doubtless to-day in action will revere.
I spoke but as your mouth.

MANTON.

Promise is sacred.

SCENE

S C E N E II.

THE SAME; WITH THE KING, LA PORTE, BRANTERRE.

PRESIDENT.

Francis, you're charg'd before this high Tribunal
(Which bears all Sov'reignty) with heavy crimes,
And num'rous. Op'n Confession would release
The Nation's Pow'rs to works of weightier import,
Would free yourself from tedious doubts and toil,
And win most pow'rfully your Judges' Mercy.

KING.

And is the time for *Mercy* come, already?
Already am I judg'd? And sentenc'd?

DALENTOUR.

Spare

Your questions. You're to answer our's, as Truth
Demands, and the Respect due to this Body.
If you confess, be't quickly.

KING.

Let the Wretch,
Who feels a guilt, confess. Ere I accuse me,
I must invent the Crime. Ev'n to give Answer,
Disdain refuses. But Suspicion's blots
Must be wip'd off:—that who with love name Francis,
May do it without a blush.—Here do I dare
The force of ev'ry fair and open question.

LA PORTE.

Yet, weigh your Answers. And, in matter complex,
Give me short conf'rence. 'Twill not be denied us.

RIMBARD.

RIMBARD.

Remove La Porte. He shall at length have audience,
 The Questions clos'd. To these the Pris'ner, boldly,
 Can answer give, if innocent. If guilt
 Lies hid, the tongue intangled may betray it.

LA PORTE.

Oft have I mark'd a Pris'ner, wan and tremulous,
 Resembling Guilt:—when 'twas but novel forms
 Of law, and doubt left Proof desert his innocence,—
 Left erring judgment (Error being human)
 With wretches herd him, who, in our nature, shew
 As rankling ulcers. Such has rash Opinion,
 With private sentence, oft tow'rd infamy
 Weigh'd down:—rage at the Act outrunning Proof
 'Gainst the supposed Agent. And such oft
 I've succour'd;—calling back their scatter'd powers
 Confounded, and to injur'd Truth restoring
 Its native firm consistence.

RIMBARD.

Here's a man,
 If we but give permission, means to teach
 The Nation and its Delegates their duty.

KING.

Confide in me, La Porte. Truth marshals me
 To Triumph, else to Honour in my fall.
 And thou, too, wilt have audience. Rest on that.

PRESIDENT.

Your Crimes are 'gainst the People's Majesty.
 'Tis charg'd, that, in the precincts of the mansion

Where you, by favour of the People, dwelt,
 Barb'rous you caus'd to flow the precious blood
 Of Citizens;—that, treach'rous, you have leagued
 With foreign Pow'rs, to crush this infant State:—
 With fundry other Charges, to be answer'd.
 What say you? Do you these confes, and bend
 Your eyes tow'rd Mercy? Or, shall this Tribunal
 Proceed, on solid Proofs, to rigid Justice?

KING.

Should the wide World, by seeming Proofs deceiv'd,
 Admit me guilty, 'gainst my fate I place
 The shield of patient courage. But, till proofs
 Of potency delve out of this firm breast
 Its consciousness, my Tongue's a Traitor, owning
 Or Deed or Thought tow'rd my deluded People,
 Which, charg'd on Man or King, could make ashamed.

RIMBARD.

Deluded People? Spare Insinuation:
 Else you repent it.

PRESIDENT.

Add it to the Charges.

Be it reserv'd; with others.

DALENTOUR.

Whereto tends,
 Francis, your mention of a King?

KING.

I was—

I am a King:—I think so. 'Twas my meaning,

That

That thoughts becoming Kings have been the thoughts
Of Francis.

RIMBARD.

Do your ears receive these words,
And sit ye patient?—From the flitting Shadow
Of our departed Tyranny, arraigned
Before the Sov'reign People?

DALENTOUR.

Such we are,
Here plac'd;—the People's Organ and their Semblance.
Let the rash man gainsay his words, or, instant,
Be they his Accusation,—all else resting.

PRESIDENT.

Francis, retract them. 'Twere your wisdom.

KING.

Forget I'm Francis? Give myself the lie?
Seal the foul deeds, which, under thin pretext
Of what is much miscall'd the Nation's will,
Have robb'd the Nation of its ancient Laws,
And left a yawning chasm of Anarchy?

Say you?

[An uproar in the Assembly.]

PRESIDENT.

'Tis fit the headstrong man retire. 'Tis fit,
That we respect ourselves, and take our measures.
Pris'ner, withdraw. And, when we next demand you,
Bring language that may suit your place, and pay
To ours its due.

KING.

When I forget my place,

Accuse

Accuse me. I have lov'd, and love, my People.
Be life or death my lot, I'll not betray them.

[*Exeunt the King, La Porte, and Branterre.*]

S C E N E III.

THE SAME PERSONS AS IN SCENE I.

PRESIDENT.

On what resolve we? Shall this Trial hold
The course prescrib'd, or to the flagrant words,
Ourselves have heard, pass over?

DALENTOUR.

Trial is needless.

Decree the Traitor's head and trunk be sever'd,
To Infamy his name for ever doom'd.

RIMBARD.

Nor loiter Execution! Ere the sun
In darkness twice have left us, op'n those sluices
Of blood devoted, which alone can quench
The vengeful thirst of a wrong'd sov'reign People.

MANTON.

Should we, tow'rd vengeance, take these hasty strides,
Fall'n is our Nation's praise. Below reprieve
We sink in ignominy.

DALENTOUR.

Or in fame
Stand highest. France shall bare its arm of fury,
And teach the pausing Nations, that, to strike,

G

When

When Traitors dare oppose, can fix for ever
A People's broad-bas'd power, and stamp its fame.

[*Enter Caroline ; who places herself near Lord Persefield.*

MANTON.

Th' o'er-pow'ring dignity of force dispassion'd,
In us discern'd, shall, in astonishment
Dumb and irresolute, hold those haughty spirits
Our petulance might urge to draw the sword,
Not to be sheath'd till one vast sea of blood
Be what was Europe.

RIMBARD.

Cowards are as Traitors.
Let the same axe be destin'd to their heads !

MANTON.

Ne'er shall the charge of coward make me swerve
From— [*Interrupted by clamour.*

PRESIDENT.

Hence with pers'nal controversy. Think,
Europe's our audience.—Shall the fate of Francis
Rest until next we meet ?

RIMBARD.

Vengeance immediate !

[*A general cry of*] Vengeance !

MANTON.

Preserve the peace. Protect the Pris'ner,
Till calm deliberation fix his fate. [*Louder clamour.*

PRESIDENT.

ACT III. SCENE IV.

PRESIDENT.

By virtue of my pow'r—(reluctantly
I use it)—till to-morrow I adjourn
Our session.

[Exeunt all except Dalentour &c.]

SCENE IV.

MANENT DALENTOUR, RIMBARD, LORD PERSEFIELD,
CAROLINE.

CAROLINE.

Father, whence, I pray, this Clamour?
Too late I came.

LORD PERSEFIELD.

But not too late to shew *[Aside.]*
Thou hast a heart that never shall be Persefield's.

DALENTOUR.

Oh, hadst thou heard his phrase of arrogance!
Self-titled King, when Royalty is vanish'd!
So young, still thy full heart, with forceful spring
Of patriotism, had spurn'd th' audacious tyrant,
Thy voice enrich'd th' harmonious cry of Vengeance.

CAROLINE.

In Rome and Sparta, Females, you have told me,
Were not such Babes but that the public weal
Had charms to fix their minds. They could endure,
Could revel in, the scenes of patriot valour,

Whose gory aspect would a modern female
Strike senseless on the earth.

LORD PERSEFIELD.

'Tis well I've heard you.

[*Aside.*

Those lips and mine no mutual troth have plighted.

DALENTOUR.

Clare now has witness'd th' energetic spirit
Breathing in Freedom's Sons. Inbale this breath.
Diffuse it, Clare, through the rich isle of Britain.
Then shall two Lands, that look fraternally
Across a stream of water, be but one.—
Already we are one:—saidst thou not so?

RIMBARD.

Speak it again. I've not yet heard the sound
From British mouth. 'Twill brace me.—Wherefore
filent?

Whence this blank mien?

LORD PERSEFIELD.

Does France with her Profession
Accord her Practice?

DALENTOUR.

How? What? Doubt you those
Whom Freedom proudly calls her dearest children?

LORD PERSEFIELD.

I doubt my ears, my eyes, my very being.
But, if I dream not, if I *am* where Freedom
To heights before unknown aspires, where Patriots
Dauntless

Dauntless assert th' eternal Rights of Nature;
Say, did I speak, in simple sooth, my thoughts,
Would France, would you, endure it?

CAROLINE.

Speak them, Clare.
Congenial souls, with rival haste, each thought,
Ev'n as it rises, mutually transfer,

LORD PERSEFIELD.

Say, Dalentour, if, as mine eye receives
Impressions from the various scenes presented,
(Each object on my sense unwarp'd and passive
Leaving its image,) aught should strike mine eye
Offensively, shall my tongue boldly name it?
Extends the Freedom, echoed through your streets,
To give to Speech the broad Security
We know, and daily use, in Britain's isle?

DALENTOUR.

'Tis but to Traitors we deny that Right.

LORD PERSEFIELD.

Are all such, who presume to see a spot
In the bright stars that rule the present moment?

[Enter La Porte hastily.]

SCENE

S C E N E V.

DALENTOUR, RIMBARD, LA PORTE, LORD PERSEFIELD,
CAROLINE.

LA PORTE.

Help! Help! Dissolv'd? Where—Where is one can
rein

The multitude broke loose, savage in blindness?

DALENTOUR.

What means it?

LA PORTE.

Save his threaten'd head. Save Francis.

LORD PERSEFIELD.

Is't come to this? Fall'n Majesty to lack
The scant protection guards a Murd'rer home
To his dungeon?

RIMBARD.

Murd'rer? Traitor's blacker, tenfold.
Where's Majesty, thou Briton half-enlighten'd,
Save in the People?—But, La Porte, inform us.

LA PORTE.

If you have human nature in you, pity him.
If pow'rs of motion, run. If yet yon waves,
That roll uncertainly, but tow'rd his head
Do mainly press their pond'rous flood, you aught
Can sway, go, bid respect his suff'rings. Haste!

RIMBARD.

Give us the matter.

LA PORTE.

Time, with ev'ry breath

We

We draw, is waſting.

DALENTOUR.

Tell us what has happen'd.

LA PORTE.

Francis, departing at th' Aſſembly's word,
(A choſen band, but ſmall, being his guard,)
Was ſoon by numbers quick increaſing compaſs'd,
The Dregs of Nature's ſtore, which, in theſe times
Diſjointed, throng our ſtreets.

RIMBARD.

By Nature's gift
We are *Men*. All, all, are *Men*. No more of Dregs.

LA PORTE.

'Twas not in haughtineſs. 'Tis vice, 'tis violence,
Not honeſt Penury's rags, that I abhor.—
The Tumult grew: and, whom their once-lov'd Francis,
If ſuffer'd, had enrich'd with bleſſings ſuch
As Prince to People gives,—theſe cry'd, “Behead him.”
And Blood and Death were echoed. On the Guard
They preſs'd, broke through the ranks, diſmiſs'd myſelf
And others, bade us thank 'em that they ſpared
Our lives. The guards reſiſted; and, I judge,
Recover'd the firm order of their ranks.
But all was Doubt, Hazard, Combution, Terror.
Hope of quick ſuccour brought me here. Fly! Fly!

DALENTOUR.

Exalted or depreſs'd, Tyrants are Curſes.
Yet, Rimbard, his obnoxious head let's reſcue

I

From

From the unsanction'd weapon,—that it fall
To national wrath a splendid sacrifice.

RIMBARD.

Yes; an example high of that dread justice
Awaits Usurpers. [*Exeunt Dalentour and Rimbard.*]

SCENE VI.

LA PORTE, LORD PERSEFIELD, CAROLINE.

LORD PERSEFIELD.

Was't well spok'n? Usurpers

CAROLINE.

Usurps not he, who wears a Crown, by blood
Or sweat, of Equals, purchas'd?

LORD PERSEFIELD.

Who would touch,
With lawless hand, the Crown of my lov'd Sov'reign,
He is no Briton.

LA PORTE.

Francis, advocates
I've sent thee strangely minded. Yet—

LORD PERSEFIELD.

Adoring
Our Freedom, we can love our King and venerate.

LA PORTE.

Ev'n in a stroke o' th' clock, a head may fall.

LORD

LORD PERSEFIELD.

Your presence were of no avail.—But mark me.
 Or e'er Britannia's Crown shall lay in dust
 Her edifice of equal Laws and free,
 Shall that fair center stone, which crowns and perfects
 Yonder big arch, force down the massy pile
 That bears it, and is knit by't to firm durance.

LA PORTE.

My hapless Country! Had your Model shap'd it,
 Whereon the faithful hand of Time hath stamp't
 Its Proof, we had then deserv'd, we had then receiv'd,
 Wisdom's Esteem, and Virtue's Love. Now sink we
 Below Oblivion and Contempt: the pit
 Of *Detestation* shall our impious annals
 To latest ages hold.

CAROLINE.

Hath Dalentour,
 With Patriots of his order, France enlighten'd?
 And taught her on free wing to soar where eye
 Had ne'er yet view'd? Then, hears his Daughter this?
 La Porte, I fly thee. And (be wise) fly thou;
 Unless grown weary of life. [Exit.

S C E N E VII.

LA PORTE, LORD PERSEFIELD.

LA PORTE.

Unsex'd Woman!
 Go, do thy worst. Sweet is my life, to save
 H My

My King. Falls he, I welcome thee to gorge
My richest blood.—Is he not fall'n?—What murmur?

LORD PERSEFIELD.

'Tis in your ear.—Accept a Stranger's sorrows,
To mingle with your Monarch's and your own.

LA PORTE.

He is no Stranger, who's indeed a Briton;
Who knows his blessings, and, in one embrace,
Infolds his Liberty, his Laws, his King.

LORD PERSEFIELD.

Such now I boast myself.—Soft silken words,
That hither drew me, had fantastic hopes
Within me lighted, of a heav'n-sprung Freedom,
A Magic of Fraternity, to knit
All hearts, and sudden change the darksome scenes
Of human woe to bright Elysian fields.
But, harsh Reality on my senses striking,
The Spell is brok'n.—And (tell me) the sweet spirit
To chase away, once breathing through yon form
Of beauty,—say, comes *this* from Light, New Know-
ledge,

From heav'n-born Freedom,—this the Renovation,
Which to behold and share, the race of man
Are taught, persuaded, lur'd, threaten'd, compell'd?

LA PORTE.

My royal Master! Can I nought devise,
To ward the instant blow?—Haply 'tis struck.
Or, waits it for mock justice? To come sharpen'd
By Pomp insulting?—Oh! His limbs are torn,

Ev'n

Ev'n now.—Where am I?—Or, where should I be?
 Begone this stupor!—Though I know not Arms,
 Hopeless I'll range the streets, for aid from Heav'n or—

*[Going out, is met by Isidore. At the same time, the
 sound of an approaching multitude is heard.]*

S C E N E VIII.

LA PORTE, LORD PERSEFIELD, ISIDORE.

LA PORTE.

Isidore, speak. Tell me—

ISIDORE.

Disgrac'd for ever

Is this great city. Francis—

LA PORTE.

What of him?

ISIDORE.

Belov'd—

LA PORTE.

I know,

ISIDORE.

Of all that virtue lov'd—

LA PORTE.

Is butcher'd! Ha!

ISIDORE.

Then were his mis'ries ended.

It is not so,—The streets are bloody currents.

H 2

Loyal

Loyal and trait'rous blood have mix'd; and smeared
My King. Most foul it looks upon him: he
Under the stains most gallant.

LA PORTE.

With his own

Is't mingled?

ISIDORE,

No, I trust.

LA PORTE.

He does yet live.

But, what of that?—Relate th' events.—Thou bleed'st,

ISIDORE.

'Tis others' blood,

LA PORTE.

Nay, 'but it trickles down,

ISIDORE.

I felt no wound. Yet, now, I could believe—
But, hear. Two Parties, this for slaughter instant,
That for delib'rate murder, held fierce contest.
Long did I grasp him with this anxious arm;
And, how we parted, know not. But, methinks,
The wound you've made me feel did level me
With earth. For there I found me, distant far
From my lov'd Master: whom, by strongest effort,
I could no more possess.

LA PORTE,

Know'st thou no further?

ISIDORE,

ISIDORE.

They vanquish'd who some future day do purpose
On royal blood to feast, calling, to witness,
Earth and the higher world.—Hear you the noise?
They bring the Pris'ner, and the Trial begins.

LORD PERSEFIELD.

Here fought I Heav'n : and here I find a Hell.

LA PORTE.

Come, tongues of Angels ; to convince, and melt!
Yet, on infernal ears, where were your power ?

[*Exeunt,*

END OF ACT III.

ACT

A C T IV.

SCENE I. *The Prison.*

THE KING, THE QUEEN, CONSTANCE,

QUEEN.

THESE were the self-made Judges of their Sov'reign,
 Wretches, forgot they the mild rays that beamed
 Round Francis' throne,—the soft'ring hand he stretch'd,
 To draw meek Merit from its dark retreat,
 If haply he could spy it there through crowds,
 Who fear'd its rise, and cow'rdly strove to hide it?

KING.

The Prince who plants him thus one grateful prop
 'Gainst danger, adds a host of foes, who watch
 In ambush,—then, (should rude events unlook'd for
 Shake his throne's footstool,) drop their courtiers' colours,
 And storm the throne itself,

QUEEN.

And, savage, glut
 With insolent rage their vengeful appetites.
 Were Laws *indeed* their aim, Freedom their wish,
 Ev'n the wild Freedom, the misshapen Laws,
 A frantic head could fashion, yet, these gained,
 And th' unrob'd Francis plac'd before their eyes
 A Captive, who that's human,—not in shape

Of

Of Man a ravenous Beast,—would ruthless seize
The unoffending prey, and sport with anguish?

CONSTANCE.

Did none respect your former state?

KING.

None durst.

QUEEN.

'Tis a sworn league between base cowardice
And baser villainy.

KING.

To ev'ry man

The breath of life is precious. He who wished
To vote me guiltless, or to pay respect,
Saw pointed to his breast th' assassin's knife,
And shrunk within himself.

QUEEN.

Dastardly villains!

CONSTANCE.

Yet who confesses not, that Life is precious?

QUEEN.

Precious! 'Tis ceaseless Punishment, to all
Whose conscience tells them, by deserted Duty
It has been meanly purchas'd.

CONSTANCE.

What forbids,

Amid our anxious fears, a sober hope,
To stay our minds?

KING.

No hope, for me, is sober.

'Twere

'Twere as a fond invention, by some art
 Unholy, to ascend a giddy height;
 That, headlong plunging—Hark! What step is that?
 [*Aside.*] These must not know, each step brings death;
 or, life.

CONSTANCE.

[*To the Queen.*] Heard you a step?

QUEEN.

None.

KING.

Noise, perhaps, below;
 Fiercely driv'n upward by the winding concave.
 Methought it touch'd the door.

CONSTANCE.

Alas! You're spent.
 So feeble, think it not disgrace to manhood,
 A sound that finds not ev'n our timid ears
 Should now strike yours.

QUEEN.

Gluttons refin'd and pamper'd!
 Their appetites, being pall'd with num'rous feasts,
 Of simpler vengeance, and more humble cruelty,
 Demanded a full banquet, sumptuous, solemn;
 Where Insult might delib'rate feed, and Numbers
 To luxury give zest and emulation.
 When send they the proud sentence?

CONSTANCE.

O, when send they?
 And, yet, to know,—or not to know,—what torment!

KING.

KING.

T' inquire, were mis'ry. To prepare, were best.

CONSTANCE.

Why not acquit their King?

KING.

Stay your fond fancy
From wand'ring. Brace your ear for sounds of harshness.

CONSTANCE.

But, what? La Porte! Despising shafts envenom'd,
Aim'd at himself; presenting, 'midst whole vollies,
The shield of his best pow'rs, to guard his King!
Has *he* nought sway'd them? Be they proof 'gainst all
Save a black Infamy, yet, when their guilt
Deform'd he paintèd, might not ev'n *they* shudder?

QUEEN.

As if the Monsters were of flesh and blood!
I tell you, No. A Monster is not human:
Neither of Infamy has sense.

CONSTANCE.

But, may not—

KING.

Much *may*. It *may*. But why let Hope and Fear
Toss to each other your unsteadfast mind,
As *they* could feel the pleasure of tormenting?
Call here my Girl and Boy: whose lighter griefs
May temper ours. Or, if the playful spirit
Of youth some joy in them can kindle, we
May chance partake. The Demons who do urge
Our foes, will grant one moment. Nor will He,

I

Whose

Whose scourge Men are, and Demons, aggravate
My chastisement, for that my smiling Boy
I smiled upon when Death o'erhung my head.

CONSTANCE.

'Twere blasphemy to think it.

KING.

There's a step :

Or Sounds—[*Enter Isidore, with Anne and Louis.*] My
Isidore !

SCENE II.

THE KING, THE QUEEN, CONSTANCE, ANNE, LOUIS, ISIDORE.

[*The King takes Isidore aside. The Queen and Constance, seeing this, go to the further part of the stage; taking Anne and Louis.*]

KING.

Say, am I dead ?

ISIDORE.

Sir ?

KING.

Thou dost comprehend me.

ISIDORE.

Sir ? My Master ?

KING.

Lack my words meaning ? Answer me.

ISIDORE.

ISIDORE.

What Answer?

KING.

Silence is Torture :— words can be but Death.

ISIDORE.

What shall I speak? Why look you thus on me?

KING.

Speak Death ;—if so it is. But in low voices
And, straightway, lead off gently those behind us.
Be brief. Speak. I would be alone.

ISIDORE.

Suppose you——

KING.

Look on this count'nance. Can it bear a shock?
Try it.

ISIDORE.

Oh, ne'er be't tried!

KING.

Nay, trifle not,
My Isidore, *[The King and Isidore talk apart.]*

QUEEN.

What means this?

CONSTANCE.

Francis shews
Emotion rare in him :—says, " Trifle not,"
In louder voice. Heard you?

QUEEN.

I heard that merely.

I 2

CONSTANCE,

CONSTANCE.

'Twas not the wont of gentle Ifidore,
When Francis spoke, to trifle. If *he's* changed,
All faith, on earth, is folly.

KING.

Stay awhile.

But tell them not how near may be my Sentence.
I wish them gone. I wish them here. And both
For their sake, both for mine.

ISIDORE.

I will observe it.

KING.

[*To the Queen and Constance.*] Our Ifidore came but
with Anne and Louis.

I have a boon requested, that you'll join
To sue for.

CONSTANCE.

If he knows the suit, 'tis granted.

ISIDORE.

Are you so sure of that?

CONSTANCE.

I'm but so sure,
As of the life of Ifidore. He's mortal.

ISIDORE.

Dear Madam, I do thank you.

QUEEN.

What's the boon?

KING.

To bring a message.

QUEEN.

QUEEN.

'Twere no Boon,—with *him*.

KING.

What message? Think.

QUEEN.

It rises to my mind.

KING.

My Sentence must, some time, be told. From whom,
Than Isidore, were't better you and I
Receiv'd it?

QUEEN.

None.

CONSTANCE.

From none.

KING.

Cast thou be made

The Messenger?

ISIDORE,

Who'll fit me for't?

KING.

Harsh tidings

Some lips can soften. Whose can more than thine?
Were Mercy in the message, who more worthy
Of that pure joy which he alone can taste
Who can deserve it,—dark despair to cheer
With lightsome rays?

QUEEN.

Intreat the upstart tyrant,
Who in raw pride rules here, once to forego

Insulting

Insulting whom, when sceptred, none but Villains
 Had cause to dread.—But Office, wanton Office,
 Must triumph; little minds must wreak their malice
 On th' humbled Great.

CONSTANCE.

Your censure seems to bar
 Exception. Look beside you.

QUEEN.

Isidore,
 I meant it not. Thou'rt ever gentle; ever,
 No. Office is not Office, in thy hands,

CONSTANCE,

And, shall you be permitted?

ISIDORE.

'Tis a doubt.
 Ev'n Branterre may lack pow'r.

CONSTANCE.

Remember us,
 Apart. 'Twere fearful else,

ISIDORE.

I will. And, Sir,
 I'll seize occasion, if 't may be.—Harsh tidings
 [Aside, going,
 How I shall utter, Heav'n alone foresees.

KING.

Adieu.

CONSTANCE,

Leave you us, Isidore?

ISIDORE.

ISIDORE.

I go.

Solace each other. What is left you, else?

CONSTANCE.

There's left for us, to thank our Isidore.

KING.

And, let us do it now. [*They gather round Isidore.*

Our eyes may never—

ISIDORE.

Once let me stop your words. I would not fail
In my respect. But you'll o'erwhelm us.

[*The Women weep.*

KING.

Thanks,

My Isidore. It does exceed our strength,
I fee full well:—I feel it. [*Weeps.*

[*Exit Isidore, weeping.*

SCENE III.

THE KING, THE QUEEN, CONSTANCE, ANNE, LOUIS.

KING.

Why such hearts
Could not my throne and sceptre draw around me?
My fall, my foes, my perils, these have drawn him.
Much do I fear, in taking from our griefs,
He adds to his own.—He *has* his own.—All have.—
And no Reward!

CONSTANCE.

CONSTANCE.

He'll find one.

KING.

Not from me.

CONSTANCE.

Who knows it?

KING.

Louis, you love Ifidore.

LOUIS.

We'll take him with us, when we go.

KING.

We go

One at a time, perhaps; and none knows whither.

LOUIS.

No, no; we'll make e'm let us go together.

KING.

"No, no," my Boy? How's that? Learn to say, Yes;
When 'tis and must be so. See you remember.—

And, will you, all your life, love Ifidore?—

But, that you cannot tell.

LOUIS.

O, but I'll love him.

KING.

When he grows old, what will you do?

LOUIS.

I'll love him.

KING.

When he finds fault?

LOUIS.

LOUIS.

He never does.

KING.

He may.

And, when he's poor?

LOUIS.

I'll feed him.

KING.

Blind?

LOUIS.

Some person

Shall bring him to me ev'ry day.

KING.

But, should he,

When you do wrong, look angry?

LOUIS.

He'll not look

So very angry.

KING.

Yes; but, if he should?

LOUIS.

Then, Sir, he will not look like Isidore.

QUEEN.

'Tis shrewdly answer'd.

KING.

Louis, Boy, remember.

Do as he bids you. If you e'er forget him,

Your Father may disturb your quiet pillow,

And make you dream bad dreams. Louis, remember.

K

LOUIS.

LOUIS.

I will, I will.

KING.

Come near me, Anne. You're pale.

ANNE.

'Tis a long time, Sir, since you talk'd with me.

KING.

I have been busy, very busy, Anne.

ANNE.

O, Sir, I understand it but too well.

KING.

Who tells you ?

ANNE.

Can I stop my ears ? *You tell me,*
My Aunt, my Mother.—When I'm plac'd aside,
With Louis, we begin perhaps some play.
You guard from us your words, awhile. Then, oft,
You raise your voices.—I do hear such things,—
They freeze me on the spot. And Louis wonders ;
And bids me play. I try again. My ears,
Without my bidding, listen. Sometimes I hear,
But understand not rightly ; yet I tremble.
Louis will chide : and we can almost quarrel.

KING.

Just Heav'n ! For Prison and Death I was prepared.
But, with a stroke like this, send me new force.
Left words escape me which befeem not mortals.

CONSTANCE.

O, that the Judges' ears, and eyes, were here !

QUEEN.

QUEEN.

If human ; else 'twere vain.

CONSTANCE.

Not ev'n La Porte
I'd ask for Eloquence. [*Enter Branterre and Ifidore.*
[*Exit Ifidore, with Anne and Louis.*

SCENE IV.

THE KING, THE QUEEN, CONSTANCE, BRANTERRE.

BRANTERRE.

You make this prison
A house for gossips' prattle. I must send
The Women hence, and Children. Ifidore
Was loit'ring here. Then came he out unlike
A Jailer. What had he to do with Tears?
[*The King attempts to draw him aside.*
I have no private ear.

KING.

Tell me one thing.

BRANTERRE.

Nothing. I've learnt my duty, and shall do it.

QUEEN.

And not exceed it?—Offices of kindness
Come, from some hearts, more kind. There are, can
make
A cruel one more cruel.

BRANTERRE.

Say you so?

K 2

CONSTANCE.

CONSTANCE.

Spare yourself, Sister.

BRANTERRE.

Follow, both ;—this way.

QUEEN.

And, why?

BRANTERRE.

The Government, within these walls,
Is somewhat military : gives not off
Its Reasons. Follow me.

QUEEN.

Return you hither ?

BRANTERRE.

Follow me, both.

QUEEN.

D'you tidings bring ?

CONSTANCE.

What tidings ?

BRANTERRE.

Follow.

QUEEN.

Support me, ye high Pow'rs !

[*Exeunt.*

KING.

She sharpens
The fangs of malice. When they find it wounds,
They bite the keener.—What may be this movement ?

[*Enter Branterre and La Porte. Exit Branterre.*

SCENE

SCENE V.

THE KING, LA PORTE.

KING.

Thou need'st not speak. My fate is in thy visage.

LA PORTE.

'Tis even so.

KING.

Nay, weep not. Is not Death
My Heritage?—What now remains, of life?

LA PORTE.

One day :—no more.

KING.

To-morrow I escape them.—

One day.—The grave is refuge from all tyrants.
When the deed's done, fall on thy knees, give thanks
(Mine and thine own) that all my foes have lost me.

LA PORTE.

Thanks, for that deed?—But, 'tis deliv'rance.—True.
It shall be done.—Thanks from a heart oppressed,
Find they acceptance?

KING.

He acceptance finds,
Who gives the heart he has.

LA PORTE.

One ray of Hope,
Methinks—

KING.

Perish the word! If thou dost wish me
That

That count'nance on the scaffold, which befits
 Thy friend, and Francis, speak no more of Hope.
 Man's forces it divides: then they're o'erthrown.
 If thy fix'd soul is bent on risking all
 That makes life precious, and thy life itself,
 Do this: think Francis breathes no more. He leaves
 A wife, a sister, daughter, son. Tow'rd these,
 And tow'rd my bleeding subjects, aim thy powers.

LA PORTE.

How may it be?

KING.

Seize what occasion offers:
 'Tis all I know. Farewell. Beyond the grave,
 Unless *my* sins forbid, in happier climes
 We meet; and part no more.

[*La Porte, to whom he had given his hand, detains
 him, and kneels; but cannot speak.*

Nay, tear not out
 My heart. An easier fate my foes will grant me.
 Believe me vanish'd. [Exit.]

SCENE VI.

LA PORTE *solus*.

Who did form this globe?
 Who, what, does rule it?—Chance? A phantom.—
 Atoms?
 Had they intelligence and sway, is't possible
 They thus could use them?—Spirits of th' air, in Ill
 Delighting,

Delighting, can ye check the one supreme—
 No; no. The Universe does stand secure,
 Tho' tempests sweep, and seem to sweep at hazard.
 Blind Mortal! Turn thine eyes within:—*there's* more
 Than thou wilt read. Around thee dost thou judge,
 Thou'rt lost.—Had Francis heard my words, I had
 blush'd.

Much injur'd Man! Could Truth one mighty flash
 Pour o'er thy realm, soon would a raging thirst
 Seek others' blood, not thine: this Nation, (hood-
 wink'd

By Wretches, who, proclaiming Light, spread Darknefs;
 Dark Falsehood,) would the veil tear off, would hail
 Their King, and sink the Traitors in perdition.

[Enter Isidore.

SCENE VII.

LA PORTE, ISIDORE.

ISIDORE.

Where is my King?

LA PORTE.

Gone hence: perhaps to announce
 What none besides might venture.

ISIDORE.

To the Queen?

His Fate?

LA PORTE.

His unjust Fate.

ISIDORE.

To himself to tell it,

Was

Was now my errand. Such request my tongue
 Could not refuse. Whether it could discharge
 The office, was not tried. Has Branterre dashed
 The tidings in his face?

LA PORTE.

Thy tongue had found
 No time. Thy looks at once had told:—as mine did.

ISIDORE.

Was it La Porte? Then would my King not grieve,
 That *I* was freed.—Receiv'd he it like Francis?

LA PORTE.

Ev'n so. He look'd not pale, nor wept,—nor boasted.
 But wond'rously my mind brought o'er to those
 Who live. I pitied them. I envied him.
 And felt myself forsaken.—Hark! 'Tis he.
 His eye and mine meet not: the time's not come.

[*Enter the King.*

We've not yet pass'd the grave.

[*Exit La Porte, by a different door.*

S' C E N E VIII.

THE KING, ISIDORE.

KING.

Give me repose.

I am exhausted. Know'st thou, Isidore,
 The scene I come from?—Led by lofty thoughts
 Of my own firmness, (firmness perhaps given
 By presence of La Porte, and lost with him)

I rush'd

I rush'd on thy commission. Why not suffer
Thy skilful tongue to speak it? Mine o'erthrew
Us all.

ISIDORE.

I shudder'd at the task. But swerve
I could not. What remains for me to attempt?

KING.

Their passions now defy all means. But, shortly,
Thou may'st into their wounds pour healing balm.

ISIDORE.

No balm can *heal*. To *assuage* if I find means,
I'll use them.

KING.

Else, thou wert not Isidore.

ISIDORE.

But, take repose. If Solitude you covet,
Dismiss me. Or, if still and sad society,
Of silent grief, invite, let Isidore
Remain your mute and motionless companion.

KING.

Thou speak'st as vers'd in human woes,—the Cure,
The Aid, of each; and, in applying, skilful.
Thou'st wak'd my mind to stronger thoughts. Go:
watch

When may thy gentle touch approach yon sorrows.

ISIDORE.

I go. I'll watch with vantage of my Office.

L

KING.

KING.

Where's thy Reward?—Were I entron'd a Despot,
Not all my Mines could pay it.

ISIDORE.

Name not Rewards.

KING.

There comes a Day. There is a King who makes
All kings, and does unmake them at his pleasure.
'Tis he must pay my debt.—Go; go. Thy tears
Are bursting. Go. Thou wilt unman me. Go.

[Exit Isidore.]

S C E N E IX.

THE KING *solus*.

Now hastens down my sun to its horizon.
Of all we see on earth how fades the glare!
Life's Goods and Ills are mix'd and melted down
In mild and inoffensive hues; that stir,
Indeed, a gentle parting Melancholy.
They lightly touch, but grapple not, the soul.
That world which lies before me, though with clouds
'Tis dimm'd, yet holds mine eye, with force unknown
Till now. There is a Language, talk'd by men,
Calling this first vain world a shadow, bubble,
A house for tray'lers; and the next, our home,

Our

Our journey's end, our being. These are Words.
And Words are heard and spoken. But, to *see*,
Stand here,—on the grave's brink ;—no earthly vapours
To thwart the eye.—My Foes, how feeble seem they !
Anger they cannot move. A passing Pity :—
Then they 're forgot. My Friends who with me suffer,
Who suffer *for* me, fill the narrow space
My busy mind can grant to all I'm leaving.
For these, what can a king dethron'd and dying ?—
Pray to *his* King. [*Kneels.*] Sov'reign of all, whose
throne
Stands open to the captive and condemn'd ;
Look on my Friends. Bind up their wounds. Discharge
The debts I owe them. And, restore them to me ;—
But there, where sin and sorrow are no more.

END OF ACT IV.

A C T V.

SCENE I. *The Place of Execution.*

MANTON, GAZELLE.

MANTON.

WHEN go you to the Prison ?

GAZELLE.

After an hour,

MANTON.

Returning, girt with mute and freezing pomp,
 To such a deed, Gazelle, as this our Age
 Ne'er view'd, how will the Citizens receive you?

GAZELLE.

That I inquire not. Arms are my profession.
 A Soldier strikes where he is bid : he moves
 Where bid. He hears no threats : he sees no terror.
 Your Mandate sent was this : " Conduct the Pris'ner
 " The arm of Justice guard."

MANTON.

Mandate ? Of whom ?

GAZELLE.

The Council holding now the place of Francis.

MANTON.

You ask not whence they hold it.

GAZELLE.

Are they not
 Th' immediate organ of that Sov'reign Power,
 Which

Which is to us the People's Self, and acts
More vig'rous by compression ?

MANTON.

Your Obedience

Is not so soldier-like but it may grant
To Reason a certain range.

GAZELLE.

Once known the Voice
That may command, reasoning were disobedience.

MANTON.

But not till then.

GAZELLE.

What mean you ?

MANTON.

Doubt is past,
It seems. You are decided. I am gone. [Going.]

GAZELLE.

Manton, if there remain, in this wide region,
A soul I can repose on, it is thine.
My heart is full, to bursting. And thy thoughts,
So sparingly expos'd, I do conjecture.
Take my hand, give me thine ; the seals of promise.
Be mutual honour pledg'd ; that, 'twixt us two,
Whate'er be spoken, never be brought forth
In accusation, nor, by hint ambiguous,
Put in the train to do spontaneous mischief.
This pledg'd, we banish fear, mistrust, reserve.
Each from his breast unfolding all he knows
And all he thinks, perchance some path we open,

Conducting our discordant citizens
To harmony and sober peace.

MANTON.

Gazelle,

Him whom my wishes fought I do believe thee.
With fullest purpose gives my heart the pledge
Thou askest, and in that thou giv'st confides.

GAZELLE.

Thou say'st enough.—Francis (to speak in brief)
Is much misus'd, methinks.

MANTON.

I think no less.

Yet 'mong his foes I sit.—How chang'd the scene!
I thought them friends to Freedom, Virtue, Man.
I thought, the Legacy of Laws exalted,
That we should leave our Sons, wou'd fill their hearts
With love, their mouths with praise. And now, our
King,

Our Laws, our Faith, our Fame, our Virtue, all
We murder.—Patriots? Fie! O, fie! Rank Traitors.—
La Porte did speak—not Words; not Rhetoric's flowers.
I felt him speak, not heard him. Glow'd his *Friendship*?
Methought, all hearts melted before the Sun.
Stood forth the *Public Weal*? I saw her form
So lively, all, methought, would run to embrace her,
And Francis, her Protector, save.—He spoke
In vain. In vain a host of friendly Tongues.—
Gazelle, a host of *Warriors*! There's the hope,
If any. How may't be?

GAZELLE.

Among the troops

That

That guard this day's great scene, I have descried
 Various emotions, check'd by discipline
 And mutual fear;—bursting again, and check'd.
 Thou'lt seen the sea, when winds have sudden ceased.
 It heaves, and heaves, with mountainous swell; and
 wildly

Tosses some timorous bark. A huge wave breaks :
 The bark's ingulf'd. Ev'n such is this day's Calm.

MANTON.

How hush'd the City ! 'Tis a midnight stillness :
 In face of this bright sun. Where will it end ?

GAZELLE.

It baffles human foresight. Winds and Waves
 Have more of certainty. A blast, from north
 Or south, may urge this fluid mass, of men
 In arms. One blast, come whence it will, sweeps all
 Right onward. Should contending blasts arise,
 The waves were blood ;—upon the broken surface
 Authority and Law floating like stubble.

MANTON.

Most cruel day !—If aught can save the Pris'ner,
 Can awe a maddening rabble, can the host
 In arms, enormous engine, guide, from works
 Of wasting fury, to Defence and Peace,
 Can block the gap whence seems ev'n now to issue
 That direful war, where Brother Brother slays,
 And Father Son,—'tis *thou*. The Host obeys thee.

GAZELLE.

In times like ours, the tie is weak that binds

The

The Soldier to his Leader. But, whom best
I could approach by winning argument,
Or, for our deeds in arms together wrought,
I thought most like to follow me, I've founded.

MANTON.

And, what's your hope?

GAZELLE.

I have a chosen band;
On whom, in all that likelihood may warrant,
I do rely. Whether throughout the troops
The loyal flame may spread, or we shall fall
The victims of our zeal, I leave to fate.
If Francis perish, and his realm be prey
To wolves, first let the friendly hand of Death,
Or e'er that scene be open'd, close mine eyes.

[*Enter Lord Persefield, at a distance.*

I hear a step. Retire we.

MANTON.

This man lives,
Where *genuine* Freedom speaks—and is obeyed.
I'll crave instruction of him.

GAZELLE.

First, a moment,
My purpose hear. I must be brief. Time fails.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

LORD PERSEFIELD *solus*.

Brotherhood! Love!—Accursed smoothness; Britons
T' invite.—To what? To see our elder brothers
Poniard each other,—follow then th' example.

[Discovers the scaffold.]

Ah! Royalty's Farewell! The scene where bleed
Concord and Peace! For, who is left their guardian?
Assassins rule this land.—Fountain of blood,
Whither may spread thy streams? Will France suffice,
thee?

Will Europe? Who can of that deluge mark
The bounds, which in the reign of Chaos rages?
O, for a phalanx,—Britons *born* to Freedom,
Fix'd on this spot, this day! To stay the Flood,
Ev'n at its Source.

SCENE III.

LORD PERSEFIELD, DALENTOUR, RIMBARD.

DALENTOUR.

I joy, Clare, to see here
A native of that country whose proud tyrants
Have learnt what Fear, what Flight is, and a Scaffold.

RIMBARD.

One who brings relish to the feast preparing,
Whose Nation knows the taste of Tyrants' blood.

M

LORD

LORD PERSEFIELD.

'Twas not my *Country*, Dalentour, let fall
 The axe upon their King:—a ruffian herd;
 Who, seizing rule, unskilful how to use it,
 Cloth'd violent deeds in language for the Wolf
 To Lambs,—not argument of reasoning creatures.

RIMBARD.

Say'st *thou* this, Clare?

LORD PERSEFIELD.

Yes, Rimbard; Clare says this.

RIMBARD.

He says it not of Patriots who have broken
 Our Tyrant's rod, and made him feel his crimes.

LORD PERSEFIELD.

Clare, what he thinks, will speak; on fit occasion.

[*Enter Manton.*]

S C E N E IV.

THE SAME, AND MANTON.

MANTON.

See him yet yok'd with wretches who, by wiles [*Aside.*
 Infernal, draw th' unwary on to deeds
 They would have shudder'd at.

DALENTOUR.

Think, Clare, that safety,
 In this our land, is but vouchsaf'd to those
 Who can respect the Freedom we adore,
 And to her chosen Vot'ries pay due honour.

LORD PERSEFIELD.

Threats may scare Daftards.

MANTON.

Hear I words that Friends
May speak ?

RIMBARD.

Whom call you Friends ?

MANTON.

To Friendship Clare
Has been admitted.

RIMBARD.

He may forfeit it.

MANTON.

He may. Unless I err in him, he will not.

DALENTOUR.

So quick dost thou defend him ? Who a foe
Defends, may not, himself, be deem'd far other.

MANTON.

To whom is Clare a foe ?

DALENTOUR.

To Patriotism ;
To men enlighten'd, who the sacred flame
Diffuse. Question him.

LORD PERSEFIELD.

Patriots once had virtue.
Their blood was pure. The purest may degen'rate.
The Name remains. But, Patriots of this day !—
The offspring of the honest oft are knaves,

M 2

And

And sons of Heroes, Cowards.

DALENTOUR.

Treason.

RIMBARD.

Treason.

I do arrest thee.

[*Seizes Lord Persefield.*]

LORD PERSEFIELD.

Villain, loose thy hand.

MANTON.

He stands within protection of our laws.

Release him.

RIMBARD.

Treason.

LORD PERSEFIELD.

Instant loose me. Off!

Off, or thou may'st repent thee. I'm a Briton.

MANTON.

A Stranger! Bear respect. Revere the laws.

DALENTOUR.

Manton, forbear. I'm witness to the treason.

The Public must have vengeance.

[*Exeunt Rimbard and Lord Persefield; struggling.*]

MANTON.

This word, Vengeance,
Is much in vogue. Who mouth it, may chance find,
It has a sting. Obstruct me not.

DALENTOUR.

A day
Of blood is this. Vengeance, this day, must rule.

MANTON.

MANTON.

Stop me not.

DALENTOUR.

Hold.

MANTON.

Force?

DALENTOUR.

Hold.

MANTON.

Imprison me?

DALENTOUR.

Suspitions hang on thee. Ere thou defend'st
Another, it were fit thyself were cleared.

MANTON.

Pretence! Is this a time? Discuss my conduct,
While Clare may perish? Urge me not to violence.

DALENTOUR.

Traitor, thou'rt conscious: thus I stop thee.

*[Strikes with a dagger: but Manton seizes his hand,
and wrests the dagger from him. Dalentour
draws; and Manton, in defence.]*

MANTON.

Wretch!

Ungenerous wretch! Is this Philanthropy,
Good Faith, a Brother's Love? Thy name and mine,
Stand they in one same roll? I am asham'd on't.

DALENTOUR.

Oh! Vengeance!—Traitor, perish.

*[They fight, and Dalentour falls. Enter Gazelle with
Soldiers.]*

SCENE

S C E N E V.

MANTON, DALENTOUR, GAZELLE WITH SOLDIERS.

GAZELLE.

Manton? What?

And, Dalentour?

DALENTOUR.

'Tis he. Yes.—Comes the King?

GAZELLE.

He comes who was a King.

DALENTOUR.

Thou seest a wretch

Who was—Raise me. I've heard it said, that Death,
Suddenly thwarting mortals in their hotCareer,—Raise me—has drawn forth strange confes-
sions ;Has made men slander their own lives, who Saints
Were held. I thought—But, place me higher. I've
much,

Methinks, to say ; and little time to live.

[The soldiers place him in a chair.]

GAZELLE.

[To Manton.] What's this?

MANTON.

But now, he charg'd suf-

picious on me ;

He aim'd at me this dagger ; drew his sword.

I drew. He fell. Whether his wound be fatal,

I know not. Something he would speak. Let's hear
him.

DALENTOUR.

DALENTOUR.

Thy steel hath pierc'd more deeply than the seat
 Of life:—to soul, and conscience. Let my moments,
 Now left, warn those who hear me of the shore
 I'm wreck'd on. Thou, Gazelle, haste to thy duty.
 Leave not grim Death, what now o'er me he boasts,
 To urge, by present terror, to repentance.
 I faint.

GAZELLE.

Speak, if thou canst. Thy words will dart,
 With swiftness of the light'ning, through the troops
 And city.

DALENTOUR.

Fellow-citizens, I die.

Death makes me feel what I did think me free from:
 Death makes me *fear*. Beyond these dreams of earth
 I had no thought. And, now, what lies beyond
 Is all remains for me. It looks most horrible.
 Know what I was: and guard you, guard you, from it.
 Ambition led me; and Revenge did urge me.
 With Freedom and her train I feign'd a friendship;
 Foe to whate'er could nourish or protect her.
 Compassion touch'd me not. When I beheld
 Confusion rolling through the land, on wheels
 Of fire, I clapp'd my hands.—I curs'd my King,
 And gloried. 'Twas most base. Francis, forgive me!
 And, Manton, thou whom—

MANTON.

Think not now on me.

Thou teachest well. If there's aught further, speak it.

DALENTOUR.

I sink. I go.—Soldiers and Citizens,

Save

Save yet your Country, and protect your King.—
Oh!—Hell!—There struck some Fiend; who lighted
me,

Erewhile, by firebrands of Ambition, to—
Fiends, you shall have your prey—On the gulf's edge
I stand. How it does yawn! How it does yawn!
See, there! See, see! There, see! [Dies.

MANTON.

Gone. Gone. He's gone.

GAZELLE.

“Save yet your Country, and protect your King.”

SOLDIERS.

“Save yet your Country.”

GAZELLE.

“And protect your King.”

[First Soldier levels his piece at Gazelle: second Soldier
strikes it upwards.

SECOND SOLDIER.

“Protect your King.”

SOLDIERS.

“Protect your King.”

GAZELLE.

Secure him.

[The first Soldier is secured.]

Manton, procure a Banner, o'er the corse
To wave, in gentle breaths of air, his words,
“Save yet your Country, and protect your King.”
These shall the troops behold, and, underneath,
The self-condemned victim; as they pass
To guard their hapless Monarch to his doom.

Meanwhile,

Meanwhile, let this event be swift conveyed
Through all the troops.

[Exeunt some Attendants, for this purpose. Exit Manton. The body is drawn to the side of the stage. Enter La Porte.]

SCENE VI.

LA PORTE, GAZELLE, SOLDIERS.

LA PORTE.

Wherefore is this obstruction?
Since he must perish—

GAZELLE.

Who must perish?

LA PORTE.

Francis.

Lead you not on?

GAZELLE.

Behold that Band.

LA PORTE.

What is it?

GAZELLE.

A Band who save their King, or perish with him.

LA PORTE.

Lives so much Loyalty? I'll bear the tidings. *[Going.]*

N

GAZELLE.

GAZELLE.

Reserve them : lest confusion harm our measures.

LA PORTE.

I'll join my Master. To each circumstance
I'll fit my words and deeds. One last adieu
I suffer'd. Yet rejoice I, now, I found
Occasion to attend him hither. Teach me.
Shew me your purpose : that I act in union.

GAZELLE.

Seest thou that corse ? 'Twas a repenting Traitor.
His death and dying words we have dispers'd.
From them we've hopes. But hie thee to thy station.
We must move on.

LA PORTE.

I go :—in trembling hope. [*Exit.*]

GAZELLE.

Friends, Fellow-soldiers, 'tis this day our lot,
The Name of France to shield from infamy,
To save our Country, to protect our King,—
Or with him fall. Living, we live to glory :
Dying, we live, like Soldiers, in our names.
Lead on the march.

[*March. The Banner is put up, over the corpse. Exit
unt the first body of soldiers. Others come on, and
follow in procession. Enter the King &c. with sol-
diers. Also the first body of soldiers, by a different en-
trance.*]

SCENE VII.

THE KING, BRANTERRE, ISIDORE, LA PORTE, GAZELLE, SOLDIERS.

KING.

This is my closing scene.

La Porte, does yonder scaffold make me pale?
My heart,—feel,—throbs it as afraid to cease?

LA PORTE.

When I am summon'd, I will call before me
What I have seen this day; and learn to die.

KING.

Time was, men flatter'd me. Lives Flattery here?

LA PORTE.

[*Afide to Gazelle.*] Gazelle, O, what—

BRANTERRE.

The business of the day
'Tis meet we hinder not.

GAZELLE.

Behold, my King,
That Banner. 'Tis the voice of these brave soldiers,

KING.

How? Call me from my grave? My Spirit, hovering
Ev'n now in air, reads this;—and not mine eyes
Of flesh.

GAZELLE.

Seize time. Intrust yourself to men

N 2

Bent

Bent or to save or perish.

KING.

Who? How? Whither?

GAZELLE.

Delay springs opposition. Speed is Hope.

KING.

What Hope?—But I commit myself to Heaven,
And thee.

[Exit the King (by the corpse), with the first body of soldiers, Gazelle, La Porte, Branterre. The other soldiers follow, with applause and murmur mixed. Others come on, and follow in like manner. Fight heard behind the scenes. The corpse and banner are removed. Enter the Queen.]

SCENE VIII.

THE QUEEN, ISIDORE.

QUEEN.

This is the way. Is it not, fellow?

ISIDORE.

[Aside.] The Queen escap'd? What wildness? How
her eyes—

QUEEN.

Shew me the way. Lead. Is the Sport begun?

ISIDORE.

ISIDORE.

Lady, I fear you are not well.

QUEEN.

'Tis false.

Thou art a clown, and dost belie thy Rulers.

ISIDORE.

Come but with me, I'll bring you to a —

QUEEN.

Whither?

ISIDORE.

A place where—

QUEEN.

Have they cut the cord?

ISIDORE.

Dear Lady!

QUEEN.

Who caught the head? 'Tis mine, and I must have it.

ISIDORE.

You're much deceiv'd.

QUEEN.

I will not be deceiv'd.

We'll have the play again: and I myself

Will do the deed.

ISIDORE.

Francis is living.

QUEEN.

Who?

Thou dost mistake it, fellow. 'Tis a play.

I'll

I'll shew thee how it's done. Here is a neck,

[*Holding her own neck.*]

Where is thy block? Come hither. See. I'll shew thee.

Here. Try this neck. 'Tis easy.—Thou'rt a coward.

Give me a dagger. I'll but let out blood

From this upruly heart. Then thou canst do it.

[*Enter the King, Gazelle, and La Porte.*]

SCENE IX.

THE KING, THE QUEEN, GAZELLE, LA PORTE, ISIDORE.

GAZELLE.

This way your Majesty must pass, to safety.

But look not on the objects you left here.

KING.

One moment, pause:—that, on this spot, my thanks.

I pour— [*Perceives the Queen.*] What shadow's there?—

My Isabella?

Fly we to safety! Come.

[*Offers to embrace her.*]

QUEEN.

Fellow, stand off.

KING.

Thou art not she.—Thou art. What robs thine eyes
Of vision?—Isabella, look on me.

QUEEN.

QUEEN.

I do delight in bloody deeds. Blood flows;
And blood *shall* flow. Here, give me blood,—more
blood.

I'll wash my hands in't. Wait you for more company?
Begin it. Play. *There* is a head will suit us.

[*Points to the King; and laughs loud. The King
sinks on the ground. Enter Lord Persefield.*]

SCENE X.

THE SAME, AND LORD PERSEFIELD.

LORD PERSEFIELD.

Victory! Peace! "Long live the King" resounds—
[*Sees the King.*] Ha! What is this?

GAZELLE.

And have the Citizens
Declar'd for Francis?

LORD PERSEFIELD.

I beheld the Band
That rescued him, inclos'd by grateful thousands;
All pressing to embrace their benefactors.
And my reluctant sword for Rimbard's death
Was thank'd.—But, where I find the King, what checks
The spreading joy? Is it th' Excess of joy
O'ercame him?

LA PORTE.

LA PORTE.

See, his eyes are opening. Raise him.

[While they raise him, the Queen finds a dagger
on the ground.]

QUEEN.

Thou pretty pointed plaything!—Drink this blood.

ISIDORE.

Hold, Madam! [*She stabs herself.*] Oh! [*She falls.*]

KING.

My Queen! Her brain has—Ha!

A Dagger?

QUEEN.

Nobly done. I shall o'ertake him.

KING.

Live, Isabella! Live! I am thy Francis.

[*The King kneels over her. She does not know him,
but calls aloud.*]

QUEEN.

Fliest thou my voice? Wait, Francis. Hear me. Hear
me.—

But, how it tears!—One instant. Leave me not.

There! My head too. They've got it. On, on, on!
We shall escape them. 'Tis enough.—Enough. [*Dies.*]

GAZELLE.

Eventful times!

LORD PERSEFIELD.

I came with words of Gladness.

To the void air I might have utter'd them.—

What stroke awaits us next?

GAZELLE.

GAZELLE.

La Porte, intreat

The King to rise.

LA PORTE.

Sir, please to raise yourself.

The Power that strikes you, sends withal relief:—

Tidings to cheer you;—Peace to heal your land.

KING.

But, Isabella's gone.

ISIDORE.

Rise, we beseech you. [*The King rises.*]

Your friends are conqu'rors. [*A tumult is heard.*]

KING.

This the sound of Conquest?

ISIDORE.

Long live your Majesty!

KING.

Kind Heav'n, reject

The prayer.

LA PORTE.

What sounds are these?

ISIDORE.

Live, reign, and bless us.

[*Enter Branterre, and Soldiers.*]

©

SCENE

SCENE XI.

THE KING, GAZELLE, LA PORTE, ISIDORE, LORD PERSEFIELD,
BRANTERRE, AND SOLDIERS.

BRANTERRE.

Reign Terror! Live Destruction, and Revenge!

[*Branterre and the Soldiers seize all, except*
Lord Persefield.]

KING.

Branterre, for once, I thank thee. Haste. Release me.
Give me the passport to my Isabella.

BRANTERRE.

[*Discovering the Queen's body.*] What's here?—Thou
choicest morsel for our vengeance,
Hast thou escap'd us?

ISIDORE.

Isidore dies faithful;
In his lov'd Master's train.

GAZELLE.

Gazelle, thine Honour
Thou hast retriev'd. Thou shalt not die a Traitor.

LA PORTE.

Nor shall La Porte suffer the king's death
Of Grief,—by Woe environ'd, and, each day,
Losing some part of life.

KING.

Why stand we here?
Lead to the scaffold.

BRANTERRE.

BRANTERRE.

Teach me not my duty.

I wait the word of those who may command me.

[The King fixes his eyes on the Body.]

Perchance, yet one day more thou must draw breath,
To-morrow's tranquil strength shall dread no rescue,

LORD PERSEFIELD,

He hears thee not. His flitting Spirit mocks
The stroke that may await a feeble Body.—
To-morrow's dawn shall light me hence. I fly,
Where Liberty and Law and Peace yet reign:—
Where petty Tyrants growl in impotence;
For that they could not lure my Countrymen
To chase their long-lov'd Freedom, and to hug
Her ill-form'd Effigy:—where He who holds
The highest place, is mighty to protect
And bless his Subjects,—feeble to oppress,
(Could that e'er be his wish.)—Around his throne
We will collect the richest blood of Britain;
And, while one drop remains, that Throne shall stand,

THE END.

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ENchanting Genius! Siren of the age!
Oh! form'd to animate a drooping stage!
Bless'd in thy talents! Matchless in thy art!
Delightful Tyrant of the feeling heart!
This Play be thine; accept the Poet's praise,
And still endure the scenes, you help'd to raise.
Britain and France shall now the laurel share;
Thou CLAIRON here, and She a BARRY there!
Proceed, Great Actress! Friend of ev'ry Muse!
The NINE without Thee half their rapture lose.
Fair Virtue's image THEY can only trace;
THOU giv'st her form, and harmony, and grace.
In human shape (what PLATO wish'd to see)
She walks the stage, she breathes, she charms in Thee.
Proceed each night to draw the tender tear,
Please ev'ry eye, and ravish ev'ry ear.
Nor let the pride of a too selfish age
Damp with unhallow'd sounds thy native rage.
Ah! let not surly wealth thy art degrade,
And call its influence a MERE MIMIC TRADE.
THINE IS THE ART, which TULLY priz'd of yore,
Himself instructed by theatric lore:
THINE IS THE ART DEMOSTHENES admir'd,
Th' Athenian state when his BOLD ACTION fir'd;
Aloft, LIKE THINE, when his extended hand
Menac'd the proud oppressors of the land;
And, nerv'd by feelings equal to thy own,
Made HAUGHTY PHILIP tremble on his throne.

Go

Go, fair Enthusiast! with thy magic skill
 Mould the obedient Passions to thy will.
 The Passions, pliant to thy sov'reign sway,
 Alternate rise, blend, mix, and melt away.
 Shew how Euphrasia, of affections mild,
 Doats on her Sire, her Husband, and her Child.
 Sweet fall the accents—Oh! let stillness reign,
 While the soft Warbler pours her plaintive strain!
 Sweet fall the accents, meek as ev'ry grace
 That decks that Form, and beams around the Face,
 Then rising higher, urg'd by Nature's laws,
 Brave ev'ry danger in a Father's cause.
 With pilgrim feet ascend the craggy steep;
 There might the night-bird listen as you weep.
 Thence to the tyrant wing thy rapid way,
 And shake his soul with terror and dismay.
 Alarm'd, distracted, wild with madd'ning fears,
 "Amaze the faculties of eyes and ears."
 To vengeance rous'd, charming in horror shine,
 And bid e'en BRUTUS' dagger envy thine.

Lovely assassin!—Hark! with loud acclaim
 Consenting Theatres attest thy fame!
 Delighted hear thee, with true genius fraught,
 Give weight to words, and energy to thought.
 Wak'd by thy voice, to life each Muse shall spring,
 "What Muse for BARRY can refuse to sing?"
 WHITEHEAD once more shall form the just design,
 And tune the note, almost as sweet as thine;
 MASON be tempted to unlock his store.
 And his lov'd CHORUS meditate no more.
 Then may we view, to claim the Poet's prize,
 New SOUTHERNS, ROWES, and other OTWAYs rise;
 A SHAKESPEAR comes but once from the indulgent skies.
 These scenes no longer shall attract thy eye,
 Poor lost EUPHRASIA thrown neglected by.
 A FEMALE-GARRICK Britain's stage shall see,
 And e'en the BARD owe half his fame to THEE.]

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. WESTON.

He peeps in at the Stage Door.

HIP! music! music!—Have you more to play?
Somewhat I'd offer—Stop your cat-gut; pray.

Will you permit, and not pronounce me rude,
bookfeller one moment to intrude?

My name is Fools-cap:—Since you saw me last,
fortune hath given me a rare helping cast.

To all my toils a wife hath put a stop—
a devil then; but now I keep a shop.

My master died, poor man!—He's out of print!

His widow,—she had eyes and took my hint.

A prey to grief, she could not bear to be,
and so turn'd over a new leaf with me.

I drive a trade; have authors in my pay,
Men of all work, per week, per sheet, per day.

TRAV'LLERS—who not one foreign country know:

and PAST'RAL POETS—in the sound of Bow.

TRANSLATORS—From the Greek they never read.

DANTABS and SOPHS—in Covent Garden bred.

HISTORIANS, who can't write;—who only take

scissars and paste;—cut, vamp; a book they make.

I've treated for this play; can buy it too,

if I could learn what you intend to do.

if for nine nights you'll bear this tragic stuff;

have a news-paper, and there can puff.

A news-paper does wonders!—None can be

in debt, in love, dependant or quite free,

Ugly or handsome, well, or ill in bed,

single or married, or alive or dead,

But we give life, death, virtue, vice with ease;

in short a news-paper does what we please.

There

There jealous authors at each other bark;
 Till truth leaves not one glimpse, no, not one spark;
 But lies meet lies and juggle in the dark.
 Our bard within has often felt the dart
 Sent from our quiver, levell'd at his heart.
 I've press'd him, ere he plays this desp'rate game,
 To answer all, and vindicate his name.
 But he, convinc'd that all but truth must die,
 Leaves to its own mortality the lie.
 Would any know,—while parties fight pell-mell,
 How he employs his pen?—his play will tell.
 To that he trusts; that he submits to you,
 Aim'd at your tend'rest feelings,—moral,—new.
 The scenes, he hopes, will draw the heart-felt tear;
 Scenes that come home to ev'ry bosom here.

If this will do, I'll run and buy it straight;
 Stay—Let me see;—I think I'd better wait—
 Yes;—I'll lie snug, till you have fix'd it's fate.

E P I L O G U E.

Written by a F R I E N D,

And Spoken by Miss YOUNGE.

THE GRECIAN DAUGHTER's compliments to all;
 Begg that for Epilogue you will not call;
 For leering, giggling would be out of season,
 And hopes by me you'll hear a little reason.

A father rais'd from death, a nation sav'd,
 A tyrant's crimes by female spirit brav'd,
 That tyrant stabb'd, and by her nerveless arm,
 While Virtue's spell surrounding guards could charm!

Can

Can she, this sacred tumult in her breast,
 Turn Father, Freedom, Virtue, all to jest?
 Wake you, ye fair ones, from your sweet repose,
 As wanton zephyrs wake the sleeping rose;
 Dispel those clouds, which o'er your eyelids crept,
 Which our wise Bard mistook, and swore you wept.
 Shall she to MACARONIES life restore,
 Who yawn'd, 'half dead, and curs'd the tragic BORE?
 Dismiss 'em, smirking, to their nightly haunt,
 Where dice and cards their moon-struck minds enchant?
 Some muffled, like the witches in Macbeth,
 Brood o'er the magic circle, pale as death!
 Others, *the cauldron go about—about—*
 And Ruin enters, as the Fates run out!

Bubble, bubble,
 Toil and trouble,
 Passions burn,
 And bets are double!
 Double! double!
 Toil and trouble,
 Passions burn,
 And all is bubble!

But jests apart, for scandal forms these tales,
 Falshood be mute—let Justice hold her scales:
 Britons were ne'er enslav'd by evil powr's;
 To peace, and wedded love, they give their midnight hours;
 From slumbers pure, no rattling dice can wake 'em!
 Who *make* the laws, were never known to *break* 'em.
 'Tis false, ye fair, whatever spleen may say,
 That you down Folly's tide are borne away;
 You never wish at deep distress to sneer;
 For eyes, tho' bright, are brighter thro' a tear.

Should it e'er be this Nation's wretched fate
 To laugh at all that's good, and wise, and great;
 Arm'd at all points, let Genius take the field,
 And on the stage afflicted Virtue shield,
 Drive from the land each base unworthy passion,
 Till Virtue triumph in despite of Fashion.

Dramatis Personæ.

EVANDER,

Mr. BARRY.

PHILOTAS,

Mr. REDDISH.

MELANTHON,

Mr. AICKIN.

PHOCION,

Mr. J. AICKIN.

DIONYSIUS,

Mr. PALMER.

ARCAS,

Mr. HURST.

GREEK HERALD,

Mr. PACKER.

CALIPPUS,

Mr. INCHBALD.

GREEK SOLDIER,

Mr. DAVIES.

OFFICER,

Mr. WHEELER.

EUPHRASIA,

Mrs. BARRY.

ERIXENE

Miss PLATT.

Scene, SYRACUSE.

T H E

GRECIAN DAUGHTER:

A C T I.

Enter MELANTHON, and PHILOTAS.

Melan. YET, yet a moment; hear, Philotas, hear me.

Philo. No more; it must not be.

Melan. Obdurate man!

Thus wilt thou spurn me, when a king distress'd,
A good, a virtuous, venerable king,
The father of his people, from a throne
Which long with ev'ry virtue he adorn'd,
Torn by a ruffian, by a tyrant's hand,
Groans in captivity? In his own palace
Lives a sequester'd prisoner?—Oh! Philotas,
If thou hast not renounc'd humanity;
Let me behold my sovereign; once again
Admit me to his presence, let me see
My royal master.

Philo. Urge thy suit no further;
Thy words are fruitless; Dionysius' orders
Forbid access; he is our sov'reign now;
'Tis his to give the law, mine to obey.

to act

B

Melan.

2 THE GRECIAN DAUGHTER:

Melan. Thou can'st not mean it—his to give the law!
 Detested spoiler!—his! a vile usurper!
 Have we forgot the elder Dionysius,
 Surnam'd the Tyrant? To Sicilia's throne
 The monster waded thro' whole seas of blood.
 Sore groan'd the land beneath his iron rod,
 Till rous'd at length Evander came from Greece,
 Like Freedom's Genius came, and sent the tyrant
 Stript of the crown, and to his humble rank
 Once more reduc'd, to roam, for vile subsistence,
 A wandering sophist, thro' the realms of Greece.

Philo. Melanthon, yes; full clearly I remember
 The splendid day, when all rejoicing Sicily
 Hail'd her deliverer.

Melan. Shall the tyrant's son
 Deduce a title from the father's guilt?
 Philotas, thou wert once the friend of goodness;
 Thou art a Greek; fair Corinth gave the birth;
 I mark'd thy growing youth; I need not tell,
 With what an equal sway Evander reign'd,
 How just, how upright, generous and good!
 From ev'ry region bards and sages came;
 Whate'er of science antient Egypt stor'd,
 All that the East had treasur'd; all that Greece
 Of moral wisdom taught, and Plato's voice,
 Was heard in Sicily. Shall Dionysius
 Extinguish ev'ry virtue in the land,
 Bow to his yoke the necks of freeborn men,
 And here perpetuate a tyrant's reign?

Philo. Whate'er his right, to him in Syracuse
 All bend the knee; his the supreme dominion,
 And death and torment wait his sovereign nod.

Mel. But soon that pow'r shall cease: behold his walls
 Now close encircled by the Grecian bands;

Timoleon

Timoleon leads them on ; indignant Corinth
Sends her avenger forth, array'd in terror,
To hurl ambition from a throne usurp'd,
And bid all Sicily resume her rights.

Philo. Thou wert a statesman once, Melanthon ; now,
Grown dim with age, thy eye pervades no more
The deep-laid schemes which Dionysius plans.
Know then, a fleet from Carthage even now
Stems the rough billow, and, e'er yonder sun,
That now declining seeks the Western wave,
Shall to the shades of night resign the world,
Thou'lt see the Punic sails in yonder bay,
Whose waters wash the walls of Syracuse,

Melan. Art thou a stranger to Timoleon's name ?
Intent to plan, and circumspect to see
All possible events, he rushes on
Resistless in his course ! Your boasted master
Scarce stands at bay ; each hour the strong blockade
Hems him in closer, and ere long thou'lt view
Oppression's iron rod to fragments shiver'd !
The good Evander then——

Philo. Alas, Evander !
Will ne'er behold the golden time you look for.

Melan. How ! not behold it ! Say, Philotas, speak ;
Has the fell tyrant, have his felon murderers——

Philo. As yet, my friend, Evander lives.

Melan. And yet
Thy dark half-hinted purpose—Lead me to him—
If thou hast murder'd him——

Philo. By Heav'n he lives.

Melan. Then bless me with one tender interview.
Thrice has the sun gone down, since last these eyes
Have seen the good old king ; say, why is this ?

B 2

Wherefore

4 THE GRECIAN DAUGHTER:

Wherefore debar'd his presence? Thee, Philotas,
The troops obey that guard the royal pris'ner;
Each avenue to thee is open; thou
Can'st grant admittance; let me, let me see him.

Philo. Entreat no more; the soul of Dionysius
Is ever wakeful; rent with all the pangs
That wait on conscious guilt.

Melan. But when dun night——

Philo. Alas! it cannot be—But mark my words.
Let Greece urge on her general assault.
Dispatch some friend, who may o'er-leap the walls,
And tell Timoleon, the good old Evander
Has liv'd three days, by Dionysius' order,
Lock'd up from ev'ry sustenance of nature,
And life, now wearied out, almost expires.

Melan. If any spark of virtue dwell within thee,
Lead me, Philotas, lead me to his prison.

Philo. The tyrant's jealous care hath mov'd him thence.

Melan. Ha! mov'd him, say'st thou?

Philo. At the midnight hour,
Silent convey'd him up the steep ascent,
To where the elder Dionysius form'd,
On the sharp summit of the pointed rock,
Which overhangs the deep, a dungeon drear:
Cell within cell, a labyrinth of horror,
Deep cavern'd in the cliff, where many a wretch,
Unseen by mortal eye, has groan'd in anguish,
And died obscure, unpitied, and unknown.

Melan. Clandestine murderer! Yes, there's the scene
Of horrid massacre. Full oft I've walk'd,
When all things lay in sleep and darkness hush'd,
Yes, oft I've walk'd the lonely sullen beach,
And heard the mournful sound of many a corse

Plung'd

Plung'd from the rock into the wave beneath,
That murmur'd on the shore. And means he thus
To end a monarch's life? Oh! grant my pray'r,
My timely succour may protect his days;
The guard is yours——

Philo. Forbear; thou plead'st in vain;
I must not yield; it were assur'd destruction;
Farewell, dispatch a message to the Greeks;
I'll to my station; now thou know'st the worst. [Exit.

MELANTHON.

Oh! lost Evander! Lost Euphrasia too!
How will her gentle nature bear the shock
Of a dear father, thus in ling'ring pangs
A prey to famine, like the veriest wretch
Whom the hard hand of misery hath grip'd!
In vain she'll rave with impotence of sorrow;
Perhaps provoke her fate:—Greece arms in vain;
All's lost; Evander dies.

Enter CALIPPUS.

Calip. Where is the king?
Our troops, that sallied to attack the foe,
Retire disordered; to the eastern gate
The Greeks pursue! Timoleon rides in blood!
Arm, arm, and meet their fury.

Melan. To the citadel
Direct thy footsteps; Dionysius there
Marshals a chosen band.

Calip. Do thou call forth
Thy hardy veterans; haste, or all is lost. [Exit.

[Warlike music.]

MELANTHON.

6 THE GRECIAN DAUGHTER:

MELANTHON.

Now, ye just Gods, now look propitious down ;
Now give the Grecian sabre tenfold edge,
And save a virtuous king.

[*Warlike music.*

Enter EUPHRASIA.

Euphra. War on ye heroes,
Ye great asserters of a monarch's cause !
Let the wild tempest rise. Melanthon, ha !
Did'st thou not hear the vast tremendous roar ?
Down tumbling from it's base the eastern tow'r,
Burst on the tyrant's ranks, and on the plain
Lies an extended ruin.

Melan. Still new horrors
Increase each hour, and gather round our heads.

Euphra. The glorious tumult lifts my tow'ring soul.
Once more, Melanthon, once again, my father
Shall mount Sicilia's throne.

Melan. Alas ! that hour
Would come with joy to ev'ry honest heart,
Would shed divinest blessings from its wing ;
But no such hour in all the round of time,
I fear, the fates averse will e'er lead on.

Euphra. And still, Melanthon, still does pale despair
Depress thy spirit ? Lo ! Timoleon comes
Arm'd with the pow'r of Greece ; the brave, the just,
God-like Timoleon ! ardent to redress,
He guides the war, and gains upon his prey.
A little interval shall set the victor
Within our gates triumphant,

Melan.

Melan. Still my fears
Forbode for thee. Would thou hadst left this place,
When hence your husband, the brave Phocion fled,
Fled with your infant son.

Euphra. In duty fix'd,
Here I remain'd, while my brave gen'rous Phocion
Fled with my child, and from his mother's arms
Bore my sweet little one.—Full well thou know'st
The pangs I suffer'd in that trying moment ;
Did I not weep ? Did I not rave and shriek,
And by the roots tear my dishevell'd hair ?
Did I not follow to the sea-beat shore,
Resolv'd with him and with my blooming boy
To trust the winds and waves ?

Melan. Deem not, Euphrasia,
I e'er can doubt thy constancy and love.

Euphra. Melanthon, how I loved, the Gods who saw
Each secret image that my fancy form'd,
The Gods can witness how I lov'd my Phocion.
And yet I went not with him. Could I do it ?
Could I desert my father ? Could I leave
The venerable man, who gave me being,
A victim here in Syracuse, nor stay
To watch his fate, to visit his affliction,
To cheer his prison hours, and with the tear
Of filial virtue bid ev'n bondage smile ?

Melan. The pious act, whate'er the fates intend,
Shall merit heartfelt praise.

Euphra. Yes, Phocion, go,
Go with my child, torn from this matron breast,
This breast that still should yield it's nurture to him,
Fly with my infant to some happier shore.
If he be safe, Euphrasia dies content.

Til

8 THE GRECIAN DAUGHTER:

Till that sad close of all, the task be mine
To tend a father with delighted care,
To smooth the pillow of declining age,
See him sink gradual into mere decay,
On the last verge of life watch ev'ry look,
Explore each fond unutterable wish,
Catch his last breath, and close his eyes in peace.

Melan. I would not add to thy afflictions ; yet
My heart misgives ;—Evander's fatal period——

Euphra. Still is far off ; the Gods have sent relief,
And once again I shall behold him king.

Melan. Alas ! This dream of hope at length may waken
To deep despair.

Euphra. The spirit-stirring virtue
That glows within me, ne'er shall know despair.
No, I will trust the Gods. Desponding man !
Hast thou not heard with what resistless ardour
Timoleon drives the tumult of the war ?
Hast thou not heard him thund'ring at our gates ?
The tyrant's pent up in his last retreat ;
Anon thou'lt see his battlements in dust,
His walls, his ramparts, and his tow'rs in ruin ;
Destruction pouring in on ev'ry side,
Pride and oppression at their utmost need,
And nought to save him in his hopeless hour.

[*A flourish of trumpets.*]

Melan. Ha ! the fell tyrant comes—Beguile his rage,
And o'er your sorrows cast a dawn of gladness.

Enter DIONYSIUS, CALIPPUS, OFFICERS, &c.

Di. The vain presumptuous Greek ! His hopes of conquest,
Like a gay dream, are vanish'd into air.
Proudly elate, and flush'd with easy triumph

O'er

O'er vulgar warriors, to the gates of Syracuse
He urg'd the war, till Dionysius' arm
Let slaughter loose, and taught his dastard train
To seek their safety by inglorious flight.

Euphra. O Dionysius, if distracting fears
Alarm this throbbing bosom, you will pardon
A frail and tender sex. Should ruthless war
Roam through our streets, and riot here in blood,
Where shall the lost Euphrasia find a shelter?
In vain she'll kneel, and clasp the sacred altar.
O let me then, in mercy let me seek
The gloomy mansion, where my father dwells;
I die content, if in his arms I perish.

Dion. Thou lovely trembler, hush thy fears to rest,
The Greek recoils; like the impetuous surge
That dashes on the rock, there breaks, and foams,
And backward rolls into the sea again.
All shall be well in Syracuse: a fleet
Appears in view, and brings the chosen sons
Of Carthage. From the hill that fronts the harbour,
I saw their canvas swelling with the wind,
While on the purple wave the western sun
Glanc'd the remains of day.

Euphra. Yet till the fury
Of war subside, the wild, the horrid interval
In safety let me soothe to dear delight
In a lov'd father's presence; from his sight,
For three long days, with specious feign'd excuse
Your guards debar'd me. Oh! while yet he lives,
Indulge a daughter's love; worn out with age
Soon must he seal his eyes in endless night,
And with his converse charm my ear no more.

C

Dion.

10 THE GRECIAN DAUGHTER :

Dion. Why thus anticipate misfortune? Still
 Evander mocks the injuries of time.
Calippus, thou survey the city round;
 Station the centinels, that no surprize
 Invade the unguarded works, while drousy night
 Weighs down the soldier's eye. Afflicted fair,
 Thy couch invites thee. When the tumult's o'er,
 Thou'lt see Evander with redoubled joy.
 Though now unequal to the cares of empire
 His age sequester him, yet honours high
 Shall gild the ev'ning of his various day.

Euphra. For this benignity accept my thanks.
 They gush in tears, and my heart pours it's tribute.

Dion. Perdiccas, ere the morn's revolving light
 Unveil the face of things, do thou dispatch
 A well-oar'd galley to Hamilcar's fleet;
 At the north point of yonder promontory
 Let some selected officer instruct him
 To moor his ships, and issue on the land.
 Then may Timoleon tremble; vengeance then
 Shall overwhelm his camp, pursue his bands
 With fatal havoc to the ocean's margin,
 And cast their limbs to glut the vulture's famine
 In mangled heaps upon the naked shore.

[*Exit Dionysius.*]

EUPHRASIA, MILANTHON.

Euphra. What do I hear? Melanthon, can it be?
 If Carthage comes, if her perfidious sons
 Lift in his cause, the dawn of freedom's gone.

Mel. Woe, bitt' rest woe impends; thou would'st not think--

Euphra. How!—speak!—unfold——

Melan. My tongue denies it's office.

I

Euphra.

Euphra. How is my father? Say, Melanthon—

Melan. He,—

Perhaps he dies this moment.—Since Timoleon
First form'd his lines round this beleaguer'd city,
No nutriment has touched Evander's lips.
In the deep caverns of the rock imprison'd
He pines in bitt'rest want.

Euphra. To that abode
Of woe and horror, that last stage of life,
Has the fell tyrant mov'd him?

Melan. There sequester'd,
Alas! he soon must perish.

Euphra. Well, my heart,
Well do your vital drops forget to flow.

Melan. Enough his sword has reek'd with public
slaughter;
Now dark insidious deeds must thin mankind.

Euphra. Oh! night, that oft hast heard my piercing
shrieks
Disturb thy awful silence; oft has heard
Each stroke these hands in frantic sorrow gave
From this sad breast resounding, now no more
I mean to vent complaints; I mean not now
With busy mem'ry to retrace the wrongs
His hand hath heap'd on our devoted race.
I bear it all; with calmest patience bear it:
Resign'd and wretched, desperate and lost.

Melan. Despair, alas! is all the sad resource
Our fate allows us now.

Euphra. Yet why despair?
Is that the tribute to a father due?

12 THE GRECIAN DAUGHTER;

Blood is his due, Melanthon; yes, the blood,
The vile, black blood, that fills the tyrant's veins,
Would graceful look upon my dagger's point,
Come, vengeance, come, shake off this feeble sex;
Sinew my arm, and guide it to his heart.
And thou, O filial piety, that rul'st
My woman's breast, turn to vindictive rage;
Assume the port of justice; shew mankind
Tyrannic guilt hath never dar'd in Syracuse;
Beyond the reach of virtue.

Melan. Yet beware;
Controul this frenzy that bears down your reason,
Surrounded by his guards, the tyrant mocks
Your utmost fury; moderate your zeal,
Nor let him hear these transports of the soul,
These wild upbraidings.

Euphra. Shall Euphrasia's voice
Be hush'd to silence, when a father dies?
Shall not the monster hear his deeds accurst?
Shall he not tremble, when a daughter comes,
Wild with her griefs, and terrible with wrongs,
Fierce in despair, all nature in her cause
Alarm'd and rous'd to vengeance?—Yes, Melanthon,
The man of blood shall hear me; yes, my voice
Shall mount aloft upon the whirlwind's wing,
Pierce yon blue vault, and bring the thund'rer down.
Melanthon come; my wrongs will lend me force;
The weakness of my sex is gone; this arm
Feels tenfold strength; this arm shall do a deed
For Heav'n and earth, for men and Gods to wonder at:
This arm shall vindicate a father's cause.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

*A wild romantic Scene amidst overhanging Rocks ; a Cavern
on one Side.*

ARCAS, with a Spear in his Hand.

THE gloom of night sits heavy on the world ;
And o'er the solemn scene such stillness reigns,
As 'twere a pause of nature ; on the beach
No murmuring billow breaks ; the Grecian tents
Lie sunk in sleep ; no gleaming fires are seen ;
All Syracuse is hush'd ; no stir abroad,
Save ever and anon the dashing oar,
That beats the sullen wave. And hark !—Was that
The groan of anguish from Evander's cell,
Piercing the midnight gloom ?—It is the sound
Of bustling prows, that cleave the briny deep.
Perhaps at this dead hour Hamilcar's fleet
Rides in the bay.

Enter PHILOTAS, from the Cavern.

Phil. What ho !—brave Arcas !—ho !

Arcas. Why thus desert thy couch ?

Phil. Methought the sound
Of distant uproar chas'd affrighted sleep.

Arcas. At intervals the oar's resounding stroke

Comes

14 THE GRECIAN DAUGHTER;

Comes ecchoing from the main. Save that report,
A death-like silence thro' the wide expanse
Broods o'er the dreary coast.

Philo. Do thou retire;
And seek repose ; the duty of thy watch
Is now perform'd ; I take thy post.

Arcas. How fares
Your royal pris'ner ?

Philo. Arcas, shall I own
A secret weakness ? My heart inward melts
To see that suffering virtue. On the earth,
The cold, dank earth, the royal victim lies ;
And while pale famine drinks his vital spirit,
He welcomes death, and smiles himself to rest.
Oh ! would I could relieve him ! Thou withdraw ;
Thy wearied nature claims repose ; and now
The watch is mine.

Arcas. May no alarm disturb thee.

[Exit.

PHILOTAS.

Some dread event is lab'ring into birth.
At close of day the fullen sky held forth
Unerring signals.—With disastrous glare
The moon's full orb rose crimson'd o'er with blood ;
And lo ! athwart the gloom a falling star
Trails a long tract of fire !——What daring step
Sounds on the flinty rock ? Stand there ; what ho !
Speak, ere thou dar'st advance.

Enter

Enter EUPHRASIA, with a Lanthorn in her Hand.

Eupbra. Thou need'st not fear ;
It is a friend approaches.

Philo. Ha ! what mean
Those plaintive notes ?

Eupbra. Here is no ambush'd Greek,
No warrior to surprize thee on the watch.
An humble suppliant comes—Alas ! my strength
Exhausted quite forsakes this weary frame.

Philo. What voice thus piercing thro' the gloom of
night——

What art thou ? Speak, unfold thy purpose ; say,
What wretch, with what intent, at this dead hour—
Wherefore alarm'st thou thus our peaceful watch ?

Eupbra. Let no mistrust affright thee.—Lo ! a wretch,
The veriest wretch that ever groan'd in anguish,
Comes here to grovel on the earth before thee,
To tell her sad, sad tale, implore thy aid,
For sure the pow'r is thine, thou canst relieve
My bleeding heart, and soften all my woes.

Philo. Ha ! sure those accents—*(takes the light from her.)*

Eupbra. Deign to listen to me.

Philo. Euphrasia !——

Eupbra. Yes ; the lost, undone Euphrasia ;
Supreme in wretchedness ; to th' inmost sense,
Here in the quickest fibre of the heart,
Wounded, transfix'd, and totur'd to distraction.

Philo. Why, princess, thus anticipate the dawn ?
Still sleep and silence wrap the weary world ;

The

16 THE GRECIAN DAUGHTER:

The stars in mid career usurp the pole;
The Grecian bands, the winds, the waves are hush'd;
All things are mute around us; all but you
Rest in oblivious slumber from their cares.

Euphra. Yes, all at peace; I only wake to misery.

Philo. How didst thou gain the summit of the rock?

Euphra. Give me my father; here you hold him fetter'd;
Oh! give him to me;—in the fond pursuit
All pain and peril vanish; love and duty
Inspir'd the thought; despair itself gave courage;
I climb'd the hard ascent; with painful toil
Surmounted craggy cliffs, and pointed rocks;
What will not misery attempt? — If ever
The touch of nature throbb'd within your breast,
Admit me to Evander; in these caves
I know he pines in want; let me convey
Some charitable succour to a father.

Philo. Alas! Euphrasia, would I dar'd comply.

Euphra. It will be virtue in thee. Thou, like me,
Wert born in Greece:—Oh! by our common parent—
Nay stay; thou shalt not fly; Philotas stay—
You have a father too;—think were his lot
Hard as Evander's; if, by felon hands
Chain'd to the earth, with slow consuming pangs
He felt sharp want, and with an asking eye
Implor'd relief, yet cruel men denied it,
Would'st thou not burst thro' adamantine gates,
Thro' walls and rocks, to save him? Think, Philotas,
Of thy own aged sire, and pity mine.
Think of the agonies a daughter feels,
When thus a parent wants the common food,

The

The bounteous hand of nature meant for all.

Philo. 'Twere best withdraw thee, princeſs; thy aſſiſtance
Evander wants not; it is fruitleſs all;
Thy tears, thy wild entreaties, are in vain.

Euphra. Ha!—thou haſt murder'd him; he is no more;
I underſtand thee;—butchers, you have ſhed
The precious drops of life; yet, e'en in death,
Let me behold him; let a daughter cloſe
With duteous hand a father's beamleſs eyes;
Print her laſt kiſſes on his honour'd hand,
And lay him decent in the ſhroud of death.

Philo. Alas! this frantic grief can nought avail.
Retire, and ſeek the couch of balmy ſleep,
In this dead hour, this ſeaſon of repoſe.

Euphra. And doſt thou then, inhuman that thou art,
Advise a wretch like me to know repoſe?
This is my laſt abode; theſe caves, theſe rocks,
Shall ring for ever with Euphraſia's wrongs;
All Sicily ſhall hear me; yonder deep
Shall echo back an injur'd daughter's cauſe;
Here will I dwell, and rave, and ſhriek, and give
Theſe ſcatter'd locks to all the paſſing winds;
Call on Evander loſt; and, pouring curſes,
And cruel gods, and cruel ſtars invoking,
Stand on the cliff in madneſs and deſpair.

Philo. Yet calm this violence; reflect, Euphraſia,
With what ſevere enforcement Dionyſius
Exacts obedience to his dread command.
If here thou'rt found——

Euphra. Here is Euphraſia's manſion, (*falls on the ground.*)
Her fix'd eternal home;—inhuman ſavages,
Here ſtretch me with a father's murder'd corſe;

D

Then

18 THE GRECIAN DAUGHTER:

Then heap your rocks, your mountains on my head;
It will be kindness in you ; I shall rest
Intomb'd within a parent's arms.

Philo. By Heav'n,
My heart in pity bleeds.

Euphra Talk'ft thou of pity ?
Yield to the gen'rous instinct ; grant my pray'r ;
Let my eyes view him, gaze their last upon him,
And shew you have some sense of human woe.

Philo. Her vehemence of grief o'erpow'rs me quite.
My honest heart condemns the barb'rous deed,
And if I dare ———

Euphra. And if you dare !——Is that
The voice of manhood ? Honest, if you dare !
'Tis the slave's virtue ! 'tis the utmost limit
Of the base coward's honour.——Not a wretch,
There's not a villain, not a tool of pow'r,
But, silence interest, extinguish fear,
And he will prove benevolent to man.
The gen'rous heart does more ; will dare do all
That honour prompts.—How dost thou dare to murder?—
Respect the gods, and know no other fear.

Philo. Oh ! thou hast conquer'd.—Yes, Euphrasia, go
Behold thy father——

Euphra. Raise me, raise me up ;
I'll bathe thy hand with tears, thou gen'rous man !

Philo. Yet mark my words ; if aught of nourishment
Thou would'ft convey, my partners of the watch
Will ne'er consent——

Euphra. I will observe your orders :
On any terms, oh ! let me, let me see him.

Philo.

Philo. Yon lamp will guide thee thro' the cavern'd way.

Euphra. My heart runs o'er in thanks; the pious æt
Timoleon shall reward; the bounteous gods,
And thy own virtue shall reward the deed.

[*Goes into the cave.*]

PHILOTAS.

Prevailing, pow'rful virtue!—Thou subdu'ft
The stubborn heart, and mould'ft it to thy purpose.
Would I could save them!—But tho' not for me
The glorious pow'r to shelter innocence,
Yet for a moment to assuage its woes,
Is the best sympathy, the purest joy
Nature intended for the heart of man,
When thus she gave the social gen'rous tear.

[*Exit.*]

Scene the Inside of the Cavern.

Enter ARCAS and EUPHRASIA,

Arcas. No; on my life I dare not.

Euphra. But a small,
A wretched pittance; one poor cordial drop
To renovate exhausted drooping age.
I ask no more.

Arcas. Not the smallest store
Of scanty nourishment must pass these walls.
Our lives were forfeit else: a moment's parley
Is all I grant; in yonder cave he lies.

Evander (within the cell.) Oh! struggling nature! let
thy conflict end.
Oh! give me, give me rest,

20 THE GRECIAN DAUGHTER:

Euphra. My father's voice!

It pierces here; it cleaves my very heart.

I shall expire, and never see him more.

Arcas. Repose thee, princess, here, (*draws a couch.*)

here rest thy limbs,

Till the returning blood shall lend thee firmness.

Euphra. The caves, the rocks, re-echo to his groans,
And is there no relief?

Arcas. All I can grant

You shall command.—I will unbar the dungeon,

Unloose the chain that binds him to the rock,

And leave your interview without restraint.

(*Opens a cell in the back scene.*)

Euphra. Hold, hold my heart! Oh! how shall I sustain
The agonizing scene? (*rises.*) I must behold him;
Nature, that drives me on, will lend me force.
s that his mansion?

Arcas. Take your last farewell.

His vigour seems not yet exhausted quite.

You must be brief, or ruin will ensue.

[*Exit.*]

Evan. (*raising himself*) Oh! when shall I get free!—
These ling'ring pangs——

Euphra. Behold, ye pow'rs, that spectacle of woe!

Evan. Dispatch me, pitying gods, and save my child!
I burn, I burn; alas! no place of rest: [*Rises and comes out.*]
A little air; once more a breath of air;
Alas! I faint; I die.

Euphra. Heart-piercing sight!
Let me support you, Sir.

Evan. Oh! lend your arm.—

Whoe'er thou art, I thank thee——That kind breeze

Comes

Comes gently o'er my senses——Lead me forward——
And is there left one charitable hand
To reach it's succour to a wretch like me?

Euphra. Well may'st thou ask it. Oh! my breaking heart!
The hand of death is on him.

Evan. Still a little,
A little onward to the air conduct me;
'Tis well;—I thank thee; thou art kind and good,
And much I wonder at this gen'rous pity.

Euphra. Do you not know me, Sir?

Evan. Methinks I know
That voice——art thou——alas! my eyes are dim!
Each object swims before me——No, in truth
I do not know thee.——

Euphra. Not your own Euphrasia?

Evan. Art thou my daughter?

Euphra. Oh! my honour'd Sire!

Evan. My daughter, my Euphrasia! come to close
A father's eyes!——Giv'n to my last embrace!
Gods! do I hold her once again?——Your mercies
Are without number——(*falls on the couch.*)
This excess of bliss
O'erpow'rs—it kills—Euphrasia—could I hope it?
I die content——Art thou indeed my daughter?
Thou art—my hand is moisten'd with thy tears——
I pray you do not weep—thou art my child—
I thank you gods!—in my last dying moments
You have not left me—I would pour my praise——
You read my heart—you see what passes there.

Euphra. Alas he faints; the gushing tide of transport
Bears down each feeble sense——Restore him Heaven!

Evan.

22 THE GRECIAN DAUGHTER:

Evan. All, my Euphrasia, all will soon be well.
 Pass but a moment, and this busy globe,
 Its thrones, its empires, and its bustling millions,
 Will seem a speck in the great void of space.
 Yet while I stay, thou darling of my age—
 Nay dry those tears—

Euphra. I will my father.

Evan. Where,
 I fear to ask it, where is virtuous Phocion?

Euphra. Fled from the tyrant's pow'r.

Evan. And left thee here
 Expos'd and helpless?

Euphra. He is all truth and honour :
 He fled to save my child.

Evan. My young Evander !
 Your boy is safe Euphrasia?—Oh ! my heart—
 Alas ! quite gone ; worn out with misery ;
 Oh ! weak, decay'd old man !

Euphra. Inhuman wretches !
 Will none relieve his want ?—A drop of water
 Might save his life ; and ev'n that's deny'd him.

Evan. These strong emotions—Oh ! that eager air—
 It is too much—Assist me ; bear me hence ;
 And lay me down in peace.

Euphra. His eyes are fix'd !
 And those pale quiv'ring lips !—He clasps my hand—
 What, no assistance !—Monsters will you thus
 Let him expire in these weak feeble arms ?

Enter

Enter PHILOTAS.

Philo. Those wild, those piercing shrieks will give th' alarm.

Euphra. Support him; bear him hence; 'tis all I ask.

Evan. (*As he is carried off.*) O Death! where art thou?

—Death, thou dread of guilt,

Thou wish of innocence, affliction's friend,

Tir'd nature calls thee—Come, in mercy come,

And lay me pillow'd in eternal rest.

My child—where art thou? Give me—reach thy hand—

Why dost thou weep?—My eyes are dry—Alas!

Quite parch'd—my lips—quite parch'd—they cling—together.

Euphra. Now judge, ye Pow'rs, in the whole round of time,

If e'er you view'd a scene of woe like this. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ARCAS.

Arcas. The grey of morn breaks thro' yon eastern clouds.

'Twere time this interview should end; the hour

Now warns Euphrasia hence; what man could dare,

I have indulg'd—Philotas!—ha! the cell

Left void!—Evander gone!—What may this mean?

Philotas, speak.

Enter PHILOTAS.

Philo. Oh! vile, detested lot

Here to obey the savage tyrant's will,

And

24 THE GRECIAN DAUGHTER:

And murder virtue, that can thus behold
It's executioner, and smile upon him.
That piteous fight !

Arcas. She must withdraw Philotas ;
Delay undoes us both. The restless main
Glow with the blush of day. Timoleon's fleet,
That pass'd the night in busy preparation,
Makes from the shore. On the high craggy point
Of yonder jutting eminence I mark'd
Their haughty streamers curling to the wind.
He seeks Hamilcar's fleet. The briny deep
Shall soon be dyed with blood. The fierce alarm
Will rouse our slumb'ring troops. The time requires
Without or further pause, or vain excuse,
That she depart this moment.

Philo. Arcas, yes ;
My voice shall warn her of th' approaching danger. [*Exit.*]

Arcas. Would she had ne'er adventur'd to our guard.
I dread th' event ; and hark ! — the wind conveys
In clearer sound the uproar of the main.
The fates prepare new havock ; on th' event
Depends the fate of empire. Wherefore thus
Delays Euphrasia ? — Ha ! what means, Philotas,
That sudden haste, that pale disorder'd look ?

Enter PHILOTAS.

Philo. O ! I can hold no more ; at such a sight
Ev'n the hard heart of tyranny would melt
To infant softness. Arcas, go, behold
The pious fraud of charity and love ;
Behold that unexampled goodness ; see

I

Th'

Th' expedient sharp necessity has taught her ;
Thy heart will burn, will melt, will yearn to view,
A child like her.

Arcas. Ha !—Say what mystery
Wakes these emotions ?

Philo. Wonder-working virtue !
The father foster'd at his daughter's breast !——
O ! filial piety !—The milk design'd
For her own offspring, on the parent's lip
Allays the parching fever.

Arcas. That device
Has she then form'd, eluding all our care,
To minister relief ?

Philo. On the bare earth
Evander lies ; and as his languid pow'rs
Imbibe with eager thirst the kind refreshment,
And his looks speak unutterable thanks,
Euphrasia views him with the tend'rest glance,
Ev'n as a mother doating on her child,
And, ever and anon, amidst the smiles
Of pure delight, of exquisite sensation,
A silent tear steals down ; the tear of virtue,
That sweetens grief to rapture. All her laws
Inverted quite, great Nature triumphs still.

Arcas. The tale unmans my soul.

Philo. Ye tyrants hear it,
And learn, that, while your cruelty prepares
Unheard of torture, virtue can keep pace
With your worst efforts, and can try new modes
To bid men grow enamour'd of her charms.

Arcas. Philotas, for Euphrasia, in her cause
I now can hazard all. Let us preserve
Her father for her.

E

Philo.

26 THE GRECIAN DAUGHTER:

Philo. Oh ! her lovely daring
Transcends all praise. By Heav'n, he shall not die.

Arcas. And yet we must be wary ; I'll go forth,
And first explore each avenue around,
Lest the fix'd sentinel obstruct your purpose. [Exit.]

Philo. I thank thee, Arcas ; we will act like men
Who feel another's woes—She leads him forth,
And tremblingly supports his drooping age.
[Goes to assist him.]

Enter EUPHRASIA and EVANDER.

Evan. Euphrasia, oh ! my child ! returning life
Glows here about my heart. Conduct me forward—
At the last gasp preserv'd ! Ha ! dawning light !
Let me behold ; in faith I see thee now ;
I do indeed : the father sees his child.

Euphra. I have reliev'd him—Oh ! the joy's too great ;
'Tis speechless rapture !

Evan. Blessings, blessings on thee !

Euphra. My father still shall live. Alas ! Philotas,
Could I abandon that white hoary head,
That venerable form ?——Abandon him
To perish here in misery and famine ?

Philo. Thy tears, thou miracle of goodness !
Have triumph'd o'er me ; these round gushing drops
Attest your conquest. Take him, take your father ;
Convey him hence ; I do release him to you.

Evan. What said Philotas !——Do I fondly dream ?
Indeed my senses are imperfect ; yet
Methought I heard him ! Did he say release me ?

Philo. Thou art my king, and now no more my pris'ner ;
Go with your daughter, with that wond'rous pattern
Of

Of filial piety to after times.

Yes, princess, lead him forth ; I'll point the path,

Whose soft declivity will guide your steps

To the deep vale, which these o'erhanging rocks

Encompass round. You may convey him thence

To some safe shelter. Yet a moment's pause ;

I must conceal your flight from ev'ry eye.

Yes, I will save 'em—Oh ! returning virtue !

How big with joy one moment in thy service !

That wretched pair ! I'll perish in their cause. [Exit.

EUPHRASIA, EVANDER.

Evan. Whither, oh ! whither shall Evander go ?

I'm at the goal of life ; if in the race

Honour has follow'd with no ling'ring step,

But there sits smiling with her laurel'd wreath,

To crown my brow, there would I fain make halt,

And not inglorious lay me down to rest.

Euphra. And will you then refuse, when thus the Gods
Afford a refuge to thee ?

Evan. Oh ! my child,
There is no refuge for me.

Euphra. Pardon, Sir :
Euphrasia's care has form'd a safe retreat ;
There may'st thou dwell ; it will not long be wanted ;
Soon shall Timoleon, with resistless force,
Burst yon devoted walls.

Evan. Timoleon !

Euphra. Yes,
The brave Timoleon, with the pow'r of Greece ;
Another day shall make the city his.

Evan.

28 THE GRECIAN DAUGHTER:

Evan. Timoleon come to vindicate my rights !
Oh ! thou shalt reign in Sicily ! —My child
Shall grace her father's throne. Indulgent Heav'n !
Pour down your blessings on this best of daughters ;
To her and Phocion give Evander's crown ;
Let them, oh ! let them both in virtue wear it,
And in due time transmit it to their boy !

Enter PHILOTAS

Pbilo. All things are apt ; —the drowsy sentinel
Lies hush'd in sleep ; I'll marshal thee the way
Down the steep rock.

Eupbra. Oh ! Let us quickly hence.

Evan. The blood but loiters in these frozen veins.
Do you, whose youthful spirit glows with life,
Do you go forth, and leave this mould'ring corpse.
To me had Heav'n decree'd a longer date,
It ne'er had suffer'd a fell monster's reign,
Nor let me see the carnage of my people.
Farewel, Euphrasia ; in one lov'd embrace
To these remains pay the last obsequies,
And leave me here to sink to silent dust.

Eupbra. And will you then, on self-destruction bent,
Reject my pray'r, nor trust your fate with me ?

Evan. Trust thee ! Euphrasia ? Trust in thee my child !
Tho' life's a burden I could well lay down,
Yet I will prize it, since bestow'd by thee.
Oh ! thou art good ; thy virtue soars a flight
For the wide world to wonder at ; in thee,
Hear it all nature, future ages hear it,
The father finds a parent in his child.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

A C T III.

Scene a Rampart near the Harbour.

Enter MELANTHON and PHILOTAS.

Melan. **A**ND lives he still?

Philo. He does; and kindly aliment
Renews the springs of life.

Melan. And doth he know
The glorious work the destinies prepare?

Philo. He is inform'd of all.

Melan. That Greek Timoleon
Comes his deliverer, and the fell usurper
Pants in the last extreme?

Philo. The glorious tidings
Have reach'd his ear.

Melan. Lead on, propitious Pow'r,
Your great design; second the Grecian arms,
And whelm the sons of Carthage in the deep.

Philo. This hour decides their doom; and, lo! Euphrasia
Stands on the jutting rock, that rock, where oft
Whole days she sat in pensive sorrow fix'd,
And swell'd with streaming tears the restless deep.
There, now with other sentiments elate,
She views Timoleon with victorious prow
Glide thro' the waves, and sees the scatter'd navy
Of Carthage fly before him.

Melan.

30 THE GRECIAN DAUGHTER:

Melan. Blest event !

Evander, if thou mock'st me not, shall live
Once more to see the justice of the Gods.
But wilt thou still protect my royal master ?
Wilt thou admit me to his wish'd-for presence ?

Philo. Let it suffice that no assassin's aim
Can now assault him—I must hence, Melanthon ;
I now must mingle with the tyrant's train,
And, with a semblance of obsequious duty,
Delude suspicion's eye—My friend, farewell. [Exit.

MELANTHON.

If he deceive me not with specious hopes,
I shall behold the sov'reign, in whose service
These temples felt the iron casque of war,
And these white hairs have silver'd o'er my head.

Enter EUPHRASIA.

Euphra. See there ; behold 'em ; lo ! the fierce encounter ;
He rushes on ; the ocean flames around
With the bright flash 'of arms ; the echoing hills
Rebellow to the roar.

Melan. The Gods are with us,
And victory is ours.

Euphra. High on the stern
The Grecian leaders stand ; they stem the surge ;
Launch'd from their arm the missive lightnings fly,
And the Barbaric fleet is wrapt in fire.
And lo ! yon bark, down in the roaring gulph ;
And there, more, more are perishing—Behold !
They plunge for ever lost.

Melan. So perish all,

Who

Who from yon continent unfurl their sails,
To shake the freedom of this sea-girt isle !

Euphra. Did I not say, Melanthon, did I not
Preface the glories of Timoleon's triumph !
Where now are Afric's sons ? The vanquish'd tyrant
Shall look aghast ; his heart shall shrink appall'd,
And dread his malefactions ! Worse than famine,
Despair shall fasten on him !—

Enter DIONYSIUS, CALIPPUS, &c.

Dion. Base deserters !
Curse on their Punic faith ! Did they once dare
To grapple with the Greek ? Ere yet the main
Was ting'd with blood, they turn'd their ships averse.
May storms and tempests follow in their rear,
And dash their fleet upon the Lybian shore !

Enter CALIPPUS.

Calip. My liege, Timoleon where the harbour opens
Has storm'd the forts, and ev'n now his fleet
Pursues its course, and steers athwart the bay.

Dion. Ruin impends ; and yet, if fall it must,
I bear a mind to meet it, undismay'd,
Unconquer'd ev'n by Fate.

Calip. Through ev'ry street
Despair and terror fly. A panic spreads
From man to man, and superstition sees
Jove arm'd with thunder, and the Gods against us.

Dion. With sacred rites their wrath must be appeas'd.
Let instant victims at the altar bleed ;
Let incense roll its fragrant clouds to Heav'n,

And

32 THE GRECIAN DAUGHTER:

And pious matrons, and the virgin train,
In slow procession to the temple bear
The image of their Gods.

Euphra. Ha !—Does the tyrant
Dare with unhallow'd step, with crimes and guilt,
Approach the facied fane ?—Alas ! my father,
Where now thy sanctuary ?—What place shall hide
Thy persecuted virtue ? (*Aside.*)

Dion. Thou, Euphrasia,
Lead forth the pious band.—This very moment
Issue our orders.

Euphra. With consenting heart
Euphrasia goes to waft her pray'rs to Heav'n. [*Exit.*]

Dion. The solemn sacrifice, the virgin throng,
Will gain the popular belief, and kindle
In the fierce soldiery religious rage.
Away, my friends, prepare the solemn pomp.

[*Exit CALIPPUS, &c.*]

Philotas, thou draw near : how fares your prisoner ?
Has he yet breath'd his last ?

Philo. Life ebbs apace ;
Tomorrow's sun sees him a breathless corse.

Dion. Curse on his ling'ring pangs ! Sicilia's crown
No more shall deck his brow ; and if the sand
Still loiter in the glass, thy hand, my friend,
May shake it thence.

Philo. It shall, dread Sir ; that task
Leave to thy faithful servant.

Dion. Oh ! Philotas,
Thou little know'st the cares, the pangs of empire.
The ermin'd pride, the purple that adorns

A con-

A conqueror's breast, but serves, my friend, to hide
 A heart that's torn, that's mangled with remorse.
 Each object round me wakens horrid doubts ;
 The flatt'ring train, the sentinel that guards me,
 The slave that waits, all give some new alarm,
 And from the means of safety dangers rise.
 Ev'n victory itself plants anguish here,
 And round my laurels the fell serpent twines.

Philo. Would Dionysius abdicate his crown,
 And sue for terms of peace ?

Dion. Detested thought !
 No, though ambition teems with countless ills,
 It still has charms of pow'r to fire the soul.
 Tho' horrors multiply around my head,
 I will oppose them all. The pomp of sacrifice
 But now ordain'd, is mockery to Heav'n.
 'Tis vain, 'tis fruitless ; then let daring guilt
 Be my inspirer, and consummate all.
 Where are those Greeks, the captives of my sword,
 Whose desp'rate valour rush'd within our walls,
 Fought near our person, and the pointed lance
 Aim'd at my breast ?

Philo. In chains they wait their doom.

Dion. Give me to see 'em ; bring the slaves before me.

Philo. What, ho ! Melanthon, this way lead your prisoners.

Enter MELANTHON with Greek Officers and Soldiers.

Dion. Assassins and not warriors ! do ye come,
 When the wide range of battle claims your sword,
 Thus do you come against a single life
 To wage the war ? Did not our buckler ring
 With all your darts in one collected volley

F

Show'r'd

34 THE GRECIAN DAUGHTER:

Show'd on my head? Did not your swords at once
Point at my breast, and thirst for regal blood?

Greek Of. We fought thy life. I am by birth a Greek,
An open foe in arms I meant to slay
The foe of human kind.—With rival ardour
We took the field; one voice, one mind, one heart;
All leagu'd, all covenanted: in yon camp
Spirits there are who aim, like us, at glory.
Whene'er you sally forth, whene'er the Greeks
Shall scale your walls, prepare thee to encounter
A like assault. By me the youth of Greece
Thus notify the war they mean to wage.

Dion. Thus then I warn them of my great revenge.
Whoe'er in battle shall become our pris'ner,
In torment meets his doom.

Greek Of. Then wilt thou see,
How vile the body to a mind that pants
For genuine glory. Twice three hundred Greeks
Have sworn, like us, to hunt thee thro' the ranks;
Ours the first lot; we've fail'd; on yonder plain
Appear in arms, the faithful band will meet thee.

Dion. Vile slave, no more. Melanthon drag 'em hence
To die in misery. Impal'd alive
The winds shall parch them on the craggy cliff.
Selected from the rest let one depart
A messenger to Greece, to tell the fate
Her chosen sons, her first adventurers, met. [Exit.]

Melan. Unhappy men! how shall my care protect
Your forfeit lives?—Philotas, thou conduct them
To the deep dungeon's gloom. In that recess,
'Midst the wild tumult of eventful war,

We

We may ward off the blow. My friends, farewell;
That officer will guide your steps.

[All follow PHILOTAS, except PHOCION.]

Pho. Disguis'd

Thus in a soldier's garb he knows me not.

Melanthon!—

Melan. Ha!—Those accents!—Phocion here?

Pho. Yes, Phocion here! Speak, quickly tell me, say
How fares Euphrasia?

Melan. Ha! beware;—Philotas;

Conduct these pris'ners hence; this soldier here
Shall bear the tidings to Timoleon's camp.

Pho. Oh! satisfy my doubts; how fares Euphrasia?

Melan. Euphrasia lives, and fills the anxious moments
With ev'ry virtue.—Wherefore venture hither?
Why with rash valour penetrate our gates?

Pho. Could I refrain? Oh! could I tamely wait
Th' event of ling'ring war? With patience count
The lazy-pacing hours, while here in Syracuse
The tyrant keeps all that my heart holds dear?
For her dear sake, all danger sinks before me;
For her I burst the barriers of the gate,
Where the deep cavern'd rock affords a passage:
A hundred chosen Greeks pursu'd my steps,
We forc'd an entrance; the devoted guard
Fell victims to our rage; but in that moment
Down from the walls superior numbers came.
The tyrant led them on. We rush'd upon him;
If we could reach his heart, to end the war.
But Heav'n thought otherwise. *Melanthon*, say,
I fear to ask it, lives Evander still?

Melan. Alas, he lives imprison'd in the rock.

36 THE GRECIAN DAUGHTER:

Thou must withdraw thee hence ; regain once more
Timoleon's camp ; alarm his slumb'ring rage :
Assail the walls : thou with thy phalanx seek
The subterraneous path ; that way at night
The Greeks may enter, and let in destruction
To the great work of vengeance.

Pho Would'st thou have me
Basely retreat, while my Euphrasia trembles
Here on the ridge of peril ? She perhaps
May fall unknown, unpity'd, undistinguish'd
Amidst the gen'ral carnage. Shall I leave her
To add that beauty to the purple heap ?
No ; I will seek her in these walls accurst,
Ev'n in the tyrant's palace ; save that life,
My only source of joy, that life, whose loss
Would make all Greece complotted in a murder,
And damn a righteous cause.

Melan. Yet hear the voice
Of sober age. Should Dionysius' spies
Detect thee here, ruin involves us all ;
'Twere best retire, and seek Timoleon's tents ;
Tell him, dismay and terror fill the city ;
Ev'n now in Syracuse the tyrant's will
Ordains with pomp oblations to the Gods.
His deadly hand still hot with recent blood,
The monster dares approach the sacred altar ;
Thy voice may rouse Timoleon to th' assault,
And bid him storm the works.

Pho. By Heav'n I will ;
My breath shall wake his rage ; this very night,
When sleep sits heavy on the slumb'ring city,
Then Greece unsheaths her sword, and great revenge

Shall

Shall stalk with death and horror o'er the ranks
Of slaughter'd troops, a sacrifice to freedom !
But first let me behold Euphrasia.

Melan. Hush

Thy pent-up valour ; to a secret haunt
I'll guide thy steps ; there dwell, and in apt time
I'll bring Euphrasia to thy longing arms.

Pho. Wilt thou ?

Melan. By Heav'n I will ; another act
Of desperate fury might endanger all.
The tyrant's busy guards are posted round ;
In silence follow ; thou shalt see Euphrasia.

Pho. Oh ! lead me to her ; that exalted virtue
With firmer nerve shall bid me grasp the javelin,
Shall bid my sword with more than lightning's swiftness
Blaze in the front of war, and glut its rage
With blow repeated in the tyrant's veins. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene a Temple, with a Monument in the Middle.

Enter EUPHRASIA, ERIXENE, and other Female Attendants.

Euphra. This way, my virgins, this way bend your steps.
Lo ! the sad sepulchre where, hears'd in death,
The pale remains of my dear mother lie.
There, while the victims at yon altar bleed,
And with your pray'rs the vaulted roof resounds,
These let me pay the tribute of a tear,
A weeping pilgrim o'er Eudocia's ashes.

Erix. Forbear, Euphrasia, to renew your sorrows.

Euphra. My tears have dried their source ; then let me here
Pay

38 THE GRECIAN DAUGHTER:

Pay this sad visit to the honour'd clay
That moulders in the tomb. These sacred viands
I'll burn an off'ring to a parent's shade;
And sprinkle with this wine the hallow'd mould.
That puty paid, I will return, my virgins.

[She goes into the tomb:]

Erix. Look down, propitious Pow'rs ! behold that virtue;
And heal the pangs that desolate her soul.

Enter PHILOTAS.

Philo. Mourn, mourn, ye virgins; rend your scatter'd
garments;
Some dread calamity hangs o'er our heads.
In vain the tyrant would appease with sacrifice
Th' impending wrath of ill-requited Heav'n.
Ill omens hover o'er us : at the altar
The victim dropt, e'er the divining seer
Had gor'd his knife. The brazen statues trembled;
And from the marble, drops of blood distil'd.

Erix. Now, ye just Gods; if vengeance you prepare;
Now find the guilty head.

Philo. Amidst the throng
A matron labours with th' inspiring God ;
She stares, she raves, and with no mortal sound
Proclaims aloud, " Where Phœbus am I borne ?
" I see their glitt'ring spears ; I see them charge ;
" Bellona wades in blood ; that mangled body,
" Deform'd with wounds and welt'ring in its gore,
" I know it well ; Oh ! close the dreadful scene ;
" Relieve me Phœbus, I have seen too much."

Erix. Alas ! I tremble for Evander's fate ;
Avert the omen, Gods, and guard his life.

Enter

Enter EUPHRASIA from the Tomb.

Euphra. Virgins, I thank you—Oh! more lightly now
My heart expands; the pious act is done,
And I have paid my tribute to a parent.
Ah! wherefore does the tyrant bend this way?

Philo. He flies the altar; leaves th' unfinish'd rites.
No God there smiles propitious on his cause,
Fate lifts the awful balance; weighs his life,
The lives of numbers, in the trembling scale.

Euphra. Despair and horror mark his haggard looks,
His wild, disorder'd step—He rushes forth;
Some new alarm demands him!—E'en now
He issues at yon portal!—Lo! see there,
The suppliant crowd disperses; wild with fear,
Distraction in each look, the wretched throng
Pours thro' the brazen gates!—Do you retire,
Retire Philotas; let me here remain,
And give the moments of suspended fate
To pious worship and to filial love.

Philo. Alas! I fear to yield:—awhile I'll leave thee,
And at the temple's entrance wait thy coming. [*Exit,*

Euphra. Now then, Euphrasia, now thou may'st indulge
The purest ecstasy of soul. Come forth,
Thou man of woe, thou man of ev'ry virtue.

Enter EVANDER, from the Monument.

Evan. And does the grave thus cast me up again
With a fond father's love to view thee? Thus
To mingle rapture in a daughter's arms?

Euphra. How fares my father now?

Evan.

40 THE GRECIAN DAUGHTER;

Evân. Thy aid, Euphrasia,
Has giv'n new life. Thou from this vital stream
Deriv'st thy being; with unheard-of duty
Thou hast repaid it to thy native source.

Euphra. Sprung from Evander, if a little portion
Of all his goodness dwell within my heart,
Thou wilt not wonder.

Evan. Joy and wonder rise
In mix'd emotions!—Though departing hence,
After the storms of a tempestuous life,
Tho' I was entering the wish'd-for port,
Where all is peace, all bliss, and endless joy,
Yet here contented I can linger still
To view thy goodness, and applaud thy deeds,
Thou author of my life!—Did ever parent
Thus call his child before?—My heart's too full,
My old fond heart runs o'er; it akes with joy.

Euphra. Alas, too much you over-rate your daughter;
Nature and duty call'd me—Oh! my father,
How didst thou bear thy long, long suff'rings? How
Endure their barb'rous rage?

Evan. My foes but did
To this old frame, what Nature's hand must do,
In the worst hour of pain, a voice still whisper'd me
"Rouze thee, Evander; self-acquitting conscience
"Declares thee blameless, and the gods behold thee."
I was but going hence by mere decay
To that futurity which Plato taught,
Where the immortal spirit views the planets
Roll round the mighty year, and wrapt in bliss
Adores th' ideas of th' eternal mind.
Thither, oh! thither was Evander going,
But thou recall'st me; thou!—

Euphra. Timoleon too
Invites thee back to life.

Evan. And does he still
Urge on the siege?

Euphra. His active genius comes
To scourge a guilty race. The Punic fleet
Half lost is swallow'd by the roaring sea.
The shatter'd refuse seek the Lybyian shore,
To bear the news of their defeat to Carthage.

Evan. These are thy wonders Heaven!—Abroad thy
spirit
Moves o'er the deep, and mighty fleets are vanish'd.

Euphra. Ha!—hark!—what noise is that! It comes
this way.
Some busy footstep beats the hallow'd pavement.
Oh! Sir, retire—Ye Pow'rs!—Philotas!—ha!

Enter PHILOTAS.

Philo. For thee, Euphrasia, Dionysius calls.
Some new suspicion goads him. At yon gate
I stopt Calippus, as with eager haste
He bent this way to seek thee.—Oh! my sovereign,
My king, my injur'd master, will you pardon
The wrongs I've done thee? *(kneels to Evander.)*

Evan. Virtue such as thine,
From the fierce trial of tyrannic pow'r,
Shines forth with added lustre.

Philo. Oh! forgive
My ardent zeal—there is no time to waste.
You must withdraw—Trust to your faithful friends.

G

Pass

42 THE GRECIAN DAUGHTER:

Pas but another day, and Dionysius
Falls from a throne usurp'd.

Evan. But ere he pays .
The forfeit of his crimes, what streams of blood
Shall flow in torrents round ! Methinks I might
Prevent this waste of nature—I'll go forth,
And to my people shew their rightful king.

Euphra. Banish that thought ; forbear ; the rash attempt
Were fatal to our hopes ; oppress'd, dismay'd,
The people look aghast, and wail with fear
None will espouse your cause.

Evan. Yes all will dare
To act like men ;—their king, I gave myself
To a whole people. I made no reserve ;
My life was their's ; each drop about my heart
Pledg'd to the public cause ; devoted to it ;
That was my compact ; is the subject's less ?
If they are all debas'd, and willing slaves,
The young but breathing to grow grey in bondage,
And the old sinking to ignoble graves,
Of such a race no matter who is king.
And yet I will not think it ; no ! my people
Are brave and gen'rous ; I will trust their valour. *[going.]*

Euphra. Yet stay ; yet be advis'd.

Philo. As yet, my liege,
No plan is fix'd, and no concerted measure.
The fates are busy : wait the vast event.
Trust to my truth and honour. Witness, Gods,
Here in the temple of Olympian Jove
Philotas swears————

Evan.

Evan. Forbear: the man like thee,
Who feels the best emotions of the heart,
Truth, reason, justice, honour's fine exoitements,
Acts by those laws, and wants no other sanction.

Euphra. Again, th' alarm approaches; sure destruction
To thee, to all will follow:—hark! a sound
Comes hollow murmuring thro' the vaulted isle,
It gains upon the ear.—Withdraw, my father;
All's lost if thou art seen.

Philo. And lo! Calippus
Darts with the light'ning's speed across the isle.

Evan. Thou at the Senate-house convene my friends;
Melanthon, Dion, and their brave associates,
Will shew that liberty has leaders still.
Anon I'll meet 'em there: my child farewell;
Thou shalt direct me now.

Euphra. Too cruel fate!
The tomb is all the mansion I can give;
My mother's tomb!

Philo. You must be brief; th' alarm
Each moment nearer comes. In ev'ry sound
Destruction threatens. Ha! by Heaven this way
Calippus comes—Let me retard his speed. [Exit.

EUPHRASIA coming forward.

How my distracted heart throbs wild with fear?
What brings Calippus? Wherefore? Save me Heaven!

Enter CALIPPUS.

Calip. This lonely musing in these drear abodes
Alarms suspicion: the king knows thy plottings,
Thy rooted hatred to the state and him.

G 2

His

44 THE GRECIAN DAUGHTER:

His sov'reign will commands thee to repair
This moment to his presence.

Euphra. Ha! what means
The tyrant?—I obey (*Exit Calippus.*) and, oh! ye Pow'rs
Ye ministers of Heaven, defend my father;
Support his drooping age; and when anon
Avenging Justice shakes her crimson steel,
Oh! be the grave at least a place of rest;
That from his covert in the hour of peace
Forth he may come to bless a willing people,
And be your own just image here on earth.

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

A C T

A C T IV.

Enter MELANTHON and PHILOTAS.

Melan. **A**WAY; no more; pernicious, vile dissembler!

Philo. Wherefore this frantic rage?

Melan. Thou can'st not varnish
With thy perfidious arts a crime like this.
I climb'd the rugged cliff; but, oh! thou traitor,
Where is Evander? Thro' each dungeon's gloom
I fought the good old king—the guilt is thine;
May vengeance wait thee for it.

Philo. Still, Melanthon,
Let prudence guide thee.

Melan. Thou hast plung'd thee down
Far as the lowest depth of hell-born crimes;
Thou hast out-gone all registers of guilt;
Beyond all fable hast thou sinn'd, Philotas.

Philo. By Heav'n thou wrong'st me.
Did'st thou know, old man——

Melan. Could not his rev'rend age, could not his virtue,
His woes unnumber'd, soften thee to pity?
Thou hast destroy'd my king.

Philo. Yet wilt thou hear me?
Your king still lives.

Melan. Thou, vile deceiver!—Lives!
But where?—Away; no more. I charge thee, leave me.

Philo. We have remov'd him to a place of safety.

Melan.

THE GRECIAN

**His sov'reign will command
This moment to his presence.**

Euphra. Ha! what means
The tyrant?—I obey (*Exit*.)
Ye ministers of Heaven, do
Support his drooping age;
Avenging Justice shakes his
Oh! be the grave at least
That from his covert in the
Forth he may come to bleed
And be your own just im

END C

Enter the HERALD.

Speak thy purpose; what doth Greece impart?

Timoleon, Sir, whose great renown in arms

is only by the softer virtues

and humanity that sway his heart,

is a delegate to offer terms,

whom his foes may well accord; on which

his nature, tho' it spurn at justice,

will sympathize with his.

Unfold thy mystery;

that be heard.

The gen'rous leader sees,

the wild destructive havoc

his war; he hath survey'd around

heaps of slain that cover yonder field,

touch'd with gen'rous sense of human woe,

more'er his victories.

Your leader weeps!

Yet the author of those ills thou speak'st of,

the ambitious factor of destruction,

thy retreat, and close the scene of blood.

Doth affrighted peace behold his standard

erect in Sicily? and wherefore here

from ranks of war, from which the shepherd

is appall'd, and leaves the blasted hopes

half the year, while closer to her breast

mother clasps her infant?

Herald. 'Tis not mine

to plead Timoleon's cause; not mine the office

to justify the strong, the righteous motives

that urge him to the war: the only scope

My

46 THE GRECIAN DAUGHTER:

Melan. Remov'd!—Thou traitor! what dark privacy—
Why move him thence? The dark assassin's stab
Has clos'd his days—calm unrelenting villain!
I know it all.

Philo. By ev'ry Pow'r above
Evander lives; in safety lives. Last night
When in his dark embrace sleep wrapt the world,
Euphrasia came, a spectacle of woe;
Dar'd to approach our guard, and with her tears,
With vehemence of grief, she touch'd my heart.
I gave her father to her.

Melan. How, Philotas!
If thou do'st not deceive me——

Philo. No, by Heav'n!
By ev'ry Pow'r above—But hark! those notes
Speak Dionysius near—Anon, my friend,
I'll tell thee each particular;—thy king
Mean while is safe—but lo! the tyrant comes;
With guilt like his I must equivocate,
And teach ev'n truth and honour to dissemble.

Enter DIONYSIUS, CALIPPUS, &c.

Dion. Away each vain alarm; the sun goes down,
Nor yet Timoleon issues from his fleet.
There let him linger on the wave-worn beach;
Here the vain Greek shall find another Troy,
A more than Hector here. Tho' Carthage fly,
Ourselves—still Dionysius here remains.
And means the Greek to treat of terms of peace?
By Heav'n, this panting bosom hop'd to meet
His boasted phalanx on the embattled plain.
And doth he now, on peaceful councils bent;
Dispatch his herald?—Let the slave approach.

Enter

Enter the HERALD.

Dion. Now speak thy purpose; what doth Greece impart?

Herald. Timoleon, Sir, whose great renown in arms
Is equal'd only by the softer virtues
Of mild humanity that sway his heart,
Sends me his deligate to offer terms,
On which ev'n foes may well accord; on which
The fiercest nature, tho' it spurn at justice,
May sympathize with his.

Dion. Unfold thy mystery;
Thou shalt be heard.

Herald. The gen'rous leader sees,
With pity sees, the wild destructive havoc
Of ruthless war; he hath survey'd around
The heaps of slain that cover yonder field,
And, touch'd with gen'rous sense of human woe,
Weeps o'er his victories.

Dion. Your leader weeps!
Then let the author of those ills thou speak'st of,
Let the ambitious factor of destruction,
Timely retreat, and close the scene of blood.
Why doth affrighted peace behold his standard
Uprear'd in Sicily? and wherefore here
The iron ranks of war, from which the shepherd
Retires appall'd, and leaves the blasted hopes
Of half the year, while closer to her breast
The mother clasps her infant?

Herald. 'Tis not mine
To plead Timoleon's cause; not mine the office
To justify the strong, the righteous motives.
That urge him to the war: the only scope

My

48 THE GRECIAN DAUGHTER:

My deputation aims at, is to fix
 An interval of peace, a pause of horror,
 That they, whose bodies on the naked shore
 Lie welt'ring in their blood, from either host
 May meet the last sad rites to nature due,
 And decent lie in honourable graves.

Dion. Go tell your leader, his pretexts are vain
 Let him, with those that live, embark for Greece;
 And leave our peaceful plains; the mangled limbs
 Of those he murder'd, from my tender care
 Shall meet due obsequies.

Herald. The hero, Sir,
 Wages no war with those, who bravely die:
 'Tis for the dead I supplicate; for them
 We sue for peace; and to the living too
 Timoleon would extend it, but the groans
 Of a whole people have unsheath'd his sword.
 A single day will pay the funeral rites.
 To-morrow's sun may see both armies meet
 Without hostility, and all in honour;
 You to inter the troops, who bravely fell;
 We, on our part, to give an humble sod
 To those, who gain'd a footing on the isle,
 And by their death have conquer'd.

Dion. Be it so;
 I grant thy suit: soon as to-morrow's dawn
 Illume the world, the rage of wasting war
 In vain shall thirst for blood: but mark my words;
 If the next orient sun behold you here,
 That hour shall see me terrible in arms
 Deluge yon plain, and let destruction loose.
 Thou know'st my last resolve, and now farewell.
 Some careful officer conduct him forth. *[Exit Herald]*
 By

By Heav'n, the Greek hath offered to my sword
 An easy prey; a sacrifice to glut
 My great revenge. Calippus let each soldier
 This night resign his wearied limbs to rest,
 That ere the dawn, with renovated strength,
 On the unguarded, unsuspecting foe,
 Disarm'd, and bent on superstitious rites,
 From ev'ry quarter we may rush undaunted,
 Give the invaders to the deathful steel,
 And by one carnage bury all in ruin.
 My valiant friends, haste to your several posts,
 And let this night a calm unruffled spirit
 Lie hush'd in sleep—Away, my friends, disperse.
 Philotas, waits Euphrasia as we order'd?

Pbila. She's here at hand.

Dion. Admit her to our presence.

Rage and despair, a thousand warring passions,
 All rise by turns, and piece-meal rend my heart.
 Yet ~~my~~ ev'ry means, all measures must be tried,
 To sweep the Grecian spoiler from the land,
 And fix the crown unshaken on my brow.

Enter EUPHRASIA.

Euphra. What sudden cause requires Euphrasia's presence?

Dion. Approach, fair mourner, and dispel thy fears.

Thy grief, thy tender duty to thy father,
 Has touch'd me nearly. In his lone retreat
 Respect, attendance, ev'ry lenient care
 To soothe affliction, and extend his life,
 Evander has commanded.

Euphra. Vile dissembler!

Detested homicide! (*Aside*)—And has thy heart
 Felt for the wretched?

H.

Dion.

50 THE GRECIAN DAUGHTER:

Dion. Urgencies of state
Abridg'd his liberty, ; but to his person
All honour hath been paid.

Euphra. The righteous Gods
Have mark'd thy ways, and will in time repay
Just retribution.

Dion. If to see your father,
If here to meet him in a fond embrace,
Will calm thy breast, and dry those beauteous tears,
A moment more shall bring him to your presence.

Euphra. Ha ! lead him hither ! Sir, to move him now,
Aged, infirm, worn out with toil and years—
No, let me seek him rather—If soft pity
Has touch'd your heart, oh ! send me, send me to him.

Dion. Controul this wild alarm ; with prudent care
Philotas shall conduct him ; here I grant
The tender interview.

Euphra. Disastrous fate !
Ruin impends !—This will discover all ;
I'll perish first ; provoke his utmost rage. (Aside.)
Tho' much I languish to behold my father,
Yet now it were not fit—approaching night—
At the first dawn of day—

Dion. This night, this very hour,
You both must meet ; the time forbids delay.
Together you may serve the state and me.
Thou see'st the havock of wide wasting war ;
And more, full well you know, are still to bleed.
Thou may'st prevent their fate.

Euphra. Oh ! give the means,
And I will bless thee for it.

Dion.

Dion. From a Greek,

Torments have wrung the truth. Thy husband, Phocion—

Euphra. Oh! say, speak of my Phocion.

Dion. He; 'tis he

Hath kindled up this war; with treacherous arts
Inflam'd the states of Greece, and now the traitor
Comes with a foreign aid to wrest my crown.

Euphra. And does my Phocion share Timolcon's glory?

Dion. With him invests our walls, and bids rebellion
Erect her standard here.

Euphra. Oh! bless him Gods!

Where'er my hero treads the paths of war,
List on his side; against the hostile javelin
Uprear his mighty buckler; to his sword
Lend the fierce whirlwind's rage, that he may come
With wreaths of triumph, and with conquest crown'd,
And his Euphrasia spring with rapture to him,
Melt in his arms, and a whole nation's voice
Applaud my hero with a love like mine!

Dion. Ungrateful fair! Has not our sovereign will
On thy descendant's fix'd Sicilia's crown?
Have I not vow'd protection to your boy?

Euphra. From thee the crown! From thee! Euphrasia's
children

Shall on a nobler basis found their rights,
On their own virtue, and a people's choice.

Dion. Misguided woman!

Euphra. Ask of thee protection!

The father's valour shall protect his boy.

Dion. Rush not on sure destruction; ere too late
Accept our proffer'd grace. The terms are these;

H 2

Instant

52 THE GRECIAN DAUGHTER;

Instant send forth a message to your husband ;
 Bid him draw off his Greeks ; unmoor his fleet,
 And measure back his way. Full well he knows
 You and your father are my hostages ;
 And for his treason both may answer.

Euphra. Think'st thou then

So meanly of my Phocion !—Dost thou deem him
 Poorly wound up to a mere fit of valour,
 To melt away in a weak woman's tear ?
 Oh ! thou dost little know him ; know'st but little
 Of his exalted soul. With gen'rous ardour
 Still will he urge the great, the glorious plan,
 And gain the ever honour'd bright reward,
 Which fame intertwines around the patriot's brow,
 And bids for ever flourish on his tomb,
 For nations free'd and tyrants laid in dust.

Dion. By Heav'n, this night Evander breathes his last,

Euphra. Better for him to sink at once to rest,
 Than linger thus beneath the gripe of famine,
 In a vile dungeon scoop'd with barb'rous skill
 Deep in the flinty rock ; a monument
 Of that fell malice, and that black suspicion
 That mark'd your father's reign ; a dungeon drear
 Prepar'd for innocence !—Vice liv'd secure,
 It flourish'd, triumph'd, grateful to his heart ;
 'Twas virtue only could give umbrage ; then,
 In that black period, to be great and good
 Was a state-crime ; the pow'rs of genius then
 Were a constructive treason.

Dion. Ha ! beware,
 Nor with vile calumny provoke my rage.

Euphra.

Euphra. Whate'er was laudable, whate'er was worthy,
Sunk under foul oppression : freeborn men
Were torn in private from their household gods,
Shut from the light of Heaven in cavern'd cells,
Chain'd to the grunsel edge, and left to pine
In bitterness of soul ; while in the vaulted roof
The tyrant sat, and through a secret channel
Collected ev'ry sound ; heard each complaint
Of martyr'd virtue ; kept a register
Of sighs and groans by cruelty extorted ;
Noted the honest language of the heart ;
Then on the victim's wreak'd his murd'rous rage,
For yielding to the feelings of their nature.

Dion. Obdurate woman ! obstinate in ill !
Here ends all parley. Now your father's doom
Is fix'd ; irrevocably fix'd ; this night
Thou shalt behold him, while inventive cruelty
Pursues his wearied life through every nerve.
I scorn all dull delay. This very night
Shall fate my great revenge. [Exit.

Euphra. This night perhaps
Shall whelm thee down, no more to blast creation.
My father, who inhabit'ft with the dead,
Now let me seek thee in the lonely tomb,
And tremble there with anxious hope and fear. [Exit.

Scene the Inside of the Temple.

Enter PHOCION and MELANTHON.

Pho. Each step I move, a grateful terror shakes
My frame to dissolution.

Melan.

54 THE GRECIAN DAUGHTER:

Melan. Summon all

Thy wonted firmness; in that dreary vault
A living king is number'd with the dead.
I'll take my post, near where the pillar'd isle
Supports the central dome, that no alarm
Surprize you in the pious act.

[*Exit.*]

Pho. If here

They both are found; if in Evander's arms.
Euphrasia meets my search, the fates atone
For all my suff'rings, all afflictions past.
Yes I will seek them—ha!—the gaping tomb
Invites my steps—now be propitious Heaven!

[*He enters the Tomb.*]

Enter EUPHRASIA.

All hail ye caves of horror!—In this gloom
Divine content can dwell, the heartfelt tear,
Which, as it falls, a father's trembling hand
Will catch, and wipe the sorrows from my eye.
Thou Pow'r supreme! whose all-pervading mind
Guides this great frame of things, who now behold'st me,
Who in that cave of death art full as perfect
As in the gorgeous palace, now, while night
Broods o'er the world, I'll to thy sacred shrine,
And supplicate thy mercies to my father.
Who's there?—Evander?—Answer—quickly say—

Enter PHOCION from the Tomb.

Pho. What voice is that?—Melanthon

Euphra. Ha! those sounds!—
Speak of Evander; tell me that he lives,
Or lost Euphrasia dies.

Pho.

Pho. Heart-swelling transport !
 Art thou Euphrasia ?—'Tis thy Phocion, love ;
 Thy husband comes.—

Euphra. Support me ; reach thy hand——

Pho. Once more I clasp her in this fond embrace !

Euphra. What miracle has brought thee to me ?

Pho. Love

Urg'd me on, and guided all my ways.

Euphra. Oh ! thou dear wanderer ! But wherefore here,
 Why in this place of woe ?—My tender little one,
 Say is he safe ?—Oh ! satisfy a mother ;
 Speak of my child, or I go wild at once ;
 Tell me his fate, and tell me all thy own.

Pho. Your boy is safe, Euphrasia ; lives to reign
 In Sicily ; Timoleon's guardian care
 Protects him in his camp ; dispel thy fears ;
 The Gods once more will give him to thy arms.

Euphra. My father lives sepulchred ere his time.
 Here in Eudocia's tomb ; let me conduct thee——

Pho. I came this moment thence——

Euphra. And saw Evander ?

Pho. Alas ! I found him not.

Euphra. Not found him there !
 Have there fell murderers—Oh ! *[faints away.]*

Pho. I've been too rash ; revive, my love, revive ;
 The Phocion calls ; the Gods will guard Evander,
 And him to reward thy matchless virtue.

Enter EVANDER, and MELANTHON.

Evan. Lead me, Melanthon, guide my aged steps ;
 Where is he ? Let me see him.

56 THE GRECIAN DAUGHTER:

Pho. My Euphrasia;
Thy father lives;—thou venerable man!
Behold!—I cannot fly to thy embrace.

Euphra. These agonies must end me—Ah! my father!
Again I have him; gracious Pow'rs! again
I clasp his hand, and bathe it with my tears.

Evan. Euphrasia! Phocion too! Yes, both are here;
Oh! let me thus, thus strain you to my heart.

Pho. Protected by a daughter's tender care,
By my Euphrasia sav'd! That sweet reflection
Exalts the bliss to rapture.

Euphra. Why my father,
Why thus adventure forth?—The strong alarm
O'erwhelm'd my spirits.

Evan. I went forth, my child,
When all was dark, and awful silence round,
To throw me prostrate at the altar's foot,
To crave the care of Heaven for thee and thine.
Melanthon there—

Enter PHILOTAS.

Euphra. Philotas!—ha!—what means—

Philo. Inevitable ruin hovers o'er you:
The tyrant's fury mounts into a blaze;
Unfated yet with blood, he calls aloud
For thee, Evander; thee his rage hath order'd
This moment to his presence.

Evan. Lead me to him:
His presence hath no terror for Evander.

Euphra. Horror!—It must not be.

Philo.

Philo. No; never, never:

I'll perish rather.—But the time demands
Our utmost vigour; with the light'ning's speed
Decisive, rapid.—With the scorpion stings
Of conscience lash'd, despair and horror seize him,
And guilt but serves to goad his tortur'd mind
To blacker crimes. His policy has granted
A day's suspense from arms; yet even now
His troops prepare, in the dead midnight hour,
With base surprize, to storm Timoleon's camp.

Evân. And doth he grant a false insidious truce,
To turn the hour of peace to blood and horror?

Euphra. I know the monster well: when specious
seeming

Becalms his looks, the rankling heart within
Teems with destruction. Like our own mount *Ætna*,
When the deep snows invest his hoary head,
And a whole winter gathers on his brow,
Looking tranquility; ev'n then beneath
The fuel'd entrails summon all their rage,
Till the affrighted shepherd round him sees
The sudden ruin, the vulcano's burst,
Mountains hurl'd up in air, and molten rocks,
And all the land with desolation cover'd.

Melan. Now, Phocion, now, on thee our hope depends:
Fly to Timoleon—I can grant a passport—
Rouze him to vengeance; on the tyrant turn
His own insidious arts, of all is lost.

Pbo. Evander thou, and thou, my best Euphrasia,
Both shall attend my flight.

Melan. They must remain;
Th' attempt would hazard all.

I

Euphra.

58 THE GRECIAN DAUGHTER:

Euphra. Together here
We will remain, safe in the cave of death;
And wait our freedom from thy conqu'ring arm.

Evan. Oh! would the Gods roll back the stream of time,
And give this arm the sinew that it boasted
At Tauromenium, when its force resistless
Mow'd down the ranks of war; I then might guide
The battle's rage, and, ere Evander die,
Add still another laurel to my brow.

Euphra. Enough of laurell'd victory your sword
Hath reap'd in earlier days.

Evan. And shall my sword,
When the great cause of liberty invites,
Remain inactive, unperforming quite?
Youth, second youth rekindles in my veins:
Tho' worn with age, this arm will know it's office;
Will shew that victory has not forgot
Acquaintance with this hand.—And yet—O shame!
It will not be: the momentary blaze
Sinks, and expires.—I have surviv'd it all;
Surviv'd my reign, my people, and myself.

Euphra. Fly, Phocion, fly; Melanthon will conduct thee.

Melan. And when th' assault begins, my faithful cohorts
Shall form their ranks around this sacred dome.

Pho. And my poor captive friends, my brave companions
Taken in battle, wilt thou guard their lives?

Melan. Trust to my care: no danger shall assail them.

Pho. By Heav'n, the glorious expectation swells
This panting bosom!—Yes, Euphrasia, yes;
Awhile I leave you to the care of Heaven.—
Fell Dionysius tremble; ere the dawn

Timoleon

Timoleon thunders at your gates——The rage,
 The pent-up rage of twenty thousand Greeks,
 Shall burst at once; and the tumultuous roar
 Alarm th' astonish'd world. The brazen gates
 Asunder shall be rent; the tow'rs, the ramparts,
 Shall yield to Grecian valour; death and rage
 Thro' the wide city's round shall wade in gore,
 And guilty men awake to gasp their last.
 Melanthon, come.

Evan. Yet, ere thou go'st, young man,
 Attend my words: tho' guilt may oft provoke,
 As now it does, just vengeance on it's head,
 In mercy punish it. The rage of slaughter
 Can add no trophy to the victor's triumph:
 Bid him not shed unnecessary blood.
 Conquest is proud, inexorable, fierce;
 It is humanity ennobles all:
 So thinks Evander, and so tell Timoleon.

Pho. Farewel; the midnight hour shall give you freedom.

[Exit with Melanthon and Philotas.]

Euphra. Ye guardian Deities, watch all his ways.

Evan. Come, my Euphrasia, in this interval
 Together we will seek the sacred altar,
 And thank the God, whose presence fills the dome,
 For the best gift his bounty could bestow,
 The virtue he has giv'n thee; there we'll pour
 Our hearts in praise, in tears of adoration,
 For all the wond'rous goodness lavish'd on us.

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

A C T V.

Enter DIONYSIUS and CALIPPUS.

Dion. **E**RE the day clos'd, while yet the busy eye
Might view their camp, their stations and their guards,
Their preparations for approaching night,
Did'st thou then mark the motions of the Greeks?

Calip. From the watch-tour I saw them : all things spoke
A foe secure, and discipline relax'd.
Their arms thrown idly by, the soldiers stray'd
To one another's tents; their steeds no more
Stood near at hand caparison'd for war;
And from the lines numbers pour'd out, to see
The spot, where the besieg'd had sallied forth,
And the fierce battle rag'd; to view the slain
That lie in heaps upon the crimson beach.
There the fond brother, the afflicted father,
And the friend, sought some vestige of the face
Of him who died in battle; night came on;
Some slowly gain'd their tents; dispers'd around
Whole parties loiter'd, touch'd with deep regret;
War, and its train of duties, all forgot.

Dion. Their folly gives them to my sword: are all
My orders issued?

Calip. All.

Dion. The troops retir'd
To gain recruited vigour from repose?

Calip.

Calip. The city round lies hush'd in sleep.

Dion. Anon

Let each brave officer, of chosen valour,
Forsake his couch, and with delib'rate spirit,
Meet at the citadel.—An hour at furthest
Before the dawn, 'tis fix'd to storm their camp;
And whelm their men, their arms, and steeds, and tents,
In one prodigious ruin. Haste, Calippus,
Fly to thy post, and bid Euphrasia enter. [*Exit Calippus.*
Evander dies this night: Euphrasia too
Shall be dispos'd of. Curse on Phocion's fraud,
That from my pow'r withdrew their infant boy.
In him the seed of future kings were crush'd,
And the whole hated line at once extinguish'd.

Enter EUPHRASIA.

Dion. Once more approach and hear me; 'tis not now
A time to waste in the vain war of words.
A crisis big with horror is at hand.
I meant to spare the stream of blood, that soon
Shall deluge yonder plains. My fair proposals
Thy haughty spirit has with scorn rejected.
And now, by Heav'n, here, in thy very sight,
Evander breathes his last.

Euphra. The truce you've granted
Suspends the rage of war: meantime send forth
The orators of peace with olive crown'd.
Timoleon, good and just, and ever willing
To conquer rather by persuasive truth,
Than by devouring slaughter, will agree
In friendly parley to assert his rights,
And compromise the war.

Dion.

62 THE GRECIAN DAUGHTER:

Dion. And must I sue
For terms of peace?—To an invader sue?
Since you, the fiend of Syracuse and Greece,
Since you thus urge me on to desp'rate daring,
Your father first—of him I'll be assur'd—
Your father meets his fate.

Euphra. If yet there's wanting
A crime to fill the measure of thy guilt,
Add that black murder to the dreadful list;
With that complete the horrors of thy reign.

Dion. Woman, beware: Philotas is at hand,
And to our presence leads Evander. All
Thy dark plottings, and thy treach'rous arts,
Have prov'd abortive.

Euphra. Ha!—What new event?
And is Philotas false?—Has he betray'd him? [*Aside.*

Dion. Evander's doom is seal'd—What ho! Philotas!
Now shalt thou see him die in pangs before thee.

Enter PHILOTAS.

Euphra. How my heart sinks within me!

Dion. Where's your pris'ner?

Philo. Evander is no more.

Dion. Ha!—Death has robbed me
Of half my great revenge.

Philo. Worn out with anguish
I saw life ebb apace. With studied art
We gave each cordial drop—Alas! in vain;
He heav'd a sigh; invok'd his daughter's name,
Smil'd and expir'd.

Dion.

Dion. Bring me his hoary head.

Philo. You'll pardon, Sir, my over-hasty zeal.
I gave the body to the foaming surge
Down the steep rock despis'd.

Dion. Now rave and shriek,
And rend your scatter'd hair. No more Evander
Shall sway Sicilia's sceptre.

Euphra. Mighty Gods!
The harden'd heart, the man elate with pride
View with compassion! To the bad extend
Some portion of your mercy; crimes and blood
Have made their souls a seat of desolation,
Of woe, despair and horror! Turn to them.
An eye of pity: whom your bounty form'd
To truth, to goodness, and to gen'rous deeds,
On them no more from your bright stores of bliss
You need dispense: their virtue will support them.

Dion. Now then thou feel'st my vengeance.

Euphra. Glory in it;
Exult and triumph. Thy worst shaft is sped.
Yet still th' unconquer'd mind with scorn can view thee;
With the calm sunshine of the breast beholds
Thy pow'r unequal to subdue the soul,
Which virtue form'd, and which the Gods protect.

Dion. Philotas, bear her hence; she shall not live;
This moment bear her hence; you know the rest;
Go, see our will obey'd; that done, with all
A warrior's speed attend me at the citadel;
There meet the heroes, whom this night I'll lead
To freedom, victory, to glorious havock,
To the destruction of the Grecian name.

[Exit.
Euphra.

64 THE GRECIAN DAUGHTER:

Euphra. Accept my thanks, Philotas; generous man!
These tears attest th' emotions of my heart.
But oh! should Greece defer——

Philo. Dispel thy fears;
Phocion will bring relief; or should the tyrant
Assault their camp, he'll meet a marshall'd foe.
Let me conduct thee to the silent tomb.

Euphra. Ah! there Evander, naked and disarm'd,
Defenceless quite, may meet some ruffian stroke.

Philo. Lo! here's a weapon; bear this dagger to him
In the drear monument should hostile steps
Dare to approach him, they must enter singly;
This guards the passage; man by man they die.
There may'st thou dwell amidst the wild commotion.

Euphra. Ye pitying Gods, protect my father then!

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene the Citadel.

CALIPPUS and several Officers.

First Officer. What new event thus summons' us together?

Calip. 'Tis great occasion calls;—Timoleon's ardor
Comes rushing on; his works rise high in air,
Advance each day, and tow'r above our walls.
One brave exploit may free us——Lo! the king.

Enter DIONYSIUS.

Dion. Ye brave associates, who so oft have shar'd
Our toil and danger in the field of glory,
My fellow-warriors, what no god could promise,

Fortune

Fortune hath giv'n us.—In his dark embrace
 Lo ! sleep envelops the whole Grecian camp.
 Against a foe, the outcasts of their country,
 Freebooters roving in pursuit of prey,
 Success by war, or covert stratagem
 Alike is glorious. Then, my gallant friends,
 What need of words ? The gen'rous call of freedom,
 Your wives, your children, your invaded rights,
 All that can steel the patriot breast with valour,
 Expands and rouses in the swelling heart.
 Follow th' impulsive ardour ; follow me,
 Your king, your leader ; in the friendly gloom
 Of night assault their camp ; your country's love,
 And fame eternal, shall attend the men
 Who march'd through blood and horror, to redeem
 From the invader's pow'r, their native land.

Calip. Lead to the onset ; Greece shall find we bear
 Hearts prodigal of blood, when honour calls,
 Resolv'd to conquer or to die in freedom.

Dion. Thus I've resolv'd : when the declining moon
 Hath veil'd her orb, our silent march begins ;
 The order thus :—Calippus, thou lead forth
 Iberia's sons with the Numidian bands,
 And line the shore.—Perdiccas, be it thine
 To march thy cohorts to the mountain's foot,
 Where the wood skirts the valley ; there make halt
 Till brave Amyntor stretch along the vale.
 Ourself, with the embodied cavalry
 Clad in their mail'd cuirass, will circle round
 To where their camp extends its furthest line ;
 Unnumber'd torches there shall blaze at once,
 The signal of the charge ; then, oh ! my friends,
 On every side let the wild uproar loose,

K

Bij

66 THE GRECIAN DAUGHTER,

Bid massacre and carnage stalk around,
Unsparring, unrelenting; drench your swords
In hostile blood, and riot in destruction.

Enter an Officer.

Dion. Ha! speak; unfold thy purpose.—

Off. Instant arm;
To arms, my liege; the foe breaks in upon us;
The subterraneous pass is theirs; that way
Their band invades the city sunk in sleep.

Dion. Treason's at work; detested, treach'rous villains!
Is this their promis'd truce? Away, my friends,
Rouze all the war; fly to your sev'ral posts,
And instant bring all Syracuse in arms.

[Exeunt. Warlike Music.]

Enter MELANTHON.

Calip. Melanthon, now collect your faithful bands.

Melan. Do thou pursue the King; attend his steps:
Timoleon lords it in the captive city. *[Exit CALIPPUS.]*

Enter PHILOTAS.

Melan. Philotas, vengeance has begun its work.

Philo. The Gods have sent relief; dismay, and terror,
And wild amaze, and death in ev'ry shape,
Fill the affrighted city.

Melan. Tyrant, now
Th' inevitable hour of fate is come:
Philotas, round the dome that holds Evander
We will arrange our men; there fix our post,
And guard that spot, till, like some God, Timoleon
Still the wild uproar, and bid slaughter cease. *[Exeunt.]*

Scene another Part of the City.

Enter DIONYSIUS.

Why sleep the coward slaves? All things conspire;
The Gods are leagu'd; I see them raze my tow'rs;
My walls and bulwarks fall, and Neptune's trident
From its foundation heaves the solid rock.
Pallas directs the storm; her gorgon shield
Glares in my view, and from the fleet she calls
Her Greeks enrag'd.—In arms I'll meet 'em all.
What, ho! my guards—Arise, or wake no more,

Enter CALIPPUS.

Calip. This way, my liege; our friends, a valiant band,
Assemble here.

Dion. Give me to meet the Greek.

Our only safety lies in brave despair.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene the Inside of the Temple.

A Monument in the Middle.

EUPHRASIA, ERIXENE, and Female Attendants.

Eupbra. Which way, Erixene, which way, my virgins,
Shall we direct our steps? What sacred altar
Clasp on our knees?

Erix. Alas! the horrid tumult
Spreads the destruction wide. On ev'ry side
The victor's shouts, the groans of murder'd wretches,
In wild confusion rise. Once more descend
Eudocia's tomb; there thou may'st find a shelter.

Eupbra. Anon, Erixene, I mean to visit,
Perhaps for the last time, a mother's urn.
This dagger there, this instrument of death,

68 THE GRECIAN DAUGHTER:

Should Fortune prosper the fell tyrant's arms,
This dagger then may free me from his pow'r,
And that drear vault intomb us all in peace.

[*Puts up the dagger.*]

Hark!—how the uproar swells! Alas what numbers
In Dionysius' cause shall yield their throats
To the destructive sword!—Aloft I climb'd
The temple's vaulted roof; the scene beneath
Is horrible to fight; our domes and palaces
Blaze to the sky; and where the flames forbear,
The Greeks enrag'd brandish the gleaming sword.
From the high roofs, to shun the raging fire,
Wretches precipitate their fall. But oh!

— No pause, no mercy; to the edge o'th' sword
They give their bodies; butcher'd, gash'd with wounds
They die in mangled heaps, and with their limbs
Cover the sanguine pavement.

Erix. Hark!

Euphra. The Din

Of arms with clearer sound advances. Ha!
That sudden burst! Again! They rush upon us!
The portal opens—Lo! see there—The soldier
Enters; war invades the sacred fane;
No altar gives a sanctuary now.

[*War-like music.*]

Enter DIONYSIUS and CALIPPUS, with several Soldiers.

Dion. Here will I mock their siege, here stand at bay,
And brave 'em to the last.

Calip. Our weary foes
Desist from the pursuit.

Dion. Tho' all betray me,
Tho' ev'ry God conspire, I will not yield.

If I must fall, the temple's pond'rous roof,
 The mansion of the Gods combin'd against me
 Shall first be crush'd, and lie in ruin with me,
 Euphrasia here ! Detested, treach'rous woman !
 For my revenge preserv'd ! By Heav'n 'tis well ;
 Vengeance awaits thy guilt, and this good sword
 Thus sends thee to atone the bleeding victims
 This night has massacred.

Calip. (Holding Dionysius's arm) My liege forbear ;
 Her life preserv'd may plead your cause with Greece,
 And mitigate your fate.

Dion. Presumptuous slave !
 My rage is up in arms——By Heav'n she dies.——

Enter EVANDER from the Tomb.

Evan. Open, thou cave of death, and give me way.
 Horror ! forbear ! Thou murd'rer hold thy hand !
 'The Gods behold thee, horrible assassin !
 Restrain the blow ;—it were a stab to Heav'n ;
 All nature shudders at it !—Will no friend
 Arm in a cause like this a father's hand ?
 Strike at this bosom rather. Lo ! Evander
 Prostrate and groveling on the earth before thee ;
 He begs to die ; exhaust the scanty drops
 That lag about his heart ; but spare my child.

Dion. Evander !—Do my eyes once more behold him ?
 May the fiends seize Philotas ! Treach'rous slave !
 'Tis well thou liv'st ; thy death were poor revenge
 From any hand but mine. *(Offers to strike.*

Euphra. No, tyrant, no ; *(Rushing before EVANDER.*
 I have provok'd your vengeance ; through this bosom
 Open a passage ; first on me, on me

Exhaust

70 THE GRECIAN DAUGHTER:

Exhaust your fury ; ev'ry Pow'r above
Commands thee to respect that aged head ;
His wither'd frame wants blood to glut thy rage ;
Strike here ; these veins are full ; here's blood enough ;
The purple tide will gush to glad thy sight.

Dion. Amazement blasts and freezes ev'ry pow'r !
They shall not live. Ha ! the fierce tide of war
(*A flourish of trumpets.*)

This way comes rushing on.
(*Goes to the top of the stage.*)

Euphra. (*Embracing EVANDER*) Oh ! thus, my father,
We'll perish thus together.

Dion. Bar the gates ;
Close ev'ry passage, and repel their force.

Evan. And must I see thee bleed ?—Oh ! for a sword !
Bring, bring me daggers !

Euphra. Ha !

Dion. (*Coming down the stage*) Guards seize the slave,
And give him to my rage.

Evan. (*Seiz'd by the guards*) Oh ! spare her, spare her,
Inhuman villains !—

Euphra. Now one glorious effort ! (*Aside.*)

Dion. Let me dispatch ; thou traitor, thus my arm—

Euphra. A daughter's arm, fell monster, strikes the
blow.

Yes, first she strikes ; an injur'd daughter's arm
Sends thee devoted to th' infernal gods. (*Stabs him.*)

Dion. Detested fiend !—Thus by a woman's hand !—
(*He falls.*)

Euphra. Yes, tyrant, yes ; in a dear father's cause
A woman's vengeance towers above her sex.

A T R A G E D Y. 75

Dion. May curses blast thy arm ! May *Ætna's* fires
Convulse the land ; to its foundation shake
The groaning isle ! May civil discord bear
Her flaming brand through all the realms of Greece ;
And the whole race expire in pangs like mine ! (*Dis.*)

Euphra. Behold, all Sicily behold !—The point
Glow with the tyrant's blood. Ye slaves, (*to the guards*)
look there ;
Kneel to your rightful king : the blow for freedom
Gives you the rights of men !—And, oh ! my father,
My ever honour'd sire, it gives thee life.

Evan. My child ; my daughter ; sav'd again by thee !
(He embraces her.)
A flourish of trumpets.

Enter PHOCION, MELANTHON, PHILOTAS, &c.

Pho. Now let the monster yield.—My best Euphrasia !

Euphra. My lord ! my Phocion ! welcome to my heart.
Lo ! there the wonders of Euphrasia's arm !

Pho. And is the proud one fall'n ! The dawn shall see
him
A spectacle for public view.—Euphrasia !
Evander too !—Thus to behold you both——

Evan. To her direct thy looks ; there fix thy praise,
And gaze with wonder there. The life I gave her—
Oh ! she has us'd it for the noblest ends !
To fill each duty ; make her father feel
The purest joy, the heart-dissolving bliss
To have a grateful child.——But has the rage
Of slaughter ceas'd ?

Pho.

THE GRECIAN DAUGHTER.

Pho. It has.

Evan. Where is Timoleon?

Pho. He guards the citadel; there gives his orders
To calm the uproar, and recall from carnage
His conqu'ring troops.

Euphra. Oh! once again, my father,
Thy sway shall bless the land. Not for himself
Timoleon conquers;—to redress the wrongs
Of bleeding Sicily the hero comes.
Thee, good Melanthon, thee, thou gen'rous man;
His justice shall reward.—Thee too, Philotas,
Whose sympathizing heart could feel the touch
Of soft humanity, the hero's bounty,
His brightest honours, shall be lavish'd on thee.
Evander too will place you near his throne;
And shew mankind, ev'n on this shore of being,
That virtue still shall meet its sure reward.

Philo. I am rewarded: feelings such as mine
Are worth all dignities; my heart repays me.

Evan. Come, let us seek Timoleon; to his care
I will commend ye both: for now, alas!
Thrones and dominions now no more for me.
To her I give my crown. Yes, thou, Euphrosia,
Shalt reign in Sicily.—And oh! ye Powers,
In that bright eminence of care and peril,
Watch over all her ways; conduct and guide
The goodness you inspir'd, that she may prove,
If e'er distress like mine invade the land,
A parent to her people; stretch the ray
Of filial piety to times unborn,
That men may hear her unexampled virtue,
And learn to emulate THE GRECIAN DAUGHTER!

F I N I S

LEE'S

TRAGEDY OF

ALEXANDER THE GREAT,

REVISED BY

J. P. KEMBLE,

AND ACTED BY

THEIR MAJESTIES SERVANTS,

AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.



London:

PRINTED FOR C. LOWNDES, NO. 66, DRURY-LANE,

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1796.

[Price One Shilling.]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Alexander,	-	-	Mr. KEMBLE,
Astus,	-	-	Mr. BENSLEY,
Chander,	-	-	Mr. PALMER,
Climachus,	-	-	Mr. BARRYMORE,
Cleophantion,	-	-	Mr. C. KEMBLE,
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W O M E N.

Antigone,	-	-	Mrs. HOPKINS,
Clara,	-	-	Mrs. POWELL,
Helena,	-	-	Mrs. SIDDONS,
Isabella,	-	-	Miss MILLER.

Officers, Guards, Attendants, Youths, and Virgins.

SCENE—BABYLON.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

ALEXANDER'S CAMP BEFORE BABYLON.

Hephestion and Lyfimachus fighting, Clytus parting them.

Clyt. **W**HAT, are you madmen? This a time for quarrel?

Put up, I say.—Or, by the gods that form'd me,
He, who refuses, makes a foe of Clytus.

Lyf. I have his sword.

Clyt. But must not have his life.

Lyf. Must not, old Clytus!

Clyt. Hair-brain'd boy, you must not.

Heph. Lend me thy sword, thou father of the war,
Thou far-fam'd guard of Alexander's life.

Curse on this weak, unexecuting arm!

Lend it, old Clytus, to redeem my fame;

Lyfimachus is brave, and else will scorn me.

Lyf. There, take thy sword; and, since thou'rt bent on
Know, 'tis thy glory that thou diest by me. [death,

Clyt. Stay thee, Lyfimachus; Hephestion, hold;
I bar you both; my body interpos'd;

Now, let me see, which of you dares to strike.—

By Jove, you've stirr'd the old man!—that rash arm,

That first advances, moves against the gods,

And our great King, whose deputy I stand.

Lyf. Some proper time must terminate our quarrel.

Heph. And cure the bleeding wounds my honour
bears,

Clyt.

Clyt. Some prop'rer time ! 'tis false—no hour is proper ;
 No time should see a brave man do amiss.
 Say, what's the noble cause of all this madness ?
 What vast ambition blows the dangerous fire ?
 Why, a vain, smiling, whining, coz'ning woman.
 By all my triumphs, in the heat of youth,
 When towns were sack'd, and beauties prostrate lay,
 When my blood boil'd, and nature work'd me high,
 Clytus ne'er bow'd his body to such shame ;
 I knew 'em, and despis'd their cobweb arts :
 The whole sex is not worth a soldier's thought.

Lyfi. Our cause of quarrel may to thee seem light ;
 But know, a less has set the world in arms.

Clyt. Yes ; Troy, they tell us, by a woman fell.
 Curse on the sex, they are the bane of virtue !
 Death ! I had rather this right arm were lost,
 Than that the king should hear of your imprudence—
 What, on a day thus set apart for triumph !

Lfi. We were, indeed, to blame.

Clt. 'This memorable day !—

When our hot master, whose impatient soul
 Out-rides the sun, and sighs for other worlds
 To spread his conquests, and diffuse his glory,
 Now bids the trumpet for a while be silent,
 And plays with monarchs, whom he us'd to drive ;
 Shall we, by broils, awake him into rage,
 And rouse the lion that has ceas'd to roar ?

Lfi. Clytus, thou'rt right—put up thy sword, He-
 Had passion not eclips'd the light of reason, [phestion ;
 Untold we might this consequence have seen.

Heph. Why has not reason power to conquer love ?
 Why are we thus enslav'd ?

Clyt. Because unmann'd ;
 Because ye follow Alexander's steps,
 Heavens ! that a face should thus bewitch his soul,
 And ruin all that's great and godlike in it !
 Talk be my bane ; yet the old man must talk ;
 Not so he lov'd, when he at Ifsus fought,
 And join'd in mighty combat with Darius,
 Whom from his chariot, flaming all with gems,
 He hurl'd to earth, and catch'd the imperial crown.
 'Twas not the shaft of love perform'd that feat ;

He

He knew no Cupids then. Now, mark the change ;
A brace of rival queens embroil the court ;
And, while each hand is thus employ'd in beauty,
Where has he room for glory.

Heph. In his heart.

Clyt. Well said, young minion !—I, indeed, forgot
To whom I spoke——But Syfigambis comes.
Now is your time ; for with her comes an idol
That claims your homage—I'll attend the king [*Ex. Clyt.*]

Enter Syfigambis and Parisatis.

Sofi. Why will you wound me with your fond complaints,
And urge a suit that I can never grant ?
You know, my child, 'tis Alexander's will ;
Here, he demands you for his lov'd Hephestion.
To disobey him might enflame his wrath,
And plunge our house in ruins yet unknown.

Pari. To sooth this god, and charm him into temper,
Is there no victim, none but Parisatis ?
Must I be doom'd to wretchedness and woe,
That others may enjoy the conqueror's smiles ?
Oh, if you ever lov'd my royal father,
And sure you did, your gushing tears proclaim it,
If still his name be dear, have pity on me !
He would not thus have forc'd me to despair ;
Indeed he would not ; had I begg'd him thus,
He would have heard me, e'er my heart was broke.

Syfi. When will my sufferings end ? Oh, when, ye gods !
For sixty rolling years, my soul has stood
The dread vicissitudes of fate unmov'd ;
I thought 'em your decrees, and therefore yielded.
But this last trial, as it springs from folly,
Exceeds my suff'rance, and I must complain.

Last. When Syfigambis mourns, no common woe
Can be the cause ; 'tis misery indeed.
Yet, pardon, mighty queen, a wretched prince,
Who thus presumes to plead the cause of love.
Beyond my life, beyond the world, I prize
Fair Parisatis——Hear me, I conjure you !
As you have authoriz'd Hephestion's vows,

Reject

Reject not mine ; grant me but equal leave
To serve the Princess, and let love decide.

Heph. A blessing like the beauteous Parisatis
Whole years of service, and the world's wide empire,
With all the blood that circles in our veins,
Can never merit ; therefore, in my favour
I begg'd the king to interpose his int'rest ;
Therefore I beg'd your majesty's assistance ;
Your word is past, and all my hopes rest on't.

Lyfi. Perish such hopes ! for love's a generous passion,
Which seeks the happiness of her we love,
Beyond th'enjoyment of our own desires ;
Nor kings nor parents here have ought to do.
Love owns no influence, and disdains controul ;
Let them stand neuter, and 'tis all I ask.

Heph. Such arrogance, did Alexander woo,
Would lose him all the conquests he has won.

Lyfi. To talk of conquests well becomes the man,
Whose life and sword are but his rival's gift.

Syfi. It grieves me, brave Lyfimachus, to find
My power fall short of my desires to serve you ;
You know, Hephestion first declar'd his love,
And 'tis as true, I promis'd him my aid.
Your glorious king, his mighty advocate,
Became himself an humble suppliant for him.
Forget her, prince, and triumph o'er your passion ;
A conquest worthy of a soul like thine.

Lyfi. Forget her, Madam ! sooner shall the sun
Forget to shine, and tumble from his sphere.
Farewel, great queen——my honour now demands
That Alexander should himself explain
That wond'rous merit which exalts his fav'rite,
And casts Lyfimachus at such a distance. [*Exit Lyfi.*]

Syfi. In this wild transport of ungovern'd passion,
Too far, I fear, he will incense the king.
Is Alexander yet, my lord, arriv'd ?

Heph. Madam, I know not ; but Cassander comes ;
He may, perhaps, inform us.

Syfi. I would shun him :
homething there is, I know not why, that shocks me,
Something my nature shrinks at, when I see him. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter

ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

Enter Cassander.

Cass. The fate of day now blushes scarlet deep,
Now blackens into night. The low'ring sun,
As if the dreadful business he foreknew,
Drives heavily his sable chariot on;
All nature seems alarm'd for Alexander.
Why be it so. Her pangs proclaim my triumph,
My soul's first wishes are to startle fate,
And strike amazement through the host of heav'n,
A mad Chaldean, with a flaming torch,
Came to my bed last night, and bellowing o'er me,
Well had it been for Babylon, he cried,
If curst Cassander never had been born.

Enter Theſſalus.

How now, dear Theſſalus, what packet's that?

Theſſ. From Macedon, a trusty slave just brought.
Your father chides us for our cold delay;
He says Craterus, by the king's appointment,
Comes, in his room, to govern Macedon,
Which nothing but the tyrant's death can hinder.
Therefore he bids us boldly strike at once,
Or quit our purpose, and confess our fears.

Cass. Is not his fate resolv'd? this night he dies;
And thus my father but forestalls my purpose.
How am I slow then? If I rode on thunder,
Wing'd as the lightning, it would ask some moments,
Ere I could blast the growth of this Coluſſus.

Theſſ. Mark where the haughty Polypheron comes!
Some new affront by Alexander given
Swells in his heart, and stings him into madness.

Cass. Now, now's our time; he must, he shall be our's;
His haughty soul will kindle at his wrongs,
Blaze into rage, and glory in revenge.

Enter Polypheron.

Poly. Still as I pass, fresh murmurs fill my ears;
All talk of wrongs, and mutter their complaints.
Poor soul-less reptiles!—their revenge expires
In idle threats—the fortitude of cowards!
Their province is to talk; 'tis mine to act,

B

And shew this tyrant, when he dar'd to wrong me,
He wrong'd a man whose attribute is vengeance.

Cass. All nations bow their heads with servile homage,
And kiss the feet of this exalted man.

The name, the shout, the blast from ev'ry mouth
Is Alexander ! Alexander stuns

The list'ning ear, and drowns the voice of heav'n.

The earth's commanders fawn like crouching spaniels ;

And if this hunter of the barbarous world

But wind himself a god, all echo him

With universal cry.

Poly. I fawn, or echo him !

Cassander, no ; my soul disdains the thought ;

Let eastern slaves, or prostituted Greeks,

Crouch at his feet, or tremble if he frown ;

When Polyperchon can descend so low,

False to that honour which through fields of death

I still have courted, where the fight was fiercest,

Be scorn my portion, infamy my lot !

Theb. The king may doom me to a thousand tortures,

Ply me with fire, and rack me like Philotas,

Ere I shall stoop to idolize his pride.

Cass. Not Aristander, had he rais'd all hell,

Cou'd more have shock'd my soul, than thou hast done,

By the bare mention of Philotas' murder.

Oh, Polyperchon, how shall I describe it !

Did not your eyes rain blood to see the hero ?

Did not your spirits burst with smothered vengeance,

To see thy noble fellow warrior tortur'd ?

Yet, without groaning, or a tear, endure

The torments of the damn'd ? Oh, death to think it !

We saw him bruís'd, we saw his bones laid bare,

His veins wide lanc'd, and the poor quiv'ring flesh

With fiery pincers from his bosom torn,

Till all beheld where the great heart lay panting !

Poly. Yet all like statues stood, cold lifeless statues,

As if the sight had froze us into marble ;

When, with collected rage, we should have flown

To instant vengeance on the ruthless cause,

And plung'd a thousand daggers in his heart.

Cass. At our last banquet, when the bowl had gone
The giddy round, and wine inflam'd my spirits,

I saw

I saw Craterus and Hephestion enter
In Persian robes; to Alexander's health
They largely drank; and, falling at his feet,
With impious adoration thus address'd
Their idol god. Hail, son of thund'ring Jove!
Hail, first of kings! young Ammon, live for ever!
Then kiss'd the ground; on which I laugh'd aloud,
And scoffing, ask'd 'em, why they kiss'd no harder.
Whereon the tyrant, starting from his throne,
Spurn'd me to earth, and stamping on my neck,
Learn thou to kiss it, was his fierce reply;
While with his foot he press'd me to the earth,
Till I lay weltring in a foam of blood.

Poly. Thus when I mock'd the Persians that ador'd him,
He struck me on the face, swung me around,
And bid his guards chastise me like a slave.
But if he 'scape my vengeance, may he live,
Great as that god whose name he thus prophanes!
And like a slave may I be beaten,
Scoff'd as I pass, and branded for a coward!

Cass. There spoke the spirit of Calisthenes.
Remember, he's a man, his flesh as penetrable
As any girl's, and wounded too as soon;
To give him death no thunders are required:
Struck by a stone young Jupiter has fall'n,
A sword has pierc'd him, and the blood has follow'd;
Nay, we have seen an hundred common ailments
Bring this immortal to the gates of death.

Poly. Oh, let us not delay the glorious business;
Our wrongs are great, and honour calls for vengeance.

Cass. This day exulting Babylon receives
The mighty robber—with him comes Roxana,
Pierce haughty fair! On his return from India,
Artful she met him in the height of triumph,
And by a thousand wiles at Susa kept him,
In all the luxury of eastern revels.

Poly. How bore Statira his revolted love?
For, if I err not, e'er the king espous'd her,
She made him promise to renounce Roxana.

Thes. No words can paint the anguish it occasion'd;
Ev'n Syngambis wept, while the wrong'd queen,
Struck to the heart, fell lifeless on the ground.

Cass. When the first tumult of her grief was laid,
 I fought to fire her into wild revenge;
 And to that end, with all the art I could,
 Describ'd his passion for the bright Roxana.
 But though I could not to my wish inflame her,
 Thus far at least her jealousy will help;
 She'll give him troubles that perhaps may end him,
 And set the court in universal uproar.
 But see, she comes. Our plots begin to ripen.
 Now: hange the vizor, every one disperse,
 And, with a face of friendship, meet the king: [*Exeunt.*

Enter Syfigambis, Statira, and Parisatis.

Stat. Oh, for a dagger, a draught of poison, flames!
 Swell, heart! break, break, thou wretched stubborn
 Now, by the sacred fire, I'll not be held:— [*thing!*
 Pray, give me leave to walk.

Syfi. Is there no reverence to my person due?
 Trust me, Statira, had thy father liv'd,
 Darius wou'd have heard me.

Stat. Oh, he's false;
 This glorious man, this wonder of the world,
 Is to his love, and ev'ry god forsworn.
 Oh, I have heard him breathe such ardent vows,
 Out-weep the morning with his dewy eyes,
 And sigh and swear the list'ning stars away.

Syfi. Believe not rumour, 'tis impossible;
 Thy Alexander is renown'd for truth,
 Above deceit —

Stat. Away, and let me die,
 'Twas but my fondness, 'twas my easy nature
 Wou'd have excus'd him—but away such weakness—
 Are not his falsehoods, and Statira's wrongs,
 A subject canvass'd in the mouths of millions?
 The babbling world can talk of nothing else.
 Why, Alexander, why wou'd'st thou deceive me?
 Have I not lov'd thee, cruel as thou art!
 Have I not kiss'd thy wounds with dying fondness,
 Bath'd 'em in tears, and bound 'em with my hair?
 Whole nights I've sat and watch'd thee as a child,
 Lull'd thy fierce pains, and sung thee to repose.

Par.

Pari. If man can thus renounce the solemn ties
Of sacred love, who wou'd regard his vows?

Stat. Regard his vows! the monster, traitor! Oh,
I will forsake the haunts of men, converse
No more with aught that's human; dwell with darkness;
For since the sight of him is now unwelcome,
What has the world to give Statira joy?
Yet I must tell thee, perjur'd as he is,
Not the soft breezes of the genial spring,
The fragrant violet, or op'ning rose,
Are half so sweet as Alexander's breath.
Then he will talk—good gods, how he will talk!
He speaks the kindest words, and looks such things,
Vows with such passion, swears with such a grace,
That it is heav'n to be deluded by him.

Sysf. Her sorrows must have way.

Stat. Roxana then enjoys my perjur'd love;
Roxana clasps my monarch in her arms,
Doats on my conqu'ror, my dear lord, my king.
Oh, 'tis too much! by Heav'n I cannot bear it!
I'll die, or rid me of the burning torture.

Hear me, bright god of day, hear ev'ry god,—

Sysf. Take heed, Statira; weigh it well, my child,
Ere desperate love enforces you to swear.

Stat. Oh, fear not that, already have I weigh'd it;
And, in the presence here of Heav'n and you,
Renounce all converse with perfidious man.
Farewel, ye cozeners of our easy sex!
And thou, the falsest of the faithless kind,
Farewel, for ever! Oh, farewel! farewel!
If I but mention him the tears will flow.

How cou'd'st thou, cruel, wrong a heart like mine,
Thus fond, thus doting, ev'n to madness on thee!

Sysf. Clear up thy griefs, thy Alexander comes,
Triumphant in the spoils of conquer'd India;
This day the hero enters Babylon.

Stat. Why, let him come: all eyes will gaze with rap-
All hearts will joy to see the victor pass; [turo,
All but the wretched, the forlorn Statira.

Sysf. Wilt thou not see him then?

Pari. Not see the king?

Stat. I swear, and Heav'n be witness to my vow,
Never.

Never from this sad hour, never to see,
Nor speak, no, nor, if possible, to think
Of Alexander more : this is my vow,
And when I break it—

Sys. Do not ruin all.

Stat. May I again be perjur'd and deluded !
May furies rend my heart ! may light'nings blast me !

Sys. Recal, my child, the dreadful imprecation.

Stat. No, I will publish it through all the court ;
Then, in the bow'rs of great Semiramis,
Retire for ever from the treacherous world.
There from man's sight will I conceal my woes,
And seek in solitude a calm repose.
Nor pray'rs, nor tears, shall my resolves controul,
Nor love itself, that tyrant of the soul. [*Exeunt*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A TRIUMPHAL ARCH AT THE ENTRANCE INTO BABYLON.

*Enter Alexander in a triumphal Car ; Trophies and war-
like ensigns in procession before him ; Clytus, Hephest-
ion, Lyfimachus, Cassander, Polyperchon, Thessa-
lus, Eumenies, Chorus of Priests, Youths and Virgins,
Guards, and Attendants.*

I.

SEE, the conquering hero comes ;
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums ;
Sports prepare, the laurel bring,
Songs of triumph to him sing.

II.

II.

See the godlike youth advance ;
 Breathe the flute, and lead the dance ;
 Myrtles wreath, and roses twine,
 To deck the hero's brow divine.

Heph. Hail, son of Jove ! great Alexander, hail !

Alex. Rise all ; and thou, my second self, my friend,
 Oh, my Hephestion !—raise thee from the earth !
 Come to my arms, and hide thee in my heart ;
 Nearer, yet nearer, else thou lov'st me not.

Heph. Not love my king ! bear witness, all ye powers,
 And let your thunder nail me to the centre,
 If sacred friendship ever burn'd more brightly !
 Immortal bosoms can alone admit
 A flame more pure, more permanent than mine.

Alex. Thou dearer to me than my groves of laurel !
 I know thou lov'st thy Alexander more,
 Than Clytus does the king.

Lyfi. Now for my fate !
 I see that death awaits me—yet I'll on.
 Dread Sir, I cast me at your royal feet.

Alex. Rise, my Lyfimachus ; thy veins and mine
 From the same fountain have deriv'd their streams.
 Rise to my arms, and let thy king embrace thee.
 Is not that Clytus ?

Clyt. Your old faithful soldier.

Alex. Clytus, thy hand ;—thy hand, Lyfimachus ;
 Thus double-arm'd, methinks,
 I stand tremendous as the Lybian god,
 Who, while his priests and I quaff'd sacred blood,
 Acknowledg'd me his son ; my lightning thou,
 And thou, my mighty thunder. I have seen
 Thy glitt'ring sword out-fly celestial fire ;
 And, when I've cry'd, Begone, and execute,
 I've seen him run swifter than starting hinds,
 Nor bent the tender grass beneath his feet.

Lyfi. When fame invites, and Alexander leads,
 Dangers and toils but animate the brave.

Clyt. Perish the soldier, inglorious and despis'd,
 Who starts from either, when the king cries—on !

Alex. Oh, Clytus ! Oh, my noble veteran !

'Twas

'Twas, I remember, when pass'd the Granicus,
 Thy arm preserv'd me from unequal force ;
 When fierce Itanor and the bold Rhesaces,
 Fell both upon me with two mighty blows,
 And clove my temper'd helmet quite asunder,
 Then, like a god, flew Clytus to my aid,
 Thy thunder struck Rhesaces to the ground,
 And turn'd with ready vengeance on Itanor.

Clyt. To your own deeds that victory you owe,
 And sure your arms did never boast a nobler.

Alex. By Heav'n, they never did : they never can :
 And I am prouder to have pass'd that stream,
 Than to have driven a million o'er the plain.
 Can none remember,—Yes, I know all must—
 When glory, like the dazzling eagle, stood
 Perch'd on my beaver in the Granic flood ;
 When fortune's self my standard trembling bore,
 And the pale fates stood frightened on the shore ;
 When each immortal on the billows rode,
 And I myself appear'd the leading god.

Enter Aristander.

Arist. Haste, first of heroes, from this fatal place ;
 Far, far from Babylon, enjoy your triumph,
 Or all the glories, which your youth has won,
 Are blasted in their spring.

Alex. What mean thy fears ?
 And why that wild distraction on thy brow ?

Arist. This morn, great king, I view'd the angry sky,
 And, frightened at the direful prodigies,
 To Orosimades for instruction flew ;
 But as I pray'd, deep echoing groans I heard,
 And shrieks, as of the damn'd that howl for sin.
 Shock'd at the omen, while amaz'd I lay
 In prostrate rev'rence on the trembling floor,
 Thus spoke the god :
 The brightest glory of imperial man,
 The pride of nations, and the boast of fame,
 Remorseless fate in Babylon has doom'd
 To sudden and irrevocable ruin.

Alex. If Heav'n ordains, that Babylon must fall,
 Can I prevent the immutable decree ?

Enter

Enter Perdicas.

Perd. Oh, horror ! horror ! Dreadful and portentous !

Alex. How now, Perdicas ! Whence this exclamation ?

Perd. As Meleager and myself, this morn,
Led forth the Persian horse to exercise,
We heard a noise as of a rushing wind ;
When suddenly a flight of baleful birds,
Like a thick cloud, obscur'd the face of heav'n ;
On sounding wings from diff'rent parts they flew,
Encount'ring met, and battled in the air ;
Their talons clash'd, their beaks gave mighty blows,
And show'rs of blood fell copious from their wounds.

Alex. Though all the curtains of the sky were drawn,
And the stars wink, young Ammon shall go on ;
While my Statira shines, I cannot stray,
Love lifts his torch to light me on my way,
And her bright eyes create another day.

Lyf. Vouchsafe, dread Sir, to hear my humble suit,
A prince, intreats it, and what's more, your kinsman.

Alex. A soldier asks it ; that's the noblest claim.

Lyf. For all the services my sword has done,
Humbly I beg the Princess Parisatis.

Alex. Lyfimachus, no more ; — it is not well ; —
My word, you know, is to Hephestion given :
How dare you then — but let me hear no more on't.

Lyf. At your command, to scale th'embattled wall,
Or fetch the gore-dy'd standard from the foe,
When has Hephestion flown with warmer zeal !
When did he leave Lyfimachus behind ?

These I have done, for these were in my pow'r ;
But when you charge me to renounce my love,
And from my thoughts to banish Parisatis,

Obedience there becomes impossible ;
Nature revolts, and my whole soul rebels.

Alex. It does, brave Sir ; — Now hear me, and be dumb !
When by my order curst Calisthenes

Was as a traitor doom'd to live in torments, —
Your pity sped him in despite of me.

Think not, I have forgot your insolence ;

No ; though I pardon'd it ; — yet, if again

Thou dar'st to cross me with another crime,

The bolts of fury shall be doubled on thee, —

In the mean time—think not of Parisatis ;
 For if thou dost—by the immortal Ammon !
 I'll not regard that blood of mine thou shar'st,
 But use thee as the vilest Macedonian.

Lyf. I knew you partial, ere I mov'd my suit ;
 Yet know, it shakes not my determin'd purpose ;
 While I have life and strength to wield a sword,
 I never will forego the glorious claim.

Alex. Against my life!—ha ! traitor, was it so ?
 'Tis said, that I am rash, of hasty humour ;
 But I appeal to the immortal gods,
 If ever petty, poor, provincial lord
 Had temper like to mine ! My slave, whom I
 Could tread to clay, dares utter bloody threats.

Clyt. Forgive, dread Sir, the frantic warmth of love ;
 The noble prince, I read it in his eyes,
 Wou'd die a thousand deaths to serve his king,
 And justify his loyalty and truth.

Lyf. I meant, his minion there should feel my arm.
 Love claims his blood, nor shall he live to triumph
 In that destruction that awaits his rival.

Alex. I pardon thee, for my old Clytus's sake ;
 But if once more thou mention thy rash love,
 Or dar'st attempt Hephestion's precious life,
 I'll pour such storms of indignation on thee,
 Philotas' rack, Callisthenes' disgrace,
 Shall be delights, to what thou shalt endure.

Clyt. My lord, the aged queen, with Parisatis,
 Come to congratulate your safe arrival.

Enter Syfigambis and Parisatis.

Alex. Oh, thou, the best of women, Syfigambis,
 Source of my joy, blest parent of my love !

Syfg. In humble duty to the gods and you,
 Permit us, Sir, with gratitude to bow.
 Through you the royal house of Persia shines;
 Rais'd from the depth of wretchedness and ruin,
 In all the splendour of imperial greatness.

Alex. To meet me thus, was generously done ;
 But still there wants, to crown my happiness,
 That treasure of my soul, my dear Statira :

Had

ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

9.

Had she but come to meet her Alexander,
I had been blest indeed.

Clyt. Now who shall dare
To tell him of the queen's vow?

Alex. How fares
My love?—Ha! neither answer me! all silent!
A sudden horror, like a bolt of ice,
Shoots to my heart, and numbs the seat of life.

Heph. I would relate it, but my courage fails me.

Alex. Why stand you all as you were rooted here?
What, will none answer? my Hephæstion silent?
If thou hast any love for Alexander;
If ever I oblig'd thee by my care,
When through the field of death my eye has watched thee,
Resolve my doubts, and rescue me from madness.

Heph. Your mourning queen has no disease but grief,
Occasion'd by the jealous pangs of love.
She heard, dread Sir, (for what can 'scape a lover)
That you, regardless of your vows, at Susa,
Had to Roxana's charms resign'd your heart,
And revell'd in the joys you once forswore.

Alex. I own, the subtle sorceress, in my riot,
My reason gone, seduc'd me to her bed;
But, when I wak'd, I shook the Circe off;
Nor griev'd I less for that which I had done,
Than when at Thais suit, enrag'd with wine,
I set the fam'd Persepolis on fire.

Heph. Your queen Statira, in the rage of grief,
And agony of desp'rate love, has sworn,
Never to see your Majesty again.

Alex. Oh, Madam, has she, has Statira sworn
Never to see her Alexander more?
Impossible! she cou'd not, wou'd not swear it.
Is she not gentle as the guileless infant,
Mild as the genial breezes of the spring,
And softer than the melting sighs of love?

Par. With sorrow, Sir, I heard the solemn vow;
My mother heard it, and in vain adjur'd her,
By every tender motive, to recal it.

Sys. But with that fierceness she resents her wrongs,
Dwells on your fault, and heightens the offence,
That I could wish your majesty forget her.

Alex. Ha, could you wish me to forget Statira !
The star which brightens Alexander's life,
His guide by day, and goddess of his nights !
I feel her now ; she beats in every pulse,
Throbs at my heart, and circles with my blood.

Syfi. Have patience, Sir, and trust to Heav'n and me ;
If my authority has any influence,
I will exert it, and she shall be yours.

Alex. Haste, Madam, haste, if you would have me live ;
Fly, ere, for ever, she abjure the world,
And stop the sad procession.—Parisatis,
Hang thou about her, wash her feet with tears.
Nay, haste ; the breath of gods, and eloquence
Of angels, go along with you. [*Exeunt Syfigambis and*
Oh, my heart. [*Parisatis.*

Lyfi. Now let your majesty, who feels the pangs
Of disappointed love, reflect on mine.

Alex. Ha !

Clyt. What, are you mad ? Is this a time to plead ?

Lyfi. The prop' rest time ; he dares not now be partial,
Left Heav'n, in justice, should avenge my wrongs,
And double ev'ry pang which he feels now.

Alex. Why dost thou tempt me thus to thy undoing ?
Death thou shouldst have, were it not courted so.
But know, to thy confusion, that my word,
Like destiny, admits of no repeal :
Therefore in chains shalt thou behold the nuptials
Of my Hephæstion. Guards, take him prisoner.

[*The Guards seize Lyfimachus.*

Lyfi. Away, ye slaves, I'll not resign my sword,
Till first I've drench'd it in my rival's blood.

Alex. I charge you kill him not ; take him alive :
The dignity of kings is now concern'd ;
And I will find a way to tame this rebel.

Clyt. Kneel—for I see rage lightning in his eyes.

Lyfi. I neither hope, nor will I sue for pardon ;
Had I my sword and liberty again,
Again I would attempt his favourite's heart.

Alex.

Alex. Hence, from my sight, and bear him to a dun-Perdiccas, give this lion to a lion.— [geon.
None speak for him ; fly ; stop his mouth, away.

[*Exeunt* Lyfi. Perd. and Guards.

Clyt. This comes of women—the result of love.
Yet were I heated now with wine, I doubt-
I should be preaching in this fools behalf.

Alex. Come hither, Clytus, and my friend Hephestion ;
Lend me your arms ; for I am sick o' the sudden,
I fear, betwixt Statira's cruel vows,
And fond Roxana's arts, your king will fall.

Clyt. Better the race of women were destroyed,
And Persia sunk in everlasting ruin.

Heph. Look up, my lord, and bend not thus your head,
As if you purpos'd to forsake the world,
Which you have greatly won.

Alex. Wou'd I had not ;
There's no true joy in such unweildly fortune.
Eternal gazers lasting troubles make ;
All find my spots, but few observe my brightness.
Stand from about me all, and give me air !
Yes, I will shake this Cupid from my soul ;
I'll fright the feeble god with wars alarms,
Or drown his pow'r in floods of hostile blood.
Grant me, great Mars, once more in arms to shine,
And break, like lightning, through th' embattled line ;
O'er fields of death to whirl the rapid car,
And blaze amidst the thunder of the war,
Resistless as the bolt that rends the grove ;—
Or greatly perish, like the son of Jove.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT

A C T III.

SCENE I.—A SQUARE BEFORE THE PALACE.

Trumpets sounding a dead march. Lyfimachus led prisoner, Parisatis, Eumenes, Perdiccas, and Guards.

Par. **S**TAY, my Lyfimachus! a moment stay!
Oh, whither art thou going?—Hold a moment!
Unkind! thou know'st my life was wrapt in thine,
Why would'st thou then to worse than death expose me?

Lyfi. Oh, may'st thou live in joys without allay!
Grant it, ye gods! a better fortune waits thee;
Live and enjoy it—'tis my dying wish;
While to the grave the lost Lyfimachus
Alone retires, and bids the world adieu.

Par. Even in that grave will Parisatis join thee;
Yes, cruel man! not death itself shall part us;
A mother's pow'r, a sister's soft'ning tears,
With all the fury of a tyrant's frown,
Shall not compel me to outlive thy loss.

Lyfi. Were I to live till nature's self decay'd,
This wond'rous waste of unexampled love
I never could repay—Oh, Parisatis!
Thy charms might fire a coward into courage;
How must they act then on a soul like mine?
Defenceless and unarm'd, I fight for thee,
And may, perhaps, compel th' astonish'd world,
And force the king, to own that I deserve thee.
Eumenes, take the princess to thy charge;
Away, Perdiccas, all my soul's on fire.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

33

SCENE II.—A PAVILION.

Enter Roxana and Cassander.

Roxa. Deserted ! saidst thou ? for a girl abandon'd !
A puny girl, made up of watry elements !
Shall she embrace the god of my desires,
And triumph in the heart Roxana claims ?
If I forget it, may'st thou, Jove, deprive me
Of vengeance, make me the most wretched thing
On earth, while living, and when dead, the lowest
And blackest of the fiends !

Cass. Oh, nobly said !
Just is the vengeance which inflames your soul ;
Your wrongs demand it—but let reason govern ;
This wild rage, else, may disappoint your aims.

Roxa. Away, away, and give a whirlwind room ;
Pride, indignation, fury, and contempt,
War in my breast, and torture me to madness !

Cass. Oh, think not I would check your boldest flights ;
No—I approve 'em, and will aid your vengeance.
But, princess, let us chuse the safest course,
Or we may give our foes new cause of triumph,
Should they discover, and prevent our purpose.

Roxa. Fear not, Cassander ; nothing shall prevent it ;
Roxana dooms him, and her voice is fate.
My soul, from childhood, has aspir'd to empire ;
In early non-age I was us'd to reign
Among my she-companions : I despis'd
The trifling arts, and little wiles of women,
And taught 'em, with an Amazonian spirit,
To wind the steed, to chase the foaming boar,
And conquer man, the lawless, charter'd savage.

Cass. Her words, her looks, her every motion fires me !
Roxa. But when I heard of Alexander's fame,
How, with a handful, he had vanquish'd millions,
Spoil'd all the East, and captive held our queens ;
While, like a god, unconquer'd by their charms,
With heavenly pity he assuag'd their woes,
Dry'd up their tears, and sooth'd them into peace ;
I hung attentive on my father's lips,
And wish'd him tell the wond'rous tale again,
No longer pleasing were my former sports ;

Love

Love had its turn, and all the woman reign'd.
 Involuntary sighs heav'd in my breast;
 And glowing blushes crimson'd on my cheek;
 Ev'n in my slumbers I have often mourn'd
 In plaintive sounds, and murmur'd Alexander.

Cass. Curse on his name!—he doats upon him still.

Roxa. At length this conqueror to Zogdia came,
 And, cover'd o'er with laurels, storm'd the city:
 But, Oh, Cassander! where shall I find words
 To paint the extatic transports of my soul!
 When, midst a circle of unrivall'd beauties,
 I saw myself distinguish'd by the hero?
 With artless rapture I receiv'd his vows,
 The warmest, sure, that ever lover breath'd,
 Of fervent love, and everlasting truth.

Cass. And need you then be told, those times are past?
 Statira now engrosses all his thoughts:
 The Persian queen, without a rival, reigns
 Sole mistress of his heart—nor can thy charms,
 The brightest, sure, that ever woman boasted,
 Nor all his vows of everlasting love,
 Secure Roxana from disdain and insult.

Roxa. Oh, thou hast rous'd the lion in my soul!
 Ha! shall the daughter of Darius hold him?
 No, 'tis resolv'd; I will resume my sphere,
 Or, falling, spread a general ruin round me.
 Roxana and Statira; they are names
 That must for ever jar, like flashing clouds,
 When they encounter, thunders must ensue.

Cass. Behold, she comes, in all the pomp of sorrow,
 Determin'd to fulfil her solemn vow! [They retire.

Roxa. Away, and let us mark th' important scene,

Enter Syfigambis and Statira.

Syfi. Oh, my Statira, how has passion chang'd thee!
 Think, in the rage of disappointed love,
 If treated thus, and hurried to extremes,
 What Alexander may denounce against us;
 Against the poor remains of lost Darius.

Stat. Oh, fear not that! I know he will be kind,
 For my sake kind, to you and Parisatis.
 Tell him, I rail'd not at his falsehood to me,

But

But with my parting breath spoke kindly of him;
Tell him, I wept at our divided loves;
And sighing sent a last forgiveness to him.

Syfi. No, I can ne'er again presume to meet him,
Never approach the much-wrong'd Alexander,
If thou refuse to see him—Oh, Statira!
Thy aged mother, and thy weeping country,
Claim thy regard, and challenge thy compassion:
Hear us, my child, and lift us from despair.

Stat. Thus low, I cast me at your royal feet;
To bathe them with my tears; or, if you please,
I'll let out life, and wash 'em with my blood.
But, I conjure you, not to rack my soul,
Nor hurry my wild thoughts to perfect madness:
Should now Darius' awful ghost appear,
And you, my mother, stand beseeching by,
I would persist to death, and keep my vow.

Roxa. This fortitude of soul compels my wonder.

Syfi. Hence, from my sight! ungrateful wretch, begone!
And hide thee where bright virtue never shone;
For, in the sight of Heaven, I here renounce,
And cast thee off an alien to my blood. [Exit Syfi.

Exit Cassander, and Roxana comes forward.

Roxa. Forgive, great queen, th' intrusion of a stranger;
With grief Roxana sees Statira weep;
I've heard, and much applaud your fix'd resolve,
To quit the world for Alexander's sake;
And yet I fear, so greatly he adores you,
That he will rather chuse to die of sorrow,
Than live for the despis'd Roxana's charms.

Stat. Spare, Madam, spare your counterfeited fears;
You know your beauty, and have prov'd its pow'r;
'Tho' humbly born, have you not captive held,
In love's soft chains, the conqu'ror of the world?
Away to libertines, and boast thy conquest;
A shameful conquest!—In his hours of riot,
When wine prevail'd, and virtue lost its influence,
Then, only then, Roxana could surprise
My Alexander's heart.

Roxa. Affected girl,
To some romantic grove's sequester'd gloom,
Thy sickly virtue wou'd, it favours, retire,
To shun the triumphs of a favour'd rival.

In vain thou fleest—for there, ev'n there I'll haunt thee ;
 Plague thee all day, and torture thee all night :
 There shalt thou learn, in what extatic joys
 Roxana revels with the first of men ;
 And, as thou hear'st the rapt'rous scene recited,
 With frantic jealousy thou'lt madly curse
 Thy own weak charms, that could not fix the rover.

Stat. How weak is woman ! at the storm she shrinks,
 Dreads the drawn sword, and trembles at the thunder ;
 Yet, when strong jealousy inflames her soul,
 The sword may glitter, and the tempest roar,
 She scorns the danger, and provokes her fate.
 Rival, I thank thee——Thou hast fir'd my soul,
 And rais'd a storm beyond thy pow'r to lay ;
 Soon shalt thou tremble at the dire effects,
 And curse, too late, the folly that undid thee.

Roxa. Sure the disdain'd Statira dares not mean it.

Stat. By all my hopes of happiness I dare :
 And know, proud woman, what a mother's threats,
 A sister's sighs, and Alexander's tears,
 Could not effect, thy rival rage has done.
 I'll see the king, in spite of all I swore,
 Though curs'd, that thou may'st never see him more.

Enter Alexander, Hephestion, Clytus, Polyperchon, Perdicas, Thessalus, Eumenes, and Guards.

Alex. Oh, my Statira ! thou relentless fair !
 Turn thine eyes on me——I would talk to them.
 What shall I say to work upon thy soul ?
 What words, what looks, can melt thee to forgiveness ?

Stat. Talk of Roxana, and the conquer'd Indies,
 Thy great adventures, thy successful love,
 And I will listen to the rapt'rous tale ;
 But rather shun me, shun a desperate wretch,
 Resign'd to sorrow, and eternal woe.

Alex. Oh, I could die, with transport, die before thee ;
 Would'st thou but, as I lay convuls'd in death,
 Cast a kind look, or drop a tender tear ;—
 Say but, 'twas pity one so fam'd in arms,
 One who has 'scap'd a thousand deaths in battle,
 For the first fault should fall a wretched victim
 To jealous anger, and offended love.

Rox.

Rox. Am I then fall'n so low in thy esteem,
That for another thou wouldst rather die,
Than live for me?—How am I alter'd, tell me,
Since last at Susa, with repeated oaths,
You swore the conquest of the world afforded
Less joy, less glory, than Roxana's love?

Alex. Take, take that conquer'd world, dispose of
And canton out the empires of the globe; [crowns,
But leave me, Madam, with repentant tears,
And undissembled sorrows, to atone
The wrongs I've offer'd to this injur'd excellence.

Roxa. Yes, I will go, ungrateful as thou art!
Bane to my life, and murd'rer of my peace,
I will be gone; this last disdain has cur'd me.—
But have a care—I warn you not to trust me;
Or, by the gods, that witness to thy perjuries,
I'll raise a fire that shall consume you both,
Tho' I partake the ruin. [Exit Roxana.

Stat. Alexander!—Oh, is it possible?
Immortal gods! can guilt appear so lovely?
Yet, yet I pardon, I forgive thee all.

Alex. Forgive me all! Oh, catch the heavenly sounds,
Catch 'em, ye winds, and, as you fly, disperse
The rapt'rous tidings through the extended world,
That all may share in Alexander's joy!

Stat. Yes, dear deceiver, I forgive thee all,
But longer dare not hear thy charming tongue;
For while I hear thee, my resolves give way:
Be therefore quick, and take thy last farewell;
Farewel, my love—Eternally farewell!

Alex. Go then, inhuman, triumph in my pains,
Feed on the pangs that rend this wretched heart;
For now 'tis plain you never lov'd.—Statira!—
Oh, I could sound that charming, cruel name,
Till the tir'd echo faint with repetition;
Till all the breathless groves, and quiet myrtles,
Shook with my sighs, as if a tempest bow'd 'em;
Ever Statira, nothing but Statira!

Stat. Such were his looks, so melting was his voice,
Such were his sighs, and his deluding vows,
When his soft whispers trembled through my ears,
And told the story of my utter ruin.

Gods

Gods ! if I stay, I shall again believe.

Farewel, thou greatest pleasure, greatest pain !

Alex. I charge ye, stay her ; stay her ;—by the Gods,—
Oh, my Statira !—(*Kneels.*)

I swear, my queen, I'll not out-live our parting :

My soul grows still as death.—Say, wilt thou pardon ;—

'Tis all I ask ;—wilt thou forgive the transports

Of a deep-wounded heart, and all is well ?

Stat. Rise ; and may Heav'n forgive you, like Statira !

Alex. You are too gracious—Clytus, bear me hence.—
When I am laid i'th' earth, yield her the world.—

There's something here, that heaves as cold as ice,

That stops my breath.—Farewel, farewell for ever !

Stat. Hold off, and let me run into his arms :

My life, my love, my lord, my Alexander !

If thy Statira's love can give thee joy,

Revive, and be immortal as the gods.

Alex. My flutt'ring heart, tumultuous with its bliss,
Would leap into thy bosom ; 'tis too much.

Oh, let me press thee in my eager arms,

And strain thee hard to my transported breast !

Stat. But shall Roxana—

Alex. Let her not be nam'd.

Oh, how shall I repay you for this goodness ?

And you, my fellow warriors, who could grieve

For your lost king ? But talk of griefs no more ;

The banquet waits, and I invite you all ;

My equals in the throne, as in the grave,

Without distinction come, and share my joys.

Clyt. Excuse me, Sir, if I for once am absent.

Alex. Excuse thee, Clytus ! None shall be excus'd.

All revel out the day, 'tis my command ;

Gay as the Persian god, ourself will stand,

With a crown'd goblet in our lifted hand ;

Young Ammon and Statira shall go round,

While antic measures beat the burthen'd ground,

And to the vaulted skies our trumpets clangora sound.

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT

A C T IV.

SCENE I.—A SQUARE BEFORE THE PALACE.

Enter Clytus, Hephestion, and Perdiccas.

Clyt. URGE me no more ; I hate the Persian dress ;
 Nor should the king be angry at the rev'rence
 I owe my country——sacred are her customs,
 And honest Clytus will to death observe 'em.
 Oh ! let me rot in Macedonian rags,
 Or, like Calisthenes, be cag'd for life,
 Rather than shine in fashions of the East.

Perd. Let me, brave Clytus, as a friend intreat you.

Heph. What virtue is there that adorns a throne,
 Exalts the heart, and dignifies the man,
 Which shines not brightly in our royal master ?
 And yet perversely you'll oppose his will,
 And thwart an innocent unhurtful humour.

Clyt. Unhurtful ! Oh ! 'tis monstrous affectation,
 Pregnant with venom, in its nature black,
 And not to be excus'd !——Shall man, weak man,
 Exact the rev'rence which we pay to Heaven,
 And bid his fellow-creatures kneel before him,
 And yet be innocent ? Hephestion, no ;
 The pride that lays a claim to adoration,
 Insults our reason, and provokes the gods.

Perd. Yet what was Jove, the god whom we adore ?
 Was he not once a man, and rais'd to Heaven
 For gen'rous acts, and virtues more than human ?

Heph. By all his thunder, and his sov'reign pow'r,
 I'll not believe the world yet ever felt
 An arm like Alexander's——Not that god
 You nam'd, though riding in a car of fire,
 Could in a shorter space do greater deeds ;
 Or more effectually have taught mankind,
 To bend submissive, and confess his sway.

Clyt. I tell you, boy, that Clytus loves the king
 As well as you, or any soldier here,
 Yet I disdain to sooth his growing pride ;
 The hero charms me, but the god offends.

Heph.

Heph. Then go not to the banquet.

Clyt. Why, I was bid,
Young minion, was I not, as well as you ?
I'll go, my friends, in this old habit, thus,
And laugh, and drink the king's health heartily ;
And while you, blushing, bow your heads to earth,
And hide them in the dust,—I'll stand erect,
Straight as a spear, the pillar of my country,
And be by so much nearer to the gods.

Heph. But see, the king appears.

*Enter Alexander, Statira, Parisatis, Thessalus,
Eumenet, and Guards.*

Pari. Oh, gracious monarch !
Spare him, Oh, spare Lyfimachus his life !
I know you will—the brave delight in mercy.

Alex. Shield me, Statira, shield me from her sorrows.

Pari. Save him, Oh, save him, ere it be too late,
Speak the kind word, let not your soldier perish,
For one rash action, by despair occasion'd.
I'll follow thus for ever on my knees ;
You shall not pass. Statira, Oh, intreat him !

Alex. Oh, Madam, take her, take her from about me ;
Her streaming eyes assail my very soul,
And shake my best resolves.

Stat. Did I not break
Through all for you ? Nay, now, my lord, you must.
By all th' obedience I have paid you long,
By all your passion, sighs, and tender looks,
Oh, save a prince, whose only crime is love.
I had not join'd this bold suit, my lord,
But that it adds new lustre to your honour.

Alex. Honour ! what's that ? Has not Statira said it ?—
Fly, Clytus, snatch him from the jaws of death,
And to the royal banquet bring him straight,
Bring him in triumph, fit for loads of honour.

[Exeunt Clytus, Hephestion, and Parisatis.]

Stat. Why are you thus beyond expression kind ?
Oh, my lov'd lord, my fond, my raptur'd heart,
By gratitude and love at once inflam'd,

With

With wild emotion flutters in my breast ;
Oh, teach it then, instruct it how to thank you !

Alex. Excellent woman !

'Tis not in nature to support such joy.

Stat. Go, my best love ; unbend you at the banquet ;
Indulge in joy, and laugh your cares away ;
While, in the bowers of great Semiramis,
I dress your bed with all the sweets of nature,
And crown it, as the altar of our loves ;
Where I will lay me down, and softly mourn,
But never close my eyes, till you return. [*Exit. Stat.*]

Alex. Is she not more than mortal can desire !
As Venus lovely, and as Dian chaste !
And yet, I know not why, our parting shocks me ;
A ghastly paleness sat upon her brow ;
Her voice, like dying echoes, fainter grew ;
And, as I wrung her by the rosy fingers,
Methought the strings of my great heart were crack'd.
What could it mean ? Forward, Laomedon.

Enter Roxana, Cassander, and Polyperchon.

Why, Madam, gaze you thus ?

Roxa. For a last look,
And to imprint the memory of my wrongs,
Roxana's wrongs, on Alexander's mind.

Alex. On to the banquet.

[*Exeunt Alexander and his Train.*]

Roxa. Ha ! with such disdain !
So unconcern'd ! Oh, I could tear myself,
Him, you, and all the hateful world to atoms.

Cass. Still keep this spirit up, preserve it still,
And know us for your friends. We like your rage ;
'Tis lovely in you, and your wrongs require it.
Here, in the sight of Heaven, Cassander swears,
Unaw'd by death, to second your revenge.
Speak but the word, and, swift as thought can fly,
The tyrant falls a victim to your fury.

Roxa. Shall he then die ? Shall I consent to kill him ?
I, that have lov'd him with that eager fondness,
Shall I consent to have him basely murder'd,

And

And see him clasp'd in the cold arms of death ?
 Worlds should not tempt me to the deed of horror.

Poly. The weak fond scruples of your love might pass,
 Were not the empire of the world concern'd :
 But, Madam, think, when time shall teach his tongue,
 How will the glorious infant, which you bear,
 Arraign his partial mother, for refusing
 To fix him on the throne, which here we offer ?

Cass. If Alexander lives, you cannot reign,
 Nor will your child. Old yfigambis plans
 Your sure destruction. Boldly then prevent her ;
 Give but the word, and Alexander dies.

Poly. Not he alone, the Persian race shall bleed ;
 At your command, one universal ruin
 Shall, like a deluge, overwhelm the eastern world,
 Till gloriously we raise you to the throne.

Roxa. But, till the mighty ruin be accomplish'd
 Where can Roxana fly th' avenging wrath
 Of those who must succeed this godlike man ?

Cass. Would you vouchsafe, in these expanded arms
 To seek a refuge, what could hurt you here ?
 Here you might reign, with undiminish'd lustre,
 Queen of the East, and empress of my soul.

Roxa. Disgrac'd Roxana ! whither art thou fallen ?
 Till this curs'd hour, I never was unhappy ;
 There's not one mark of former majesty
 To awe the slave that offers at my honour.

Cass. Impute not, Madam, my unbounded passion
 To want of rev'rence—I have lov'd you long.

Roxa. Peace, villain, peace, and let me hear no more.
 Think'st thou I'd leave the bosom of a god,
 And stoop to thee, thou moving piece of earth ?
 Hence, from my sight, and never more presume
 To meet my eyes ; for, mark me, if thou dar'st,
 To Alexander I'll unfold thy treason ;
 Whose life, in spite of all his wrongs to me,
 Shall still be sacred, and above thy malice.

Cass. (Kneels) By your own life, the greatest oath, I swear,
 Cassander's passion from this hour is dumb ;
 And, as the best atonement I can make,
 Statira dies, the victim of your vengeance.

Roxa.

Roxa. Cassander, rise ; 'tis ample expiation.
Yes, rival, yes ; this night shall be thy last ;
This night, I know, is destin'd for thy triumph,
And gives my Alexander to thy arms.
Oh, murd'rous thought !

Poly. The bow'rs of great Semiramis are made
The scene of love ; Perdiccas holds the guard.

Cass. Now is your time, while Alexander revels,
And the whole court re-echoes with his riot,
To end her, and with her to end your fears.
Give me but half the Zogdian slaves that wait you,
And deem her dead : nor shall a foul escape,
That serves your rival, to disperse the news.

Roxa. By me they die, Perdiccas and Statira ;
Hence with thy aid, I neither ask nor want it,
But will myself conduct the slaves to battle.
Were she to fall by any arm but mine,
Well might she murmur, and arraign her stars ;
'Tis life well lost, to die by my command ;
What must it be, to perish by my hand ?
Rival, rejoice, and, pleas'd, resign thy breath,
Roxana's vengeance grants thee noble death.—*Exit Roxa.*

Cass. All but her Jove, this Semele disdains.
We must be quick——She may, perhaps, betray
The great design, and frustrate our revenge.

Poly. Has Philip got instruction how to act ?

Cass. He has, my friend ; and, faithful to our cause,
Resolves to execute the fatal order.

Bear him this phial ; it contains a poison
Of that exalted force, that deadly nature,
Should Æsculapius drink it, in an hour,
For then it works, the god himself were mortal ;
I drew it from Nonacris' horrid spring :
Miz'd with his wine, a single drop gives death,
And sends him howling to the shades below.

Poly. I know its power, for I have seen it try'd
Pains of all sorts through every nerve and artery
At once it scatters ; burns at once and freezes ;
Till, by extremity of torture forc'd,
The soul consent to leave her joyless home,
And seek for ease in worlds unknown to this.

E

Cass.

Cass. Now let us part:—with Theſſalus and Philip
Haſte to the banquet; at his ſecond call,
Let this be given him, and it crowns our hopes. [*Ex. Poly.*
Now, Alexander, now, we ſhall be quits;
Death for a blow is intereſt indeed. [*Exit*

S C E N E, II

THE PALACE.

Alexander, Perdiccas, Polyperchon, Caſſander, Theſſalus,
Eumenes, *Guards, &c.* *discovered at a banquet.*

[*A flouriſh of Trumpets, Drums, &c.*

Alex. To our immortal health, and our fair queen's!—
All drink it deep; and, while the bowl goes round,
Mars and Bellona join to make us muſic;
A hundred bulls be offer'd to the ſun,
White as his beams; ſpeak the big voice of war;
Strike all our drums, and ſound our ſilver trumpets;
Provoke the gods to follow our example
In bowls of nectar, and replying thunder,

[*Flouriſh of Trumpets, Drums, &c.*

Enter Clytus, Hepheſtion, and Lyſimachus *bloody.*

Clyt. Long live the king; long live great Alexander;
And conqueſt crown his arms with deathleſs laurels,
Propitious to his friends, and all he favours!

Alex. Did I not give command you ſhould preſerve
Lyſimachus?

Heph. Dread Sir, you did,

Alex. What then

Portend theſe bloody marks?

Heph. Ere we arriv'd,
Perdiccas had already plac'd the prince
In a lone court, all but his hands unarm'd.

Clyt. On them were gauntlets; ſuch was his deſire,
In death to ſhew the difference betwixt
The blood of Eacus, and common men.
Forth iſſuing from his den, amaz'd we ſaw
The horrid ſavage, with whoſe hideous roar
The palace ſhook; his angry eye-balls, glaring
With triple fury, menac'd death and ruin.

Heph.

Heph. With unconcern the gallant prince advances;
Now, Parisatis, be the glory thine,
But mine the danger, were his only words;
For, as he spoke, the furious beast descried him,
And rush'd outrageous to devour his prey.

Clyt. Agile and vigorous, he avoids the shock
With a slight wound; and, as the lion turn'd,
Thrust gauntlet, arm, and all into his throat,
And, with Herculean strength, tears forth the tongue;
Foaming and bloody, the disabled savage
Sunk to the earth, and ploughed it with his teeth;
While, with an active bound, your conqu'ring soldier
Leap'd on his back, and dash'd his skull in pieces.

Alex. By all my laurels, 'twas a godlike act;
And 'tis my glory, as it shall be thine,
That Alexander could not pardon thee.
Oh, my brave soldier, think not all the pray'rs
And tears of the lamenting queens could move me
Like what thou hast perform'd! Grow to my breast.

Lyfi. Thus self-condemn'd, and conscious of my guilt,
How shall I stand such unexampled goodness!
Oh, pardon, Sir, the transports of despair,
The frantic outrage, of ungovern'd love!
Even when I shew'd the greatest want of reverence,
I could have died with rapture in your service.

Alex. Lyfimachus, we both have been transported;
But from this hour be certain of my heart.
A lion be the impress of thy shield;
And that gold armour, we from Porus won,
Thy king presents thee—But thy wounds ask rest.

Lyfi. I have no wounds, dread Sir; or, if I had,
Were they all mortal, they should stream unmind'd,
When Alexander was the glorious health.

Alex. Thy hand, Hephestion. Clasp him to thy heart,
And wear him ever near thee. Parisatis
Shall now be his who serves me best in war.
Neither reply; but mark the charge I give;
Live, live as friends; you will; you must; you shall;
'Tis a god gives you life.

Clyt. Oh, monstrous vanity!

Alex. Ha! what says Clytus? who am I?

Clyt. The son
Of good king Philip.

Alex. By my kindred gods,
'Tis false:—Great Ammon gave me birth.

Clyt. I've done.

Alex. Clytus, what means that dress? Give him a robe
Take it, and wear it. [there.]

Clyt. Sir, the wine, the weather
Has heated me; besides, you know my humour.

Alex. Oh! 'tis not well! I'd rather perish, burn,
Than be so singular and froward.

Clyt. So would I——

Burn, hang, or drown; but in a better cause.
I'll drink, or fight, for sacred majesty
With any here. Fill me another bowl.
Will you excuse me?

Alex. You will be excused.

But let him have his humour; he is old.

Clyt. So was your father, Sir; this to his memory!
Sound all the trumpets there.

Alex. They shall not sound

Till the king drinks. Sure, I was born to wage
Eternal war!—All are my enemies,
Whom I could tame——But let the sports go on.

Lyf. Nay, Clytus, you that could advise so well——

Alex. Let him persist, be positive, and proud,
Envious and sullen 'mongst the nobler souls,
Like an infernal spirit that hath stolen
From hell, and mingled with the mirth of gods.

Clyt. When gods grow hot, no difference I know
'Twixt them and devils—Fill me Greek wine; yet,
Yet faster; I want spirits.

Alex. Let me have music.

Clyt. Music for boys—Clytus would hear the groans
Of dying soldiers and the neigh of steeds;
Or, if I must be pester'd with shrill sounds,
Give me the cries of matrons in sack'd towns.

Heph. Let us, Lyfimachus, awake the king;
A heavy gloom is gathering on his brow.
Kneel all, with humblest adoration kneel,
And let a health to Jove's great son go round.

Alex. Sound, sound, that all the universe may hear.

Oh,

Oh, for the voice of Jove ! the world should know.

[A loud flourish of trumpets.]

The kindness of my people.—Rise, Oh, rise;—

My hands, my arms, my heart, are ever your's.

Clyt. I did not kiss the earth, nor must your hand ;
I am unworthy, Sir.

Alex. Thou art, indeed !—

Thou enviest the great honour of thy master.—

Sit, all my friends.—Now let us talk of war ;

The noblest subject for a soldier's mouth ;

And speak, speak freely, else you love me not,

Who, think you, was the greatest general

That ever led an army to the field ?

Heph. A chief so great, so fortunately brave,
And justly so renown'd as Alexander,
The radiant sun, since first his beams gave light,
Never yet saw.

Lyfi. Such was not Cyrus, nor the fam'd Alcides,
Nor great Achilles, whose tempestuous sword
Laid Troy in ashes, though the warring gods
Oppos'd him.

Alex. Oh, you flatter me ! you flatter me !

Clyt. They do indeed ; and yet you love 'em for't ;
But hate old Clytus for his hardy virtue.—

Come, shall I speak a man, with equal bravery,
A better general, and experter soldier ?

Alex. Instruct me, Sir : I should be glad to learn.

Clyt. Your father, Philip.—I have seen him march,
And fought beneath his dreadful banner, where
The boldest at this table would have trembled.—
Nay, frown not, Sir ; you cannot look me dead.—
When Greeks join'd Greeks, then was the tug of war,
The labour'd battle sweat, and conquest bled.
Why should I fear to speak a bolder truth,
Than e'er the lying priests of Ammon told you ?
Philip fought men, but Alexander women.

Alex. Proud spite, and burning envy, by the gods !
Is then my glory come to this at last,

To conquer women ! Nay, he said, the stoutest,

The stoutest here wou'd tremble at his dangers.

In all the sickness, all the wounds, I bore,

When from my reins the javelin's head was cut,

Lyfistachus

Lyfimachus, *Hephestion*, speak, *Perdiccas*,
 Did I once tremble?—Oh, the cursed falsehood!—
 Did I once shake or groan? or act beneath
 The dauntless resolution of a king?

Lyfi. Wine has transported him.

Alex. No, 'tis meer malice.—

I was a woman too at *Oxydrace*,
 When, planting on the walls a scaling ladder,
 I mounted, spight of show'rs of stones, bars, arrows,
 And all the lumber which they thunder'd down;
 When you beneath cry'd out, and spread you arms,
 That I should leap among you, did I so?

Lyfi. Dread Sir, the old man knows not what he says.

Alex. Was I a woman, when, like *Mercury*,
 I leap'd the walls and flew amidst the foe,
 And, like a baited lion, dy'd myself
 All over in the blood of those bold hunters;
 Till, spent with toil, I battled on my knees,
 Pluck'd forth the darts that made my shield a forest,
 And hurl'd 'em back with most unconquer'd fury?—
 Then, shining in my arms, I sunn'd the field,
 Mov'd, spoke, and fought, and was myself a war.

Clyt. 'Twas all bravado; for, before you leap'd,
 You saw that I had burst the gates asunder.

Alex. Oh, that thou wert but young again and vig'rous,
 That I might strike thee prostrate to the earth
 For this audacious lie, thou feeble dotard!

Clyt. I know the reason, why you use me thus.
 I sav'd you from the sword of bold *Rhesaces*,
 Else had your godship slumber'd in the dust;
 And most ungratefully you hate me for it.

Alex. Hence from the banquet!—Thus far I forgive thee.

Clyt. First try, for none can want forgiveness more,
 To have your own bold blasphemies forgiven,
 The shameful riots of a vicious life,
Philotas' murder——

Alex. Ha! what said the traitor!

Heph. *Clytus*, withdraw; *Eumenes*, force him hence;
 He must not tarry. Drag him to the door.

Cyt. No, let him send me, if I must begone,
 To *Philip*, *Attalus*, *Calisthenes*,
 To great *Parmenio*, and his slaughter'd sons.

Alex.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT:

Alex. Give me a javelin.

Lyfi. Hold, mighty Sir.

Alex. Sirrah! off,

Let I at once strike through his heart and thine.

Heph. Oh, sacred Sir, have but a moment's patience!

Alex. What! Hold my arms? I shall be murder'd here,
Like poor Darius, by my barb'rous subjects.
Perdiccas, sound our trumpets to the camp;
Call all my soldiers to the court. Nay, haste;
For there is treason plotting 'gainst my life,
And I shall perish ere they come to save me. [*Exit Perdic.*
Where is the traitor?

Clyt. Sure there's none amongst us;
But here I stand—honest Clytus!—

Whom the king invited to the banquet.

Alex. Begone to Philip, Attalus, Calisthenes; [*Stabs him.*
And let bold subjects learn, by thy example,
Not to provoke the patience of their prince.

Clyt. The rage of wine is drown'd in gushing blood
Oh, Alexander! I have been to blame;
Hate me not after death; for I repent,
That I so far have urg'd your noble nature.

Alex. What's this I hear! Say on, my dying soldier.

Clyt. I shou'd have kill'd myself, had I but ~~had~~ wou'd
To be once sober; now I fall with honour;
My own hands wou'd have brought foul death. Oh,
pardon! [*Dies.*

Alex. Then I am lost! What has my vengeance done!
Who is it thou hast slain? Clytus!—what was he?
The faithfullest subject, worthiest counsellor,
The bravest soldier! He who sav'd thy life,
Fighting bare-headed at the river Granick;—
And now he has a noble recompense!
For a rash word, spoke in the heat of wine,
The poor, the honest Clytus thou hast slain;
Clytus, thy friend, thy guardian, thy preserver!

Heph. Remove the body, it inflames his sorrow.

Alex. None dare to touch him; we must never part.
Cruel Hephestion and Lyfimachus,
That had the power, yet wou'd not hold me!—Oh!

Lyfi. Dear Sir, we did.

Alex. I know ye did; ye held me

Like

Like a wild beast, to let me go again
 With greater violence.—Oh, ye've undone me!
 Excuse it not,—you that cou'd stop a lion,
 Cou'd not turn me?—ye should have drawn your swords,
 And barr'd my rage with their advancing points;
 Made reason glitter in my dazzled eyes,
 Till I had seen the precipice before me;
 That had been noble, that had shewn the friend.
 Clytus wou'd so have done to save your lives.

Lyfi. When men shall hear how highly you were urg'd—

Alex. No; you have let me stain my rising glory,
 Which else had ended brighter than the sun.
 Oh, I am all a blot, which seas of tears,
 And my heart's blood, can never wash away;
 Yet 'tis but just I try, and on the point,
 Still reeking, hurl my black polluted breast,

Heph. Oh, sacred Sir—it shall not—must not be.

Lyfi. Forgive, dread Sir, forgive my pious hands,
 That dare, in duty, to disarm my master.

Alex. Yes, cruel men, ye now can shew your strength;
 Here's not a slave, but dares oppose my justice,
 Yet none had courage to prevent this murder,
 But I will render all endeavours vain,
 That tend to save my life—Here will I lie,
 Close to my murder'd soldier's bleeding side,
 Thus clasping his cold body in my arms,
 Till death has clos'd my eyes, like his, for ever,

Enter Perdiccas.

Perd. Treason! foul treason! Hephæstion, where's the king?

Heph. There, by old Clytus' side, whom he hath slain.

Perd. Rise, sacred Sir, and haste to save the queen:
 Roxana, fill'd with furious jealousy,
 Came with a guard, unmark'd: she gain'd the bow'r,
 And broke upon me with such sudden fury,
 That all have perish'd who oppos'd her rage.

Alex. What says Perdiccas? Is the queen in danger?

Perd. Haste, Sir, to your Statira, or she dies.

Alex. Thus from the grave I rise to save her life.—

All

All draw your swords, on wings of lightning move,
Young Ammon leads you, and the cause is love ;
When I rush on, sure none will dare to stay,
'Tis beauty calls, and glory leads the way. [Exeunt.]

Flourish of Trumpets, Drums, &c.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

THE GARDENS OF SEMIRAMIS:

Statira discovered asleep.

Stat. **B**LESS me, ye pow'rs above, and guard my virtue !
Where are you fled, dear shades ! Where are you
'Twas but a dream ; and yet I saw and heard [fled ?]
My royal parents, who, while pious care
Sat on their faded cheeks, pronounc'd with tears,
Tears such as angels weep, this hour my last.
But hence with fear—my Alexander comes,
And fear and danger ever fled from him.
My Alexander !—Wou'd that he were here !
For, Oh, I tremble, and a thousand terrors
Rush in upon me, and alarm my heart.

Flourish of Trumpets.

But hark, 'tis he, and all my fears are fled ;
My life, my joy, my Alexander comes.

Rox. [Within] Make fast the gate with all its massy bars ;
At length we've conquer'd this stupendous height,
And reach'd the grove.

Stat. Ye guardian gods, defend me !
Roxana's voice ! Then all the vision's true,
And die I must.

F

Enter

Enter Roxana.

Roxa. Secure the brazen gate.
Where is my rival? 'tis Roxana calls.

Stat. And what is she, who, with such tow'ring pride,
Wou'd awe a princess that is born above her?

Roxa. Behold this dagger!—'Tis thy fate, Statira!
Behold, and meet it as becomes a queen.

Fain wou'd I find thee worthy of my vengeance;
Here, take my weapon then; and, if thou dar'st—

Stat. How little know'st thou what Statira dares!
Yes, cruel woman! yes, I dare meet death
With a resolve, at which thy coward heart
Wou'd shrink; for terror haunts the guilty mind;
While conscious innocence, that knows no fear,
Can smiling pass, and scorn thy idle threats.

Roxa. Return, fair insolent! return, I say.
Dar'st thou, presumptuous, to invade my rights?
Restore him quickly to my longing arms,
And with him give me back his broken vows,
For, perjur'd as he is, he still is mine,
Or I will rend him from thy bleeding heart.

Stat. Alas, Roxana, 'tis not in my power;
I cannot if I would—And, oh, ye gods,
What were the world to Alexander's loss!

Roxa. Oh, forcerefs, to thy accursed charms
I owe the frenzy that distracts my soul;
To them I owe my Alexander's loss.
Too late thou tremblest at my just revenge,
My wrongs cry out, and vengeance will have way.

[*Holds up the dagger.*]

Stat. Hold, hold, thy threat'ning hand, advanc'd in air.
I read my sentence written in thy eyes:
Yet, Oh, Roxana, on thy black revenge
One kindly ray of female pity beam,
And give me death in Alexander's presence.

Roxa. Not for the world's wide empire should'st thou
Fool! but for him thou might'st unheeded live; [see him.
For his sake only art thou doom'd to die.

The

The sole remaining joy that glads my soul,
Is to deprive thee of the heart I've lost.

[*Flourish of Trumpets.*]

Enter a Slave.

Slave. Madam, the king and all his guards are come ;
With frantic rage they thunder at the gate,
And must ere this have gain'd admittance. [Exit Slave.]

Roxa. Ha !

Too long I've trifled ; let me then redeem
The time mispent, and make great vengeance sure.

Stat. Is Alexander, Oh, ye gods, so nigh,
And can he not preserve me from her fury ?

Roxa. Nor he, nor Heav'n, shall shield thee from my
justice.

Die, forc'refs, die, and all my wrongs die with thee.

Alex. [*Without.*] Away, ye slaves, stand off !—Quick
let me fly [Stabs her]

On lightning's wings ;—nor Heav'n, nor earth, shall
stop me.

[*Flourish of Trumpets.*]

*Enter Alexander, Lyfimachus, Cassander, Perdiccas,
Theffalus, Officers, and Guards.*

Ha !—Oh, my soul, my queen, my love, Statira !
These wounds ! are these my promis'd joys ?

Stat. Alas !

My only love, my best and dearest blessing,
Wou'd I had died before you enter'd here ;
For thus delighted, while I gaze upon thee,
Death grows more horrid, and I'm loth to leave thee.

Alex. Thou shal't not leave me—Cruel, cruel stars !
Oh, where's the monster, where's the horrid fiend,
That struck at innocence, and murdered thee ?

Roxa. Behold the wretch, who, desperate of thy love,
In jealous madness gave the fatal blow.

Alex. To dungeons, tortures, drag her from my sight.

Stat. My soul is on the wing. Oh, come, my lord,
Haste to my arms, and take a last farewell.
Thus let me die. Oh ! Oh !

Alex.

Alex. Look up my love.—

Oh, Heav'n ! and will you, will you take her from me !

Stat. Farewel, my most lov'd lord ; Ah me, farewel.
Yet, ere I die, grant this request.

Alex. Oh, speak,

That I may execute before I follow thee.

Stat. Leave not the world, till Heav'n demands you.

Spare

Roxana's life.—'Twas love of you that caused
The death she gave me. And, Oh, sometimes think,
Amidst your revels, think on your poor queen ;
And, ere the chearful bowl salute your lips,
Enrich it with a tear, and I am happy.

Alex. Yet, ere thou tak'st thy flight—She's gone, [Dis.]
All, all is hush'd ; no music now is heard ; [She's gone !]
The roses wither ; and the fragrant breath,
That wak'd their sweets, shall never wake 'em more.

Roxa. Weep not, my lord ! no sorrow can recal her.
Oh, turn your eyes, and, in Roxana's arms,
You'll find fond love and everlasting truth.

Alex. Hence, from my sight, and thank my dear Statira,
That yet thou art alive.

Roxa. Oh, take me to your arms.
In spite of all your cruelty, I love you :
Yes, thus I'll fasten on your sacred robe ;
Thus, on my knees, for ever cling around you,
Till you forgive me, or till death divide us.

Alex. Hence, fury, hence : there's not a glance of thine,
But, like a basilisk, comes wing'd with death.

Roxa. Oh, speak not thus, to one who kneels for mercy.
Think, for whose sake it was I madly plung'd
Into a crime abhorrent to my nature.

Alex. Off, murd'ress, off ! for ever shun my sight !
My eyes detest thee, for thy soul is ruin.

Roxa. Barbarian ! yes, I will for ever shun thee,
Repeated injuries have steel'd my heart,
And I cou'd curse myself for being kind.
If there is any majesty above,
That has revenge in store for perjur'd love,
Send, Heav'n, the swiftest ruin on his head !
Strike the destroyer ! lay the victor dead !

Kill

Kill the triumpher, and avenge my wrong !
 In height of pomp, while he is warm and young,
 Bolted with thunder, let him rush along !
 But what are curses ? Curses will not kill,
 Nor ease the tortures I am doom'd to feel. [*Exit Roxana.*]

Alex. Oh, my fair star I shall be shortly with thee !
 What means this deadly dew upon my forehead ?
 My heart too heaves !——

Cass. The poison works !

Enter Eumenes.

Eume. Pardon, dread Sir, a fatal messenger.
 The royal Syfigambis is no more.
 Struck with the horror of Statira's fate,
 She soon expir'd, and, with her latest breath,
 Left Parisatis to Lyfimachus.
 But what, I fear, most deeply will affect you,
 Your lov'd Hephestion's——

Alex. Dead ! then he is blest'd !
 But here, here lies my fate. Hephestion ! Clytus !
 My victories all for ever folded up
 In this dear body. Here my banner's lost,
 My standard's triumphs gone.—Oh, when, Oh, when,
 Shall I be mad indeed !
 Go, for the monument of this lov'd creature,
 Root up these bowers, and pave 'em all with gold.
 Draw dry the Ganges, make the Indies poor,
 To deck her tomb : no shrine nor altar spare,
 But strip the pomp from gods to place it there.

[*Flourish of Trumpets.*]

[*Exeunt all but Cassander and Thessalus.*]

Cass. He's gone—but whither ?—follow, Thessalus,
 Attend his steps, and let me know what passes.

[*Exeunt Thessalus and Cassander.*]

SCENE

1777

SCENE II.

AN ANTICHAMBER IN THE PALACE.

Enter Cassander.

Cass. Vengeance, lie still, thy cravings shall be sated.
 Death roams at large, the furies are unchain'd,
 And murder plays her mighty master-piece.

Enter Polyperchon.

Saw you the King? He parted hence this moment.

Poly. Yes; with disorder'd wildness in his looks,
 He rush'd along, till, with a casual glance,
 He saw me where I stood: then stopping short,
 Draw near, he cry'd—and grasp'd my hand in his,
 Where more than fevers rag'd in ev'ry vein.
 Oh, Polyperchon! I have lost my queen!
 Statira's dead!—and, as he spoke, the tears
 Gush'd from his eyes—I more than felt his pains.

Enter Theffalus.

Theff. Hence, hence, away!

Cass. Where is he, Theffalus?

Theff. I left him circled by a crowd of princes.
 The poison tears him with that height of horror,
 Ev'n I cou'd pity him—he call'd the chiefs;
 Embrac'd 'em round—then, starting from amidst 'em,
 Cried out, I come—'twas Ammon's voice; I know it—
 Father, I come; but, let me, ere I go,
 Dispatch the business of a kneeling world.

Poly. No more; I hear him—we must meet anon.

Cass. In Saturn's field—there give a loofe to rapture,
 Enjoy the tempest we ourselves have rais'd,
 And triumph in the wreck which crowns our vengeance.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

THE PALACE.

Alexander, Lyfimachus, Eumenes, Perdiccas, *Officers,*
Guards, and Attendants, discovered.

Alex. Search there; nay, probe me; search my wounded
 Pull, draw it out. [reins,—

Lyfi. We have search'd, but find no hurt.

Alex. Oh, I am shot; a forked burning arrow

Sticks

Sticks cross my shoulders; the sad venom flies,
Like light'ning, thro' my flesh, my blood, my marrow.

Lyfi. How fierce his fever!

Alex. Ha! what a change of torments I endure!
A bolt of ice runs hissing through my bowels;
'Tis, sure, the arm of death. Give me a shroud!
Cover me, for I freeze, and my teeth chatter—
And my knees knock together.

Eume. Have mercy, Heav'n!

Alex. Who talks of Heav'n?—

I burn, I burn again;—

The war grows wond'rous hot;—hey for the Tygris!
Bear me, Bucephalus, amongst the billows.

Oh, 'tis a noble beast; I wou'd not change him
For the best horse the sun has in his stable;
For they are hot, their mangers full of coals,
Their manes are flakes of lightning, curls of fire,
And their red tails like meteors whisk about.

Lyfi. Help all; Eumenes, help.

Alex. Ha, ha, ha, I shall die with laughter.
Parmenio, Clytus, do you see yon fellow,
That ragged foldier, that poor tatter'd Greek?
See, how he puts to flight the gaudy Persians,
With nothing but a rusty helmet on, through which
The grisly bristles of his pushing beard
Drive 'em like pikes—ha! ha! ha!

Perd. How wild he talks!

Lyfi. Yet warring in his wildness.

Alex. Sound, found! keep your ranks close; ay, now they
Oh, the brave din, the noble clank of arms!— [come.

Charge, charge apace; and let the phalanx move;

Darius comes—ay, 'tis Darius;

I see, I know him by the sparkling plumes,
And his gold chariot drawn by ten white horses:

But, like a tempest, thus I pour upon him—

He bleeds; with that last blow I brought him down:

He tumbles, take him, snatch the imperial crown.

They fly, they fly; follow, follow—Victoria,

Victoria, Victoria—

Perd. Let's bear him softly to his bed.

Alex. Hold; the least motion gives me sudden death;

My

My vital spirits are quite parch'd, burnt up,
And all my faculties entrail'd to ashes.

Lyfi. When you, the brightest star that ever shone,
Shall set, it must be night with us for ever.

Alex. Let me embrace you all, before I die—
Weep not, my dear companions; the good gods
Shall send ye in my stead a nobler prince,
One that shall lead ye forth with matchless conduct.

Lyfi. Break not our hearts with such unkind expressions.

Perd. We will not part with you, nor change for Mars.

Alex. Perdicas, take this ring,
And see me laid in the temple of Jupiter Ammon.

Lyfi. To whom does your dread majesty bequeath
The empire of the world?

Alex. To him that is most worthy.

Perd. When will you, sacred Sir, that we should give
To your great memory those divine honours
Which such exalted virtue does deserve?

Alex. When you are all most happy, and in peace:
Your hands—Oh, father, if I have discharg'd
The duty of a man to empire born;
If, by unweary'd toil, I have deserv'd
The vast renown of thy adopted son,
Accept this soul which thou did'st first inspire,
And which this sigh thus gives thee back again.

[Dies.]

Lyfi. There fell the pride and glory of the war.
If there be treason let us find it out;
Lyfimachus stands forth to lead you on,
And swears, by the se most honour'd dear remains,
He will not taste those joys which beauty brings,
Until he has reveng'd the best of kings.

END OF THE FIFTH ACT.

THE
WIDOW OF MALABAR,

A

T R A G E D Y,

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

WITH UNIVESAL APPLAUSE,

By MARIANA STARKE.

A NEW EDITION.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED (*By Assignment*) FOR J. BARKER, AT THE

Dramatic Repository,

RUSSELL-COURT, DRURY-LANE.

1796.

(Price one Shilling and Sixpence)

TO
MRS. CRESPIGNY,

MADAM,

AS I have no method of testifying my grateful respect towards you, but by inscribing the humble productions of my Muse to your name, I trust you will not think me presumptuous in addressing to you THE WIDOW OF MALABAR; especially, as the chief part of that applause with which my Tragedy has been honoured originated from your zealous friendship and powerful support.

THAT you are the best and most active of Friends I have long experienced; that you possess the most benevolent and candid of spirits every day evinces; consequently, I am induced to hope you will receive the labours of a young and inexperienced Writer with indulgence, and preserve her Offspring, by your extensive influence, from being consign-

ed to oblivion by the shafts of Criticism, or the more grievous wounds of Neglect.

I KNOW not how to express my thankfulness to all my Friends, and to the Public in general, for their most kind and flattering reception of my Tragedy; — but to you, MADAM, my debt of gratitude is so large that I can never find means to repay it:—if, therefore, you would accept, as *interest* for this *debt*, all the regard my heart is capable of shewing you, and allow me, during the whole of my future life, to distinguish myself by the title of Your Friend, you would, if possible, add to the favors you have already conferred upon Her, who has the honor to be,

MADAM,

Your most obliged,

affectionate and devoted

Epsom, Jan. 24, 1791.

humble Servant,

MARIANA STARKE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Tragedy is, in many respects, imitated from M. LE MIERRE'S celebrated Drama, entitled, LA VEUVE DU MALABAR, which had a most uncommonly long run in Paris; and which is now become, in a translation, a favourite Tragedy of the Germans:—Such being the case, the Authorefs feels it necessary to apologize for not having contented herself with *translating* instead of *imitating* LA VEUVE DU MALABAR; but she was well convinced, that neither the Plot, nor the long declamatory Scenes of the French Play, would have been approved, or even tolerated, by an *English* Audience; therefore, she rejected all thoughts of a Translation, and has ventured to exhibit a Drama in some measure her own; trusting that the Public will be indulgent to a *first Essay*, and that if her Work should possess merit sufficient to be deemed worthy of criticism, it will be such criticism as may teach her to correct her errors without too severely wounding her self-love.

The

THE Authorefs takes this opportunity of returning her grateful acknowledgments to Mr. HARRIS for his liberality respecting the decorations of her Play, and for the care he has obligingly taken in getting it up :—To all the Performers likewise, and to Miss BRUNTON in particular, her very best thanks are due ; neither can she close this Advertisement without acknowledging how much her Tragedy has been embellished by Mr. Stevens's elegant and characteristic Music.

PRO-

P R O L O G U E,

WRITTEN BY

W. T. FITZGERALD, Esq.

AND SPOKEN BY

Mr. H O L M A N.

IN Climes remote, where Ganges rolls his wave,
 At once the Indian's Idol and his grave !
 Where sultry fens in ardent minds infuse
 The richest subjects for the Tragic Muse,
 A Custom reigns, which harrows up the soul,
 And bends e'en Nature to it's stern controul !
 When Fate cuts short the *Hindoo's* thread of life,
 One tomb ingulphs the Husband and the Wife :
 The Widow, warm in youth, must yield her breath,
 And, self-devoted, seek her Lord in death :
 In gay attire she mounts the awful Pile,
 Nor dares with tears the horrid Rites defile ;
 Her heaving bosom must repress the sigh,
 And learn with Stoic apathy to die :
 For, should she yield to Nature's pow'rful sway,
 And not with smiles this *Bramin* Law obey,
 Shou'd she, with horror, shun the scorching flame,
 Eternal infamy awaits her name !
 Driven from her *Caste*, she wanders on the Earth,
 Disown'd by those to whom she owes her birth ;
 Life grows a burden which she cannot bear,
 And Death the only refuge from Despair !

Unhappy Race ! by double chains confin'd,
 Oppress'd in body, and enslav'd in mind ;
 For ever doom'd some tyrant to obey,
 The Priest's, the Despot's, or the Stranger's prey !
 How

How blest'd the Natives of *this* happier Land,
 Where FREEDOM long has made her glorious stand!
 Where neighb'ring Kingdoms may, with envy, see
 The MONARCH *great*, because the SUBJECT's *free*!
 A Nation fam'd for arts, in arms renown'd,
 By laws themselves created only bound;
 Who boast, what History can seldom prove,
 A PRINCE enthron'd upon *his People's Love*!

World Europe's sons, who visit Asia's shore,
 Where plunder'd Millions can afford no more,
 To nobler ends direct their future aim,
 And wipe from India's annals Europe's shame;
 Let them, with Reason's power subdue the breast,
 Inform the Erring, and relieve th'Opprest;
 By laws benign a gen'ral bliss impart,
 And fix an empire in the grateful heart!
 These are pursuits more worthy of their care
 Than Realms obtain'd by all-devouring War.

And now, our AUTHOR bade me plead the cause
 Of ONE whose proudest hope is—*your* applause.
 On *your* support the trembling Bard depends,
You, who to merit prove the constant Friends,
 Who love the Muse's Offspring to sustain,
 Who judge with *candour* and condemn with *pain*.

E P I L O G U E,

WRITTEN BY

R. J. S T A R K E, Esq.

AND SPOKEN BY

Mrs. M A T T O C K S.

Mrs. Mattocks enters as if pushed upon the Stage by the Prompter, to whom she addresses the two first Lines.

UPON my word, you treat me very ill
To force me here—so much against my will.

To the Audience.

WELL, I protest, 'tis not a little hard
That I'm to plead the cause of our young Bard !
I bore no part in this new-fangled play,
Therefore, in fortune's name, what can I say ?—

Dispatch'd, in so much haste, from the Green-room,
To find out—if I can—this WIDOW's doom !
They tell me, ev'ry winning way to try,
To rattle, coax, or scold ; to laugh, or cry ;
Nay, turn a very *Proteus*, so I please ye—
Smile then—come, smile, before a panic seize me ;
For your dread anger our small Realm can shake ;
Even your frowns can make its basis quake ;
The superstructure then comes tumbling down,
And buries fancied Fame and castle-built Renown :
Then, helter-skelter, plumes and pinions fly,
And blasted laurels 'mid the ruins lie ;
While Envy, smiling grim, her visage shews,
And fills THE WORLD next morning with the news.

But how shall I about my arduous task,
 If neither you nor I must wear a mask?
 If truth must out, and no kind smiles appear,
 I shall not like to stand as COUNSEL *here*.

We've just been taught, nor was it deem'd a
 wonder,

That Jove's decrees are usher'd in by *thunder*.—
 Come, then—one Clap, ye mighty Pow'rs on *high* !
 I love the pealing thunders of your sky,
 They augur well,—yet hold—it may be odds
 But there's some lurking Fiend among you Gods,
 Whose baleful wrath a *bissing* bolt may aim,
 To burn poor *me*, and blast our AUTHOR's fame :
 And I'm not, like our Heroine, in such haste,
 For fiery trials—they don't hit my taste.

Hark !—in yon box, I hear some Fair Ones say, }
 “ We really shou'd not like to die *that* way ;
 “ 'Tis a bad precedent—let's damn the Play.” }

Hold, gentle Creatures ! in these favour'd times,
 Mercy prevails, even o'er distant Climes,
 And makes the human Race her fondest care,
 Whether their hue be tawny, black, or fair.

Then, since the Age is thus to Mercy prone,
 In *this Tribunal*, *you* can fix her throne :—
 Break Criticism's shaft, quench Rancour's fire,
 Nor light our trembling AUTHOR's Funeral-Pyre.

PERSONS

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

Raymond, <i>General of the English Forces,</i>	Mr. Farren.
Albert, <i>an English Officer,</i>	Mr. Evatt.
The Chief-Bramin,	Mr. Hafley.
The second Bramin,	Mr. Powell.
The young Bramin,	Mr. Holman.
Narrain, <i>an Indian Chief.</i>	Mr. Thompson.

Indamora, <i>the Widow of Malabar,</i>	Miss Brunton.
Fatima, <i>her Attendant, a Persian,</i>	Mrs. Rock.
Bramins, — Fakirs, — Relations of the Widow, — English	

Officers, — Soldiers, &c. &c.

*The vocal parts by Messrs. Bannister and Inledon, Mrs. Warrell,
Miss Williams, Miss Stuart, and Mrs. Mountain.*

SCENE, a Sea-port City on the Malabar Coast.

Time of Action, one Day.

* * * *The Lines marked with inverted Commas are omitted in the
Representation.*

ACT

T H E

WIDOW OF MALABAR.

A C T I.

S C E N E I.

The inside of the Pagod of ESWARA.

THE CHIEF-BRAMIN—THE SECOND BRAMIN—THE
YOUNG BRAMIN—AND OTHER BRAMINS.

CHIEF-BRAMIN.

BUKAH, illustrious Chief, in arms renown'd,
Has paid the debt to nature.

[*To the second Bramin.*

Bramin, go,

Learn if his Consort, as our custom dictates,
(That sacred custom which maintains it's sway
In ev'ry state where holy Ganges flows,)
Learn if her mind be fix'd to mount the Pile,
And join, in death, her mighty Husband's shade.

[*Exit second Bramin.*

[*To the young Bramin.*

Young Priest, the glorious envied task is thine,
To guide the widow'd Fair to certain bliss;

B

Since

WIDOW OF MALABAR.

Since thou wast last admitted 'mong the Train
Who watch, with pious zeal, o'er BRAMĀ's altars.

YOUNG BRAMIN.

And can you, then, while England's hardy Sons
Hurl their dread thunders at our groaning City;
Can you, when ruthless war, with iron hand,
Has made these Shores a theatre of horror,
Say, can you add to our calamities
A sacrifice which nature shudders at?

Shall I prepare this Victim for the Pile?
No—rather let my tongue essay to save her.
In realms remote from hence, her Lord was slain;
She saw him not at those soul-melting moments
When, struggling in the fearful grasp of death,
The cruel Husband, from his awe-struck Partner,
Full oft obtains a promise to descend,
With his loath'd ashes, to the silent tomb.

CHIEF-BRAMIN.

And what avails that he ne'er gain'd her promise?
Could she, whose blood has flow'd unfulfilled down
Thro' a long line of glorious Ancestors,
Cou'd she be vile enough to purchase life
With total loss of honor?—"Cou'd she bear
"To live degraded, shun'd, calumniated,
"The foul reproach of all her noble race?"

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Ill-fated Wives of cruel Malabar!
While wedded, forc'd to drag the galling chain
Of abject servitude, to live the Slaves
Of a proud Tyrant's will:—when widow'd, doom'd
To feel the sharpest stings of obloquy,
Or die for him, whom, living, ye abhor'd!

CHIEF-BRAMIN.

Know'st thou not, Youth, with what tyrannic pow'r
Imperious

Imperious Custom rules o'er Human-kind ?
 Whene'er Japan's great Master bends to fate,
 Finds he not Flatterers e'en after death,
 Who pour their life-blood on his senseless clay ?
 And saw we not, when India's Sov'reign Lord
 Mounted the regal seat, his Brothers all
 Doom'd to the murd'rous bowstring ?—Is not Man,
 O, everlasting shame !—on Niger's banks
 Put up to common sale, shackled, enslav'd,
 And treated worse than BRAMA's Children treat
 The deadliest reptile that infests our clime ?

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Can Custom banish ev'ry tender feeling,
 And render Men more savage e'en than Brutes ?
 O, for some Spirit of superior kind,
 Some glorious soul by love of freedom fir'd,
 Whose nervous hand might break this Tyrant's
 chains,
 And place benignant Reason on her throne !

Enter SECOND BRAMIN.

CHIEF-BRAMIN.

What tidings bring'st thou ?—Has the youthful
 Widow
 Resolv'd to burn with her departed Lord ?

SECOND BRAMIN.

She has ; and means to mount the Pyre this day.

YOUNG BRAMIN.

O, how my heart bleeds for her !—Can the Gods,
 Can they enjoin this dreadful Sacrifice ?
 “ Have they not given to each created being
 “ The fondest, the most earnest wish to live ?
 “ Is not this spacious universe replete
 “ With blessings to sustain and sweeten life ?

B 2

“ And

“ And can the Gods, all-gracious as they seem,
 “ Demand that we should cast their boon away
 “ Amid the horrid agonies of fire ?”

CHIEF-BRAMIN.

Hearken, rash Boy.—A mightier voice than mine,
 The voice of BRAMA warns thee to be mute.

“ Know’st thou our law, and know’st thou not that
 virtue

“ By suff’rings only can obtain reward ?”

“ View the Fakirs,—their voluntary torments

“ Surpass description and exceed belief ;

“ Yet they are anxious still to suffer more,

“ And from this mortal fabric purge away

“ Each base alloy that presses down the soul

“ To misery eternal.—Woud’st thou then,

“ O, wou’dst thou strive t’appal the pious Fair,

“ And baffle, thus, her glorious enterprize ?”

Hence ! lead her to the flames !—and rather try
 To fan the holy zeal that warms her breast.

YOUNG BRAMIN, (*aside.*)

Gods ! wherefore am I doom’d t’inspire this Victim
 With zeal I cannot cherish ?——I, whose fight
 Was never blasted yet with the dread view
 Of human sacrifice.

CHIEF-BRAMIN.

How ?——Dost thou pause ?

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Commit the task to others——I am young——

CHIEF-BRAMIN.

Therefore, thy duty is submission. Hence !
 Be faithful to the mighty Power we serve,

And

And in me rev'rence his Vicegerent here.

[Exit the young Bramin.]

Enter NARRAIN.

CHIEF-BRAMIN.

Narrain !—What cause brings thee ?

NARRAIN.

Our Rajah's will :

He deems it frenzy, at a time like this,
When showers of iron death o'erwhelm the City,
To draw our Warriors from the tott'ring walls
To gaze at a religious spectacle :
'Tis, therefore, his request, that you postpone
The sacrifice of beauteous Indamora,
(The youthful Widow whom our law requires
To burn with her dead Lord,) till a short truce
From England's Leader be obtain'd. Reflect,
This sacred Temple, your asylum, stands
Close to the ramparts :—Were funereal fires
From yonder consecrated square to rise,
The blazing wonder could not fail to strike
Each British eye :—and would not England's Sons
Essay to stop the rites ?—too sure they would !
Nay, e'en our City, of it's Guards bereav'd,
Might fall an easy conquest.

CHIEF-BRAMIN, *(after a pause.)*

Chief, retire.

Anon, we'll claim admission to the Rajah,
And bear him our resolves.

[Exit Narrain.]

Immortal BRAMA,

Shall we postpone thy rites, desert thy altars,
Because the plagues of war are scatter'd o'er us ?
No !—rather be our sacrifices doubled——

6 WIDOW OF MALABAR,

That we may deprecate the wrath of Heaven,
Draw down it's hottest light'nings on the Foe,
And drive him from this shore.—The present moment

Alone, perhaps, is our's ;—but, let us prove,
That BRAMA'S Sons, tho' compass'd round with ruin,

Can stand undaunted on the brink of fate,
And, to the last, his sacred cause maintain.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

S C E N E II.

The Pavilion of Indamora.

INDAMORA and FATIMA.

FATIMA.

My dearest Mistress, to what barb'rous laws
Stern Fate has made thee subject!—The fierce Lion,
In this dire clime, is nobler far than Man :
He lives but to protect his weaker mate,
Smooths all her paths, and even dies to save her ;
While Man, who boasts the glorious light of reason,
Adds to the various ills entail'd on Woman,
Nay, wreaks his cruelty beyond the grave !

INDAMORA.

Born, as thou wast, beneath mild Persian skies,
The rigours of our law excite thy wonder :
But I, accusom'd to behold these walls
Crusted with smoke of human sacrifice,
I, who, alas, too frequently have seen
The op'ning flower of life consum'd in flames,
I stand resign'd to meet that awful doom
Which waits the Matron who survives her Lord.

FATIMA.

A TRAGEDY.

7

FATIMA.

Canst thou alone be tranquil and resign'd,
When e'en the humblest Menial of thy train
Is lost in frantic woe ?

INDAMORA.

My Husband lives not ;—
His Spirit calls me hence.

FATIMA.

Can sorrow, then,
Chase from thy bosom ev'ry wish to live ?—
How must thy soul have doated on it's Lord !

INDAMORA.

Mistake not, Fatima. Tyrannic Honor
Alone impels my steps.—I have no choice,
Save Death, or—more intolerable—shame !

FATIMA.

Unjust, inhuman law !

INDAMORA.

Weep not, my Friend !
The sun of happiness ne'er beam'd on me—
From early youth, e'en to the present hour,
Misfortune's clouds have darken'd all my days.

FATIMA.

What say'st thou ?—Whence that agonizing sigh ?
Ne'er, till this wretched moment, has one sound
Of murm'ring discontent escap'd thy lips.

INDAMORA.

Know, duty to a husband tied my tongue.

B 4

FATIMA.

8 WIDOW OF MALABAR,

FATIMA.

That duty ceases now—and ere the flames
For ever hide thee from my sight, O, speak,
Deign, my lov'd Mistress, to unveil the source
Of those fast-gushing tears, which e'en the thought
Of thy approaching, thy terrific fate
Cou'd not force from thee.

INDAMORA.

For myself alone
I ne'er cou'd weep—but, for my dearer self!—
O, BRAMA, if I have transgress'd thy laws
By loving One, when to Another wedded,
Accept, in expiation for the crime,
Thy hapless servant's life!

FATIMA.

I'm lost in wonder!

INDAMORA.

Alas, what cruel, what incessant conflicts,
'Twixt Love and Duty have I not endur'd!—
But thou shalt know my sorrows—for thy heart,
Thy faithful heart, will then forbear to grieve
That I shou'd cast life's heavy burthen down.—
O, moment big with mis'ry, when my Sire
Forsook his native Ougly's fruitful fields
To settle on these shores!—The self-same bark
Which, spite of adverse billows, bore me hither,
The self-same bark contain'd—disast'rous fate!—
A British chief, adorn'd with ev'ry virtue
To charm and captivate our gentler Sex.
Oft we convers'd, and soon, too soon, were join'd
In adamantine bonds of purest love:
But the harsh laws of India's barb'rous Clime
Forbade my Father to resign his Child
Into a Christian's power;—and, left this heart
Should

A T R A G E D Y.

9

Shou'd dare to disobey great BRAMA's will,
My ruthless Sire compell'd me to accept
The faith of aged Bukah, whom I loath'd,
Detested—for his unenlighten'd mind
Was brutal, savage as the fiery pard
Who hunts our woods for prey.

FATIMA.

And canst thou, then,
O, canst thou to his manes sacrifice
A life which, now, thy Lover sure may claim?

INDAMORA.

Alas, he fled from Asia's fatal shore
The instant cruel force had torn me from him!
Perhaps, ere now, his noble soul has left
That gallant form which, to my mental sight,
Is present still.—Perhaps, in some new shape
His tender faithful spirit hovers near me,
And trembles at his Indamora's doom:
But, if in human mould he stood before us,
What cou'd it profit me?—for death itself
Dissolves not, in this land, the nuptial vow.
Religion, honor, virtue, all demand—
O, destiny accurs'd!—that I should join,
For ever join, in death, the hated Tyrant
Who tore me from the Husband of my heart.

FATIMA.

Horror! behold a Bramin moves this way—
His pensive look bespeaks his fatal errand.

INDAMORA.

Now, BRAMA, drive the Woman from my soul,
Arm it with more than manly fortitude,
That I may boldly plunge 'mid gulphs of fire,
And expiate my ev'ry crime 'gainst thee!

Enter

10 WIDOW OF MALABAR,

Enter THE YOUNG BRAMIN.

FATIMA.

Com'st thou, fell Priest, to claim a dreadful promise,
And crop the sweetest flow'r that ever bloom'd
Beneath these scorching suns?—O, gaze upon her,
Gaze on that angel-form, that winning softness,
And pity, sure, will melt thy harden'd heart!

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Thus, wheresoe'er I tread, reproach pursues me!

INDAMORA, (*to Fatima.*)

Withdraw, my Friend.—We wou'd be private.

[*Exit Fatima.*]

Bramin,

Dread not reproach from me. In thee 'tis virtue
To urge my fate, and lead me to the flames.

YOUNG BRAMIN, (*aside.*)

Her accents pierce my soul;—her plaintive eyes,
Where deep-despairing sorrow sits enthron'd,
Destroy my best resolves.

INDAMORA.

From whence proceeds
That pitying sigh? Stern BRAMA's Votaries,
In tenfold apathy shou'd sheathe their hearts.

YOUNG BRAMIN, (*aside.*)

Can I, the GUARDIAN of our hallow'd altars,
Bereave them of their prey? Compassion, hence!
And thou, unfeeling Honor, teach these hands
To do their horrid office!—Gentle Lady,
Our Chief commands, that I should guide thy steps
To yonder Funeral-pile.

INDAMORA.

A T R A G E D Y.

11

INDAMORA.

Why starts that tear ?

Why dost thou gaze so anxiously upon me ?

YOUNG BRAMIN.

O, I must gaze no longer ! left my lips,
Rebellious to their duty, bid thee shun
That death, which, if our Sages err not, wafts
Thy soul to bliss transcendent as thy fame.

INDAMORA.

Those looks, those words, accord not with a Bramin.
Say, wherefore didst thou link thyself with Men
Who vow to stifle pity ?——

YOUNG BRAMIN.

O, what Mortal
Is Master of his fate ?—From life's first dawn
I've been the sport of Fortune. Had the hand,
The gen'rous hand which snatch'd me from the
waves,

O, had it borne me from this clime for ever ! —
An Outcast, unconnected with the world,
I enter'd yon proud temple ; and, e'en there,
The barb'rous Fiend, who, from my natal day,
Affail'd my tender life, torments me still.

INDAMORA.

Unhappy Youth !—What Fiend ?—

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Tyrannic Custom:

She bids the savage sons of Indostan
Suspend, for three successive nights and days,
Beneath some branch of the wide-stretching palm,
Each Babe whose feeble mouth rejects the breast :
These hapless lips refus'd that first support

Of

Of Man's frail being :—thrice 'twas offer'd, thrice
 I still refus'd,—when he who gave me life,
 By cruel Custom's absolute decre^e,
 To Ganges' holy flood consign'd his Child :
 But Ganges, as if piteous of my fate,
 Threw back his burden to the shore—when lo !
 A Stranger, by benign compassion sway'd,
 With soft'ring care recall'd my fleeting breath,
 And rear'd me up to Man—but now, alas !
 His aged eyes are clos'd.—Forgive me, Lady !
 I dwell upon my own calamities,
 Nor think of the dread cause which brought me
 hither.

INDAMORA.

Thy sorrows, ill-star'd Youth, recall my own.
 Far from this shore, in my dear native Land,
 That cruel law, which doom'd thee to the waves,
 Cost me a Brother.

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Fatal superstition !

INDAMORA.

Relentless BRAMA's wrath pursues my race !
 By his decree, in bloody Malabar,
 The widow'd Sister dies;—by his decree
 The Brother perish'd, guiltless babe, in Ougly.

YOUNG BRAMIN.

In Ougly, saidst thou?—Wonder, joy and fear,
 Spring in my soul.—O, speak ! cam'st thou from
 Ougly?

INDAMORA.

There was I curst with life.

YOUNG

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Thy Father's name——
Quick, quick reveal it!——

INDAMORA.

Was Lanaffah.

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Heav'n!
All bounteous Heav'n!——My Sister!

INDAMORA.

How?—Amazement!
May I believe?——

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Lanaffah was my Sire:
Lanaffah, too, on Ougly's Shore, consign'd
His infant-son to death: but this blest moment
Atones for all the rigours of my fate.
O, take a Brother to thy heart——

INDAMORA.

A Brother!
And may I call thee by that tender name?
Is he who, in this rude unfeeling Land,
Could melt with pity for a Stranger's woes,
Is he indeed my Brother?—Now, methinks,—
Thy pardon, BRAMA!—now, I fain would live—
But O, it must not be!

YOUNG BRAMIN.

It must! it shall!
BRAMA himself has sent me here to save thee!

INDA-

INDAMORA.

No, rather say to torture me.—Ah, think,
At what a moment we are re-united !
The gates of life, alas, 'gainst me are clos'd—
My word is pledg'd—Death claims his promis'd
victim,

And, shou'd I basely shun his dreadful grasp,
Eternal infamy awaits my fear.

Then, if thou art my Brother, kindly act
An Indian Brother's part;—inspire this soul,
This soften'd soul, with fortitude to drive
Each tender thought away, and firmly rush
Mid waves of roaring flames.

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Distraction! Horror!
O, thou hast brought a picture to my view
Which nature shrinks from!—Have the Fates re-
stor'd thee,
All-perfect as thou seem'st, have they, at length,
Restor'd thee to a brother, that his hand
May crop thy being short?—

And, on their ruins, found a godlike Pile
To Reason and Humanity.

INDAMORA.

Thou rav'st!
Can we, two atoms in the scale of Beings,
Can we destroy the mighty work of ages,
And trample BRAMA'S sacred laws in dust?
Nay, were it possible, cou'dst thou, my Brother,
Who bear'st a Bramin's hallow'd name, cou'dst
 thou
Be impious, sacrilegious?

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Peace, I charge thee!
Thy cruel words drive Reason from her seat,
And fill this anguish'd mind with madness.—Hah!
A ray of light breaks in—'tis sent by Heaven,
In pity to our suff'rings.—If thy heart
Can boast one spark of that unfeign'd affection
Which blazes, with triumphant power, in mine,
Approach not yon terrific Pile till I
Return to guide thy steps. Farewel, my Sister!
And, if a Brother's life be worth thy care,
Remember my injunction.

[Exit young Bramin.]

INDAMORA.

Like a dart,
Shot from the Tartar's bow, he fled away,
What means this eager haste! — Dear, ardent
 Youth!
Can thy weak efforts BRAMA'S laws reverse,
Or make the clam'rous voice of Honor mute?
Still, I'll remember thy injunction—yes—
Far as I can, I'll prove my gratitude,
My tender gratitude to thee.—O, Heaven,

4

Was

Was not my cup of sorrow full before?
And must this heart, too prone, alas, to grieve
For others' woe, must it be tortur'd, rack'd,
With a lov'd Brother's sufferings?—Now, indeed,
Death wears a ghastly shape.—Reflection, hence!
Left these new ties bind down my soul to earth,
Rob it of endless fame, and,—sad exchange!—
With infamy eternal blast my days.

[*Exit.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

*Raymond's Tent.*RAYMOND, *solus.*

FORGIVE me, O, my Country, if by Love,
 Too powerful Love impel'd, I've dar'd to grant,
 For one short day, a truce to these Barbarians!
 To-morrow's sun may see their ramparts storm'd,
 Their streets deep-drench'd in blood, their Babes,
 their Matrons,

Resign'd to all the brutal rage of war:
 And cou'd I, then, when Fortune gave the means,
 Cou'd I forbear t' employ this little day
 In search of Her, for whose dear sake alone
 I brave, once more, these fervid Eastern skies?

O, my Beloved!—does thy tender heart
 Still groan beneath a Tyrant Husband's power?
 Or has high Heaven, in mercy, broke thy chains,
 And given thee back to liberty and Raymond?
 By day, by night, thy image haunts my soul!
 E'en while I sleep, in baseless fantasie,
 Thy fair form flits before my mental eye:
 Sometimes, methinks, I view thee, in the fight
 Falling, beneath a thousand clashing swords;
 Till thy fond Raymond to thy rescue flies,
 Strikes all thy Foes with terror and dismay,
 And bears thee to some sweet enamell'd bower:

C

Then

18 WIDOW OF MALABAR,

Then, with the wirlwind's speed, thou art trans-
ported

To a lone rock encompass'd round with sea ;
And, while vast foaming waves come tow'ring o'er
thee,

Thy Raymond borrows quick an Angel's shape,
And wafts thee, in his faithful arms, to Heav'n.

If that bless'd Power who, in compassion, veils
From mortal eyes the book of Fate, if e'er
He makes a dream the Herald of his will,
Sure this is most auspicious.—Albert!—Hah!

Enter ALBERT.

RAYMOND.

So soon return'd!—O, speak, disclose my doom!
It hangs upon thy lips.—Do yonder walls
Yet hold my Life, my Love?

ALBERT.

Alas! I know not;
I cou'd not reach the Town.

RAYMOND.

What fatal cause
Deter'd thy steps?

ALBERT.

A spectacle of horror ;
Which Ign'rance, aided by fanatic Zeal,
Prepares in yon enclosure, where the spire
Sacred to BRAMA, rears it's hallow'd head.
All entrance to the city is denied,
Save thro' yon Temple, whose stupendous gates
The Natives in such clust'ring groupes surround,
That 'twere as easy to dispart the earth,
As penetrate thro' this huge mass of People.
Confusion.

Confusion on the Rajah!—tho' his tongue,
In honied accents, pleaded for a truce,
That India, and her fraudulent Priests, might give
Funereal honors to their Warriors slain,
His Plea was mere pretence.

RAYMOND.

Pretence!

ALBERT.

To offer
A human sacrifice at BRAMA's shrine,
He fought this pause from war.

RAYMOND.

Dissembling Villain!

ALBERT.

And, ere another hour be past, the Victim,
(A lovely Widow in life's freshest bloom,)
Will mount the Funeral-pile, and, self-devoted,
Die to rejoin her Lord.

RAYMOND.

Forbid it, Heaven!
Know'st thou not, Albert, that the Priests of
BRAMA,
Lur'd by those gems which each deluded Victim
Presents at his curst shrine, from age to age
Enforce, thro' out this barb'rous Land, a practice
Which Frenzy, not Religion, first began.
Shall Christians, then, who come to chase away
Those mists of error that o'ercloud the East,
Shall they allow self-murder?

ALBERT.

Should you thwart

C 2

The

20 WIDOW OF MALABAR,

The will of the fierce Bramins, the may break
Our just-concluded truce.—Wild Havock, then,
Wou'd reign triumphant—and our utmost care
To succour her you love——

RAYMOND.

O, name not Love!
Humanity now calls me—and the Wretch
Who disregards her voice, is not a Briton!
Strike up our drums—I'll seek the treach'rous
Rajah—
And, if entreaties move him not, this sword
Thro' butchering Priests shall mow its desperate
way,
And save the Victim.

[A flourish. Exit Raymond.]

ALBERT.

Inconfid'rate youth!
Ardent to save a single life he goes,
Perhaps, to spill the blood of thousands.—Hah!
If my sight errs not, hither speeds a Bramin.

Enter THE YOUNG BRAMIN.

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Where is your Chief?—this moment wou'd I see
him—

ALBERT.

Then, seek the City—thither is he gone
To overthrow yon fatal Pile which tow'rs
Above your Temple-gates

YOUNG BRAMIN.

O, rapture! Gone!
Is he then gone?—Heaven aid the glorious work,
And,

And, on his head, pour choicest blessings down !
 But haste, brave Warrior, haste to save your fleet.
 Our crafty Bramins, anxious to avert
 From their solemnities, each Christian eye,
 Sent, ere I fled the walls, a daring Band
 To fire yon stately ships.

ALBERT.

Infernal Traitors !
 And is it thus they keep their truce ? What, ho,
 Soldiers, to arms !—If truth dwells on thy tongue,
 Not e'en the altars of accursed BRAMA,
 Shall prove a refuge to his perjur'd Sons.
 [*Exit Albert. A flourish.*]

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Exalted chief of Britain ! art thou gone,
 By nought, save mild humanity, impel'd,
 To rescue one thou know'st not ?—O, for feet
 Swift as the Antelope's, that I might fly,
 With this blest'd news, to wretched Indamora !
 [*Exit.*]

S C E N E II.

The inside of the Pagod of ESWARA.

Solemn Music.

Enter, from the further end of the Pagod, a Procession of Bramins, &c. followed by the Chief-Bramin, Indamora, Fatima, and Indians. Indamora throws gifts to the People as she walks along.

CHIEF-BRAMIN.

Here, let us pause. Retire, my Friends, and wait
 In yonder hallow'd Square. [*Exeunt all, but the Chief-Bramin and Indamora.*] Heroic Matron,

Cast off those sparkling gems, those gorgeous vestments,

Almighty BRAMA claims; and, robed in white,
Come forth, a spotless off'ring, fit for Heav'n.

INDAMORA.

I go; but mark me, Priest. The holy Youth,
By thee deputed to inspire this heart
With fortitude to die, his hand alone
Shall lead me to the flames.

CHIEF-BRAMIN.

Why stay for him?
Unmindful of his charge, th' inconstant Boy
Cannot be found:—and, in these tott'ring walls,
By foes encircled, each delay breeds danger.
Thy word is past; already thy great soul,
Tow'ring above this earth, is fix'd on Heaven.
The Champion of our law, th' elect of BRAMA,
The bright example of thy Sex thou stand'st;
And death alone remains to waft thy fame
To holy Ganges and the distant Ind.
Thy Husband too, perhaps——

INDAMORA.

Name not my Husband!
There's terror in the word——but, since our law
Makes death, or infamy, my only choice,
I cannot pause between them. What rewards
The Gods bestow on those who dare to meet
A doom like mine, is yet wrap'd up in darkness;
Nor will I trust my thoughts to meditate
On scenes a world unknown may bring to view.
Sorrow has been my portion here—and sorrow
Turns death's terrific semblance into smiles.—
But for those favor'd few, whose paths are strew'd
With roses, not with thorns, to die is grievous—

And O, if Martyrs' prayers indeed are borne
 On Angels' wings to Heaven, great BRAMA, hear !
 And never more let Honor's voice compel,
 The heart unfortified by woe, to rush
 Mid life-devouring fires !

CHIEF-BRAMIN.

Thy wish is impious !
 And fullies, with it's pois'nous breath, the crown,
 The Martyr's crown which hovers o'er thy head.
 By holy BRAMA, these vile Sons of Britain
 With coward Christian doctrines taint our minds
 More quickly than their thunders raze our Cities !
 And e'en thy mind—shame to thy glorious Race !
 Thy mind's infected.—Hence ! prepare for death !
 And, mark me, if thou dar'st again to cherish
 One thought repugnant to high BRAMA's laws,
 His vengeful arm will plunge thy soul in flames
 Unquenchable, eternal !

[Exit the Chief Bramin.]

INDAMORA.

Furious Priest !
 Thy words disgrace the Pow'r thou mean'st to
 serve.
 My Brother ! wherefore com'st thou not ?—Ah,
 wherefore,
 In cruel kindness, dost thou lengthen out
 These last sad hours of life ?—And must I die
 For him my soul detests ?—That thought alone
 Puts fortitude to flight.—Support me, Heaven !
 And if a wretch so fallible, so frail,
 Dare ask thy favor, deign to hear me now ;
 Should that dear Youth who, spite of time and
 distance,

Still reigns unrivall'd in this fond, fond heart,
 Should he yet draw the vital air, O, make me,
 (Soon as this mortal form to ashes turns,)
 Make me a Guardian-Angel to my Love!
 Then, if temptations rise to stain his honor,
 I'll whisper in his ear bright Virtue's charms;
 Then, if he strives in the unequal combat,
 I'll turn the murd'rous falchion from his breast;
 And when, at length, worn out with glorious toils,
 He struggles in the very arms of death,
 I'll watch his Spirit from its house of clay,
 And guide it to extatic joys above!
 Could I hope this! — My Brother!

Enter THE YOUNG BRAMIN.

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Indamora!

I come, the happy messenger of joy!
 Each threat'ning cloud, which gather'd o'er thy head,
 Is breaking fast away — Britannia's Chief,
 Fearless, has past our gates, and now, with all
 A Lover's warmth, before the Rajah pleads
 For thy dear life, — nay, even deigns to offer
 Peace, honorable peace, if BRAMA'S Sons
 No more pollute his rites with human blood.

INDAMORA.

Astonishment! — Can Britain's Leader risk
 His precious life for me, for one he knows not?

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Benevolence, that glorious Guide of all
 Who bear the Christian name, Benevolence
 Alone impels his steps.

INDAMORA.

O, lead me to him !
That I may pour out this full soul in thanks
for goodness so transcendent.

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Hold!—Our laws,
Our cruel laws, detain thee here. Excite not
The anger of the Priests, lest they should drag thee,
Heart-rending thought! to instant death——

Enter FATIMA.

FATIMA.

O, Bramin,
If thou indeed wou'dst prove thyself the Brother
Of my lov'd Mistress, fly, and save her Champion.
No sooner did the Priests his purpose learn,
Than, in yon hallow'd square, they posted ruffians
To stab him as he quits the Temple.

INDAMORA.

Horror !
And shall he bleed for me?——The truce must
guard him——

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Already is that broken.—England's fleet
Is wrapp'd in flames.

INDAMORA.

Nay, then, my death alone
Can quell the murd'rous fury of our Priests,

And

26 WIDOW OF MALABAR,

And save this Hero's life.—In such a cause
To die is transport !

YOUNG BRAMIN.

O, what madness——

INDAMORA.

Haste!

Haste, if thou lov'st me! Tell th' insatiate Bramins,
I go to cast these splendid trappings off,
And, instant, meet my doom.

YOUNG BRAMIN.

O, stop!—Reflect!

INDAMORA.

This is no time for thought. Nay, if thou ling'rest,
I'll to the Priest myself. Exalted Briton,
This heart, responsive to thy own, exults
To die for him who risks his life for me!

[*Exit Indamora.*]

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Stop, Indamora!—

[*To Fatima.*] Follow, quickly follow!

Arrest her fatal steps! tell her, the brand

Which lights her Funeral-Pyre consumes me too:

O, bid her live, and trust a Brother's zeal

To save her Champion! —————[*Exit Fatima.*]

Gracious Heaven! he's here!—

Enter

Enter RAYMOND, (*Attended.*)

RAYMOND.

Conduct me to your victim: I would learn,
From her own lips, if 'tis her choice to die.
Behold the Rajah's mandate. [*Shews a Paper.*]

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Noble Chief,
Our lofty Priests own not the Rajah's power
Within these hallow'd walls: besides, the Victim
Is parted hence, to purify her soul
By holy rites, and fit it for the skies.

RAYMOND.

Away!—Thou'lt coin'd this tale.

YOUNG BRAMIN.

You little know me.

RAYMOND.

Thou art a Bramin.

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Yes, I blush to own it:
But, tho' a Bramin, I am still a Man;
A Man oppress'd by sorrow—Read my soul.—
In her, whom cruel fate condemns to die,
I found a lovely Sister.

RAYMOND.

Hah! a Sister.

Then

28 WIDOW OF MALABAR,

Then she is lost indeed.—Too well I know
The bonds of nature here are burst in twain ;
And he, who should protect a Sister's life,
Exhorts her to the flames.

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Confound not me
With my accurs'd associates. This fond breast
Glow with fraternal love : nor is there aught
I've not attempted to preserve the best,
The brightest of her sex. E'en to thy camp
I flew for aid,—“ but thou, benignant Christian !—
“ Wast gone, unask'd, to plead the righteous cause
“ Of soft humanity. Fain would these lips
“ Essay to thank thee ;—but all words must fail
“ To paint th'o'erwhelming sense of gratitude
“ Which reigns in souls like mine.”

RAYMOND.

Thy Accents, Priest,
Accord not with deceit. I'll doubt no more.
Then tell me, is it choice, or rigid Honor,
Impels thy Sister's steps ? Say, was her heart
So wedded to it's Lord, that life, without him,
Is but a ling'ring death ?

YOUNG BRAMIN.

If Fame speak true,
Her heart had early form'd another union,
Which cruel wedlock broke.

RAYMOND.

Another union !

YOUNG

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Yet, such is her heroic sense of honor,
 That all a Brother's prayers have not avail'd
 To shake her direful purpose :—but kind Heaven,
 As if resolv'd to stop our bloody rites,
 Has sent a pitying Angel, in thy form,
 To save my dearer self—my Indamora——
 Wherefore that start; what mean those looks of
 frenzy ?

RAYMOND.

Thy Indamora, said'st thou ?—She, the Victim !
 Came I thus far to be the wretched Witness
 Of Indamora's death ?—Distraction !—Lead me,
 If pity ever touch'd thy bosom, lead me
 This moment to her sight !

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Alas, those gates
 To strangers ever clos'd, must keep thee from her,
 Till, rob'd for sacrifice, she issues forth
 To mount yon horrid Pile.

RAYMOND.

My brain's on fire——
 O, urge me not to madness !—

YOUNG-BRAMIN.

Heav'n and Earth !
 Whence springs this sudden rage ?

RAYMOND.

I tell thee, Bramin,

Not

Not gates of tenfold adamant shall stop
A desp'rate Lover's course.

YOUNG BRAMIN.

A Lover's — Hah!

RAYMOND.

O, she was mine by ev'ry sacred tie
That binds enamour'd hearts, ere ruthless Bukah
Seiz'd her reluctant hand!

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Mysterious Heaven!
Yet listen to my words, and let not passion,
Blind headstrong passion, render vain the wonders,
The miracles a Power divine has wrought
On this inhuman shore.—

Enter NARRAIN.

NARRAIN.

Speed, Chief of Britain,
From these perfidious walls!—Our fraudulent Rajah,
Confed'rate with the Bramins, feign'd to lean
Towards honorable peace, that he might lure thee
Into his cursed toils. The faithless Wretch,
'Spite of our truce, involves thy fleet in flames:
And now, the Bramins lead a mighty Host
To slay thee in this Temple. Though a native
Of guileful Malabar, my heart recoil'd
At baseness so unrival'd; and I flew
(Impatience lent me wings,) to warn thee hence.

RAYMOND.

Well, let the Traitors come. This little Band
With

With conscious Virtue arm'd, is more than equal—
To thousands, fighting in a guilty cause.

NARRIAN.

Alas, not e'en thy matchless valour, Chief,
Which oft has made our bravest warriors fly,
Not e'en thy valour can avail.

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Reflect.
The life of Indamora hangs on thine.

RAYMOND.

O, thou hast made a Coward of me!
(A distant shout.)

NARRAIN.

Hark!
Hear ye that shout?—The Murd'ers come—
O, haste!—

YOUNG-BRAMIN.

Yon grass-grown aile conducts thee to a cavern
Scoop'd thro' the solid rock; and oft, 'tis said,
The sepulchre of those who dare rebel
'Gainst BRAMA's sov'reign Priest: This cavern
leads,
By windings, to the main. Then haste, brave
Christian,
Myself will point the way: haste to thy camp;
And, since our truce is broken, bring thy powers,
Clad in the terrors of wide-wasting war,
To rescue her thou lov'st.—Meanwhile, my cares
Shall, for a time, retard the sacrifice.
(A louder shout.)

NARRAIN.

Another shout!

YOUNG-

YOUNG BRAMIN.

O, haste!——

RAYMOND.

What? Leave my Love
In the fell Bramins' grasp?—No—this good arm——

YOUNG BRAMIN.

What can one arm atchieve, oppos'd to thousands?
Speed, or my Sister dies!—Behold that Pile——

RAYMOND.

Horror! distraction! O, direct me, Heav'n!
(*Another shout.*)

YOUNG BRAMIN.

In me, thy Indamora calls——

RAYMOND.

I come:

But, mark me, tell these treach'rous Priests of

BRAMA,

These vile Assassins, Indamora stands

A shield 'twixt them and fate:—Should they de-
stroy her,

By Heav'n I'll sweep their bloody Race from earth!

Their Friends, their altars, nay, their very Idols,

Shall feel my utmost rage.—This splendid Temple

I'll make a smoking heap of dust and ruins,

And the whole city one huge Funeral-Pyre!

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

*A spacious Quadrangle, surrounded with Rocks.—
At the further end, the Pagod of ESWARA.—
A Funeral-Pile in the middle of the Quadrangle,
with a Platform, leading from the steps of the
Pagod to the top of the Pile.—The Sea at a dis-
tance.—Time, Evening. — The rising Moon dis-
covers the English Fleet standing out to Sea.*

THE YOUNG BRAMIN *solus*.

WRETCH that I am ! and is the only joy,
The only ray of hope my soul cou'd catch at,
Obscur'd so soon ?—Supreme ESWARA, hear me !
With strength divine endue this feeble mind ;
Lest I should murmur at thy sacred will,
And dare to question thy indulgent goodness !
O, Raymond ! when benevolence like thine
Is recompens'd with death,—when Indamora,
The good, the pious Indamora, falls
By Priestcraft's guileful hand ;—O, who shall say,
That Virtue is the care of Heaven ? I shudder !—
My tongue grows impious.

Dearest Indamora !
Thou know'st not half the rigours of thy fate—
For this, I thank the Gods. — With what fond
transport
I flew to tell her, that a Lover's arm
Was rais'd to shield her life !—but bless'd indeed,
D Thrice

34 WIDOW OF MALABAR,

Thrice blest'd, was the High-Priest's imperious
man'late,
Which bar'd my entrance.

Enter FATIMA.

FATIMA.

Bramin, from thy Sister,
A last request I bring; that thou'lt forbear,
Thro' rash mistaken love t'oppose her doom.

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Alas, the hand which should have snatch'd her
from it
Is now unnerv'd.—The glorious Chief of Britain
No sooner 'scap'd from hence than, swift as light,
Eager to save his burning ships he sped;
But, scarce had reach'd the harbour, when a jav'lin,
By Indian fury guided, pierc'd his heart.—
Confounded, panic-struck, the troops of Britain
On board the remnant of their squadron haste,
And spread each sail for flight.

FATIMA.

Whence comes this news?

YOUNG BRAMIN.

From one, by the Chief Bramin's care, dispatch'd
To bring intelligence;—and, were there need
Of aught t'authenticate the tale, behold,
Where lightly skimming o'er the pathless main,
The rapid vessels fly.

FATIMA.

My dear lost Mistress!
Are, then, thy many virtues all devoted
A prey to rav'nous flames?

YOUNG

YOUNG BRAMIN.

No——ere the mounts
 This fatal Pile, I swear, th'inhuman Priests
 Shall tear me limb from limb.——Nay, I'll appeal
 To India's Sons at large, assert the rights
 Of nature, and demand a Sister's life.
 Haste to her, Fatima, declare my purpose,
 My fix'd resolve not to survive her loss.

[Exit Fatima.]

Solemn Music.

*A grand Funeral-Procession advances from the Pagod
 of ESWARA, and, crossing the Platform, descends
 upon the Stage.*

Chorus of Bramins.

Haste, haste, haste! the solemn Rites prepare!
 BRAMA'S Sons an off'ring bring;
 Haste, haste, haste! the solemn Rites prepare!
 Let our Shores with gladness ring.

Semi-Chorus.

See! the widow'd Fair draws nigh,
 Deck'd with beauty's freshest bloom;
 See her nobly fix'd to die,
 On an aged Husband's tomb.

Chorus of Bramins.

Heav'n, with gracious smile, looks down;
 Haste, the solemn Rites prepare!
 Lo! behold! a Martyr's crown
 Floats upon the buoyant air!

D 2

Semi-

36 WIDOW OF MALABAR,

Semi-Chorus.

Heart-cheering songs of proudest triumph raise;
To India's further confines waft her praise,
Who prizes life less high than glorious fame,
And adds new lustre to great BRAMA's name!

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Horror!—my heart dies in me.—Righteous Gods,
Look down, look down at this distracting moment;
Send winged lightnings to consume that Pile,
Or arm with more than mortal eloquence
These trembling lips, that I may melt the breasts,
The iron breasts of India's Tribes to pity!

The Procession continues with Oriental Music. The Chief-Bramin and his Train advance from the Pagod. A Number of Indians crowd the Quadrangle.

CHIEF-BRAMIN.

Natives of India, give a loose to joy!
The Monster, War, is fled, and lovely Peace,
With blessings in her train, descends from Heav'n,
To heal the wounds of this afflicted land.

BRAMA, all-gracious Lord! to swell the fame
Of his Vicegerent here, has deign'd to make
Your Sov'reign-Priest his bleeding Country's Saviour.

Another day too surely wou'd have crown'd
Britain's detested Sons with victory.—
I madden'd at the thought.—The plaintive Shades
Of our brave Vet'rans, on these ramparts slain,
Each moment rose before me, and call'd aloud
For vengeance on the Foe.—To break our truce,

Or drag the chain of slavery, and see
 Our laws, our altars, nay, our Pagods perish,
 Alone remain'd.—I paus'd not in my choice,
 But sent a faithful Band, to blast with flames
 The stately fleet of Britain.—Fair success
 Follow'd the patriot-deed :—avenging BRAMA
 Smote the proud Christian Chief, whose lips pro-
 fane

So lately dar'd to thwart his will ;—and now,
 The Enemy, appal'd, forsakes our shores.

To BRAMA, then, let grateful incense rise
 From this funeral Pile, and reach his throne.

[To the young Bramin.]

Young Priest, 'tis thine to lead the Victim forth ;
 Away, and bring her straight.

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Infernal Monster !

Art thou not glutted yet with human blood ?
 Cannot the death of Raymond, peerless Chief ?
 Suffice to sate thy cruelty ?—Nay, frown not—
 Think'st thou I still can venerate a Wretch
 Who violates the faith of Nations, nay,
 Boasts of the hellish act, and calls himself,
 (Unheard of blasphemy !) the instrument
 Of an avenging God ?

CHIEF-BRAMIN.

Am I awake ?

What madness prompts thee ?

YOUNG BRAMIN.

The clear light of Reason.

Art thou a Priest ? art thou a hallow'd Bramin ?
 When all thy deeds proclaim, thou'rt not a Man.
 Humanity, the instinct of our Kind,

Born in us, with us, and our being's soul,
 The essence of our nature, thou, fell Savage !
 Thou know'st it not. Some flinty rock conceiv'd
 And brought thee forth, to scourge the human Race,
 Thy heart ne'er soften'd at another's woe,
 Nor felt the godlike bliss of drying up
 Afflicted Virtue's tears. This barb'rous Temple,
 This tyger's den, ne'er witness'd one kind act
 Of sweet compassion. O, I grieve to think
 I ever enter'd its disgraceful doors !

CHIEF-BRAMIN.

Wert thou not shielded by that sacred garb,
 My vengeance should o'ertake thee. Empty Railer !
 Canst thou abolish Customs handed down
 From age to age, as holy and heroic ?
 Can thy weak hand root up that ancient Cypress
 Which shadows all the East ?

YOUNG BRAMIN,

Reason's strong axe
 Shall fell it to the Earth.

CHIEF-BRAMIN.

Vain-glorious Boy !
 Time, round the tree, has wrapp'd a triple brass,

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Say—rather round thy heart.

CHIEF-BRAMIN.

Urge me no more ;
 Left all the self-command a Bramin boasts
 Should not suffice to stem the tide of passion
 Which rises in my soul—Blaspheming Traitor !
 This

This moment bring the Matron, or, with life,
Atone thy breach of duty.

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Think'st thou, threats
Can bend me to thy will?—Then learn, Barbarian,
Such is my zeal to save this blameless Victim,
That, 'spite of pride, and the long-cherish'd ran-
cour
Which Indians feel 'gainst Europe's craving sons,
I fought, this morn, the British Leader's tent,
And would have stoop'd t'implore his aid; but he,
Unask'd, had ta'en upon him the defence
Of Indamora's life.

CHIEF-BRAMIN.

Consummate Villain!
Faithless alike to India and her Gods!
Bear him to death:—not e'en those holy vestments
Shall longer prove his shield.

(*To the second Bramin.*)

Mean-while, go thou,
And lead the Matron forth.

(*Guards surround the young Bramin.*)

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Thou know'st not yet
Of half my guilt, if it be guilt to hear
Great Nature's voice.—Listen, my Countrymen!
In Indamora; I have found a Sister,
Whom that relentless Fiend would snatch away
The moment Fortune gives her to my fight.—
But O, if Nature be not dead within ye,
Assert her cause and mine,—preserve this Sister,
D 4 And

And prove, that virtue and benignant pity,
In spite of Priest-craft, still adorn the East.

Musie.

Semi-chorus.

See! The Widow'd Fair draws nigh,
Deck'd with beauty's freshest bloom;
See her nobly fix'd to die
On an aged Husband's tomb!

Grand chorus of Bramins.

Heav'n with gracious smile, looks down;
Haste, the solemn Rites prepare!
Lo! Behold! a Martyr's crown
Floats upon the buoyant air!

INDAMORA *advances, (robed in white and veil'd,) from the Pagod of ESWARA:—she is led by the Second BRAMIN, and followed by two WOMEN, the one bearing a Mirror, the other a dart. FATIMA attends.*

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Look there!—Look there!—Can ye permit that form?—

CHIEF-BRAMIN.

Peace, impious Wretch!—Bear him to instant death.

(Guards seize the young Bramin.)

INDAMORA, *running down from off the Platform.*
Bear him to instant death!—Stop, murderous Ruffians!

(She attempts to free her brother, but the guards oppose her.)

Do

Do ye resist?—Avaunt!—Wou'd ye defile,
With touch profane, the Favorite of Heaven?
(*The Guards retire*) My Brother! is it thus we
meet again!
And has thy boundless love for me—O, horror!
O'erwhelm'd thee in destruction?

CHIEF-BRAMIN.

Haste! Begone!

INDAMORA.

Spare him, great Priest!—Lo, on my knees I sue.

CHIEF-BRAMIN.

Thy suit is vain.

INDAMORA.

Then, by ESWARA's self,
Heaven's awful King! yon Pile shall ne'er receive
It's destin'd prey.

YOUNG BRAMIN.

What says my Sister?—Rapture!
And can I still preserve thee?—Lead me hence—
This moment let me die.—But O, remember,
Thy word is past—my death gives life to thee!

INDAMORA.

Mis'ry!—The very thought is madness, torment,
Worse than the fire that waits me!

YOUNG BRAMIN.

O, forbear!
This one embrace—and now ———

CHIEF-BRAMIN.

Stop, headstrong Boy!
And learn, ye Tribes of India, that a Bramin
Can triumph o'er resentment, to promote

The

The glory of his Gods. Haste, Indamora,
Ascend yon consecrated Pyre; and take,
In recompence, thy Brother's forfeit life.

INDAMORA.

Ten thousand blessings on thy tongue! thou'lt
rais'd me
From mis'ry's deepest gulph to highest joy.
Quick light the Pile!—I fly to meet my doom!

*A Bramin advances with a lighted firebrand, and
kindles the Funeral-Pile.*

YOUNG BRAMIN, (*holding Indamora.*)

O, by the love I bear thee!—by the tortures!—

CHIEF-BRAMIN.

Part them. Nay, pause not, or, he dies.

INDAMORA.

I come.

*She breaks from her Brother, who is held by the
Guards: the Second Bramin leads her towards
the Pile.*

YOUNG BRAMIN, (*to the Guards.*)

Stand off, inhuman Ruffians!

INDAMORA, (*stopping.*)

Dearest Raymond!

Wert thou stretch'd lifeless on that awful Pyre,
With what fond ardour wou'd I fly to make
These faithful arms thy tomb!—E'en death, with
thee,

Wou'd grow belov'd—but O, to mix my ashes
With his, whose mem'ry I abhor!—

[*To the Second Bramin.*] Lead on,—
Reflection, worse than death itself, appals me!

Soft

Soft and solemn music.

Indamora advances towards the Pile—the Mirror and dart are thrown into it—Slaves throw in oil and incense—Bramins kneel to Indamora, who waves her hand as if to bless them. Indamora stops when she reaches the middle of the Platform, and stands ready to cast herself on the Pile.

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Open kind Earth, and hide me in thy centre!—
Can Heaven look on — [*Lightning and Thunder.*
Hark! what a dreadful voice
Exclaims against self-murder! [*More Thunder.*]
Hark! again,
More terribly it sounds.—Unhand me, Slaves!

He breaks from the Guards, and rushes towards the Platform;—at the same moment, a Shout is heard, with a grand Flourish of drums and trumpets.

“ VOICES, from within the Pagod.

“ Stop your unhallow'd Rites! Barbarians, stop!”

RAYMOND, at the head of his Troops, appears on the steps of the Pagod: a skirmish ensues—the Indians are driven off, and the Chief-Bramin seized. Raymond mounts the Platform in order to save Indamora.

CHIEF-BRAMIN,

“ Our enemy alive!—Confusion!

YOUNG-BRAMIN,

“ Transport!”

RAYMOND,

My Indamora!

INDAMORA.

Hah ! those well-known accents
Call back my fleeting soul.—Am I on Earth ?

RAYMOND.

No —— thus to snatch thee from the flames is
Heav'n !

INDAMORA.

Lord of my heart !—yet, sure, 'tis fancy all——
Can he, for whom alone I wish to live,
Can he be sent to save me ?

RAYMOND.

Bounteous Pow'rs !
What joy e'er equal'd mine ?

YOUNG BRAMIN.

My more than Brother !
To see thee living is indeed a bliss
I little hoped for.—Fame declar'd thee dead.

INDAMORA.

O, say what miracle——

RAYMOND.

By my command
The rumour of my death went forth ; and, by
The same command, part of my troops embark'd
In the poor remnant of our squadron ; others,
Led on by Albert and myself, took post
In hollows near the deep :—and soon as night
Began to cast her pitchy mantle o'er us,
Albert assail'd and seiz'd th'unguarded Town ;
While I, by the same cavern which, this day,
From Treach'ry's poniard sav'd me, reach'd the
Temple.

INDA-

INDAMORA.

My Guardian! my Deliverer! how dear,
How doubly dear is life, preserv'd by thee!

YOUNG BRAMIN, [*to the Chief-Bramin.*]

Most just are Heav'n's awards! The very Cave
Which thou, blood-thirsty Wretch, too oft hast
stain'd

With human gore, now proves thy deadliest bane,
Thy total overthrow! ———

CHIEF-BRAMIN.

Cease, give me death ———
——— Most welcome death!

RAYMOND.

No—learn that Christians conquer
To save and humanize Mankind. Live, Bramin!
And, henceforth, let our holy doctrines teach thee,
That the peculiar Ministers of Heaven
Shou'd scatter peace and comfort o'er the world;
Turn savage cruelty to gentle love,
Disarm the hand of vengeance of it's steel,
Relieve the Needy, heal Affliction's wounds,
And, in the bosom of forlorn Despair,
Relume the embers of life-cheering Hope:—
These are the acts by which a Priest proclaims
His mission is from Heaven.

CHIEF-BRAMIN.

Thy clemency
Is insult all.—Gods! shall a Bramin stoop
T'embrace the faith he scorns—the Christian faith?
No—rather let me die.

INDAMORA.

If such its doctrines,
Who wou'd not be Christian?

YOUNG

YOUNG BRAMIN.

O, too long
 Spite of kind Reason's warnings, we have stray'd
 In BRAMA's thorny paths.

(*To Raymond.*)—But thou shalt teach us
 The precepts of a faith which lifts Mankind
 Above humanity.

CHIEF-BRAMIN.

Accursed moment !
 Our Victim snatch'd away, our City captur'd,
 Our very Bramins traitors to their Gods !
 O, I have liv'd too long ! Alas, my Country !
 Art thou condemn'd to bear a Victor's yoke ?
 To groan beneath Oppression's iron rod,
 And lavish all thy precious stores to feed
 The av'rice of thy Lords ? Vindictive BRAMA !
 If, for the crimes of this once-favour'd Land,
 Thy arm be stretch'd against us, let the blood
 Of thy still faithful Servant,—here devoted
 A sacrifice to thee, O, let it turn
 Thy vengeful ire to mercy ! (*Draws a dagger.*)

RAYMOND.

Hah ! what mean'st thou ?

CHIEF-BRAMIN.

T'appease the wrath divine, and free myself
 From hated Christian chains. (*He stabs himself.*)

RAYMOND.

Fanatic, hold !

YOUNG BRAMIN.

Support him !

CHIEF.

CHIEF-BRAMIN.

Hence, thou stigma to thy name !

The hand of Death already gripes me hard—
That pang—it rends my vitals—Hah ! see, see !
I sink in gulphs of fire.—Torment ! O, Heaven !
If I have err'd—forgive—O, mercy !—Oh !—

(Dies.)

RAYMOND.

There fled a soul which, had Religion's sun
Unclouded beam'd upon it, might have grac'd
And comforted the Land.—My Indamora,
This genial sun shall shed his rays on thee ;
Make all thy budding virtues blossom fair,
And, with their fruits, bless Raymond and thy
Country.

Whilst thou, young Priest, who, 'spite of Error's
mists,

Discover'd and pursu'd bright Virtue's paths,
Thou, in yon Temple, henceforth reign supreme,
And, on its altars, fix the CHRISTIAN CROSS.

[The Curtain drops.]

END OF THE THIRD AND LAST ACT.

